



FORGET
ME
NOT

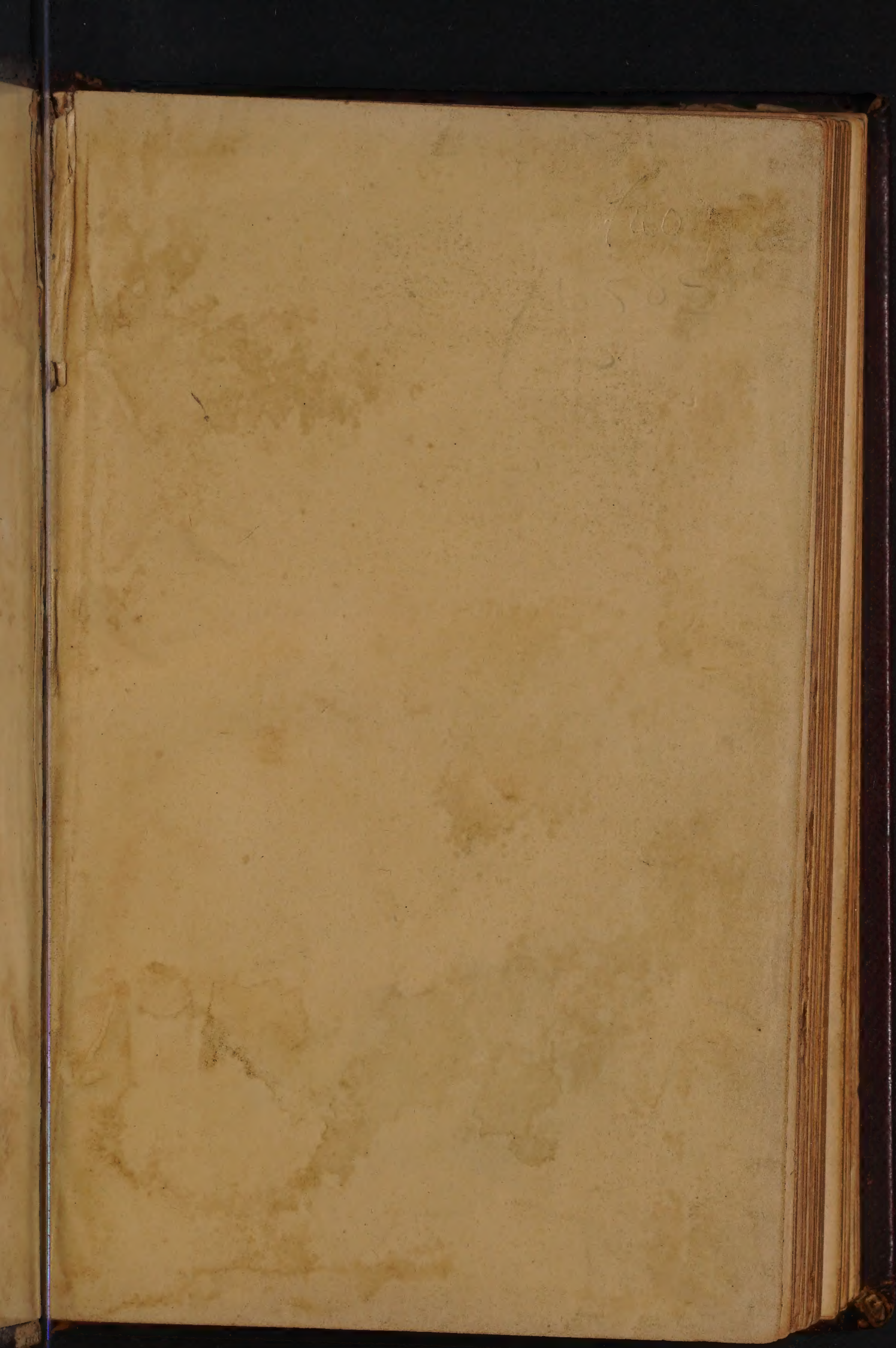
1836

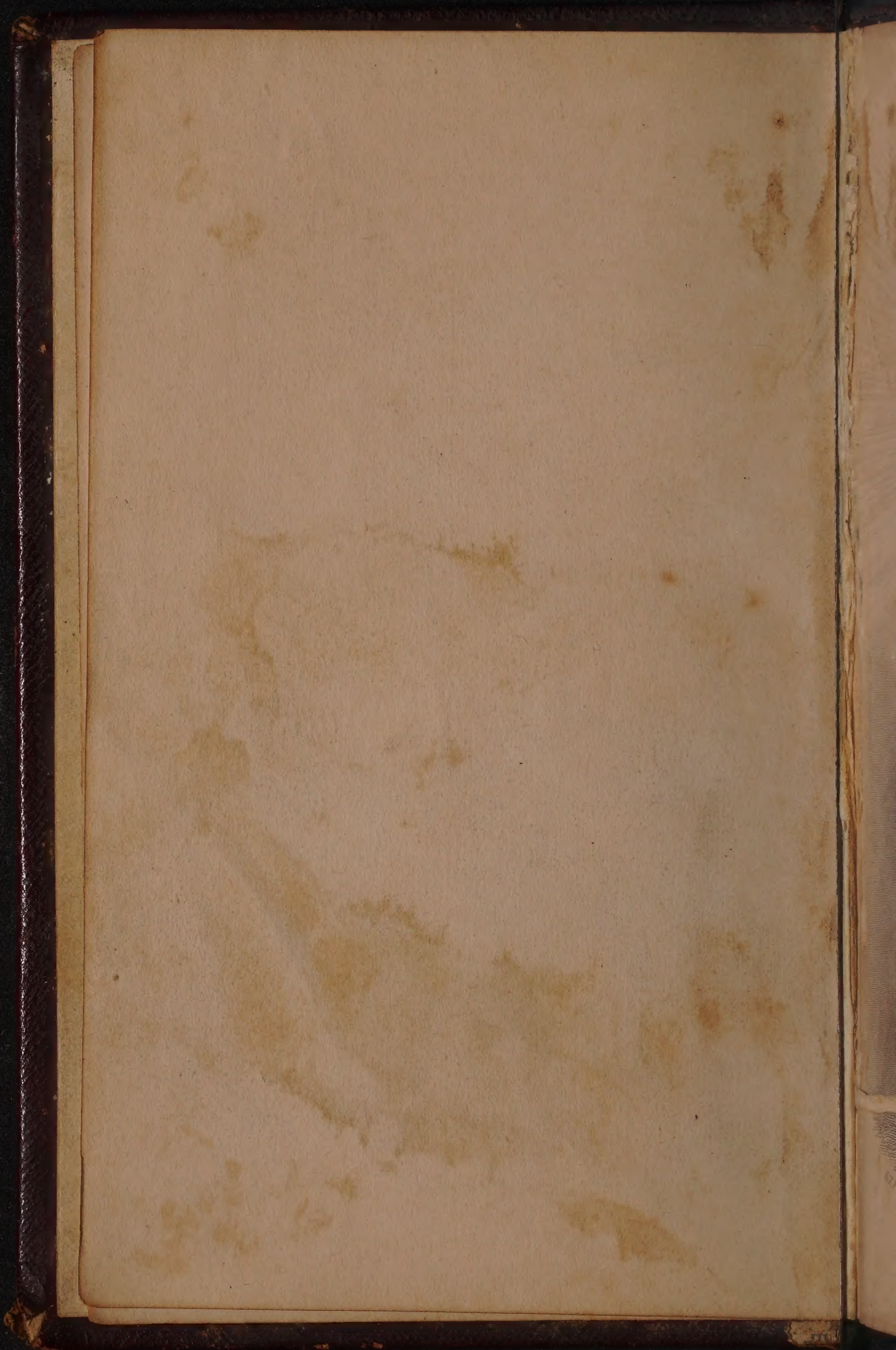








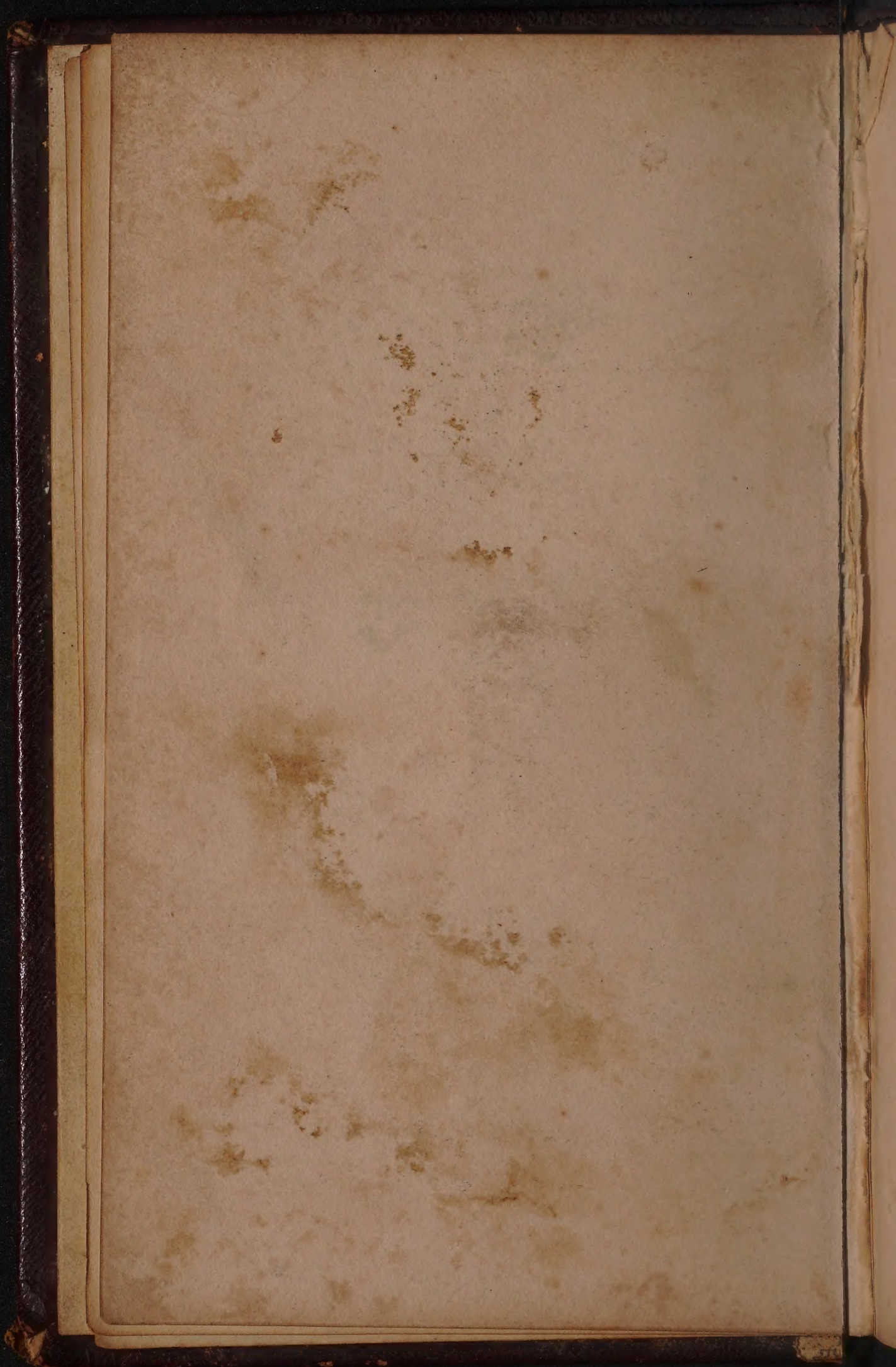


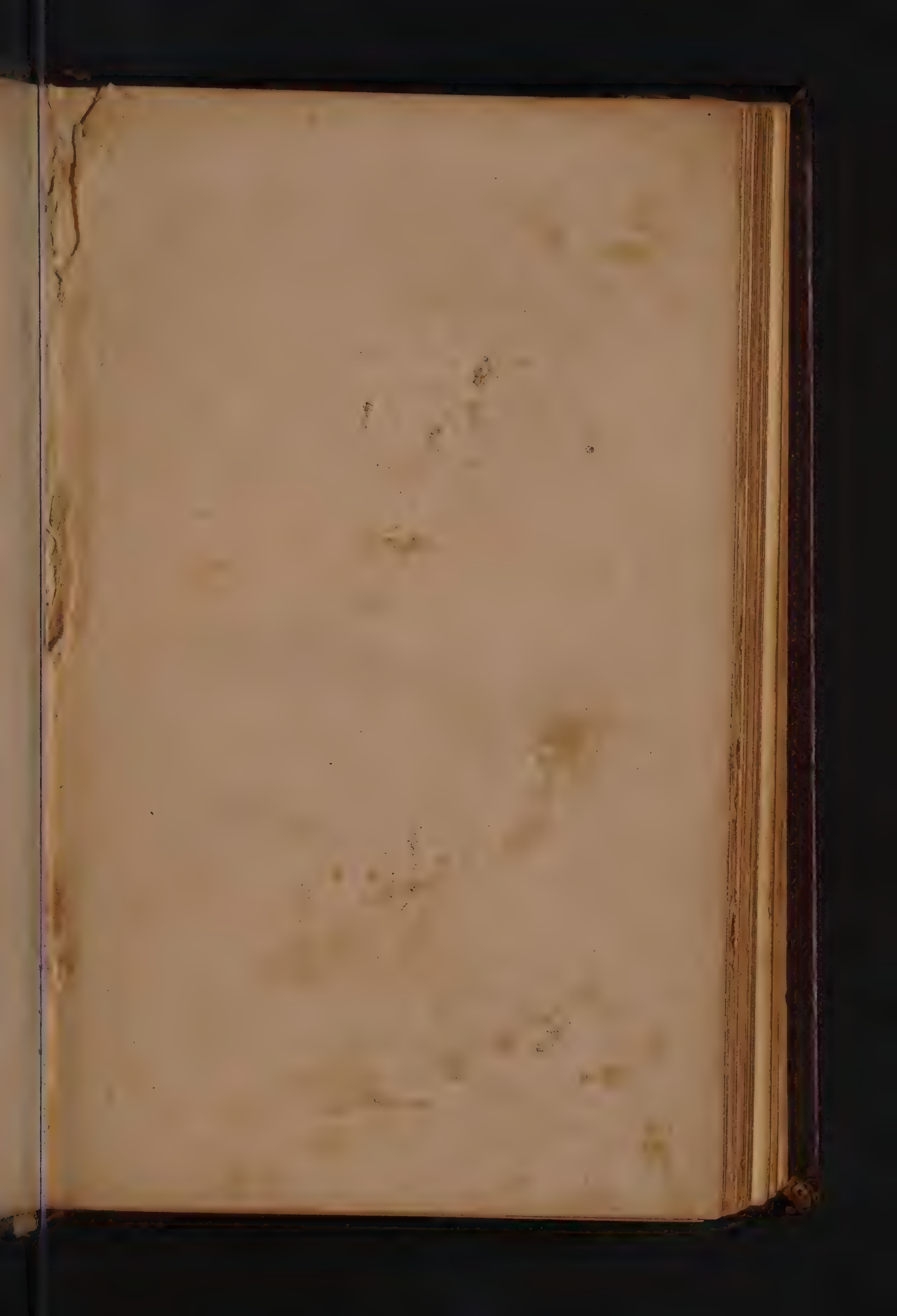




E.T. Ferris

W. Kelsall







Edwin Landseer, R.A. del.

Printed by Ackermann & Co. 296 Strand

C. Ross. sculp.

THE ACTRESS AT THE DUKE'S.

FORGET ME NOT;

A CHRISTMAS,
NEW YEAR'S, AND BIRTHDAY PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXXXVI.

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart, like gold.
L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY ACKERMANN AND CO.

LONDON :
F. SHOBEHL, JUN., LEICESTER STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

PREFACE.

It is scarcely to be supposed that, after performing the duty of ushering this Work before the Public for so many years, the Editor should have any thing new to offer on the subject. This being the case, he should deem it unfair alike to the Contributors to this Volume and to its Readers were he to detain them at the threshold by oft-repeated common-places, or by commendations of its Contents. The reputation of the *Forget Me Not* is, indeed, too firmly established to need any such eulogy. Suffice it, therefore, to observe that in preparing the present Volume it has been his endeavour to maintain that reputation; while a glance at its Embellishments will show that the Publishers also have exerted themselves, both in

regard to the selection of subjects and the execution of the Engravings, to uphold the character for superior taste and elegance which their House has so long enjoyed.

The Editor feels, however, that he might expose himself to the charge of indifference if he were to omit this occasion of acknowledging his obligations to all those Contributors whose kindness and talents have furnished the materials of the following sheets; and also of soliciting the indulgence of such whose compositions he has been obliged to reserve for a future volume. Though some names which have been accustomed to appear regularly in the Work may be missed, it will be found, he trusts, on examination, that the loss is more than compensated by the acquisition of new ones.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE Young Enchanter. From a Papyrus of Herculaneum	9
A Chinese Visitation. By the Hon. Mrs. ERSKINE NORTON	39
The Death of the Righteous. In Memory of E. B. By JAMES MONTGOMERY, Esq.	48
Faded Flowers. By DELTA, Author of <i>The Legend of Gene- vieve, &c.</i>	49
The Rest of the Heart. By HENRY F. CHORLEY, Author of <i>Sketches of a Sea-port Town, &c.</i>	50
King Alfred's Return from the Danish Camp. By Miss LAWRANCE	51
Life in the Woods. By WILLIAM L. STONE, Esq., of New York	55
The Lady and the Sea Captain. By MARY HOWITT	80
The Shepherdess. By CHARLES SWAIN, Esq.	83
The Mint-master of Winchester. A Tale of the Reign of Henry I. By Miss LAWRENCE	85
The Departed Friend. By the Rev. R. POLWHELE	116
The Dying Sister. By MARY HOWITT	117
The Dancing Girl Reposing. On one of three Statues by Canova. By T. K. HERVEY, Esq.	119

	PAGE
A Night near Monte Video. By A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN	121
Song. By C. J. DAVIDS, Esq.	134
Our Helper. By ISABEL HILL	135
Juliana, or Prophecies Come True. A Fragment of Every- day Life. By HENRY F. CHORLEY	153
The Midnight Wind	177
Glengorroch. A Tradition of the Forty-five. By ALEX- ANDER A. CARR, Esq.	179
The Last Evening Primrose. By the Rev. R. POLWHELE .	194
The Confession. By Miss LANDON	195
Woman's Grief. By CAPTAIN CALDER CAMPBELL . . .	198
The Lion and the Lamb. A Naval Story. By THE OLD SAILOR, Author of <i>Tough Yarns</i> , &c.	199
The Siege of Woman's Heart. By C. J. DAVIDS, Esq. .	255
Cromwell and his Daughter. A Dramatic Sketch. By THOMAS JAMES SERLE	257
A Wedding Wish. To a Young Couple. By JAMES MONT- GOMERY, Esq.	266
Vesuvius. From the Journal of an English Traveller . . .	267
The Sea-King's Bride. By C. J. DAVIDS, Esq.	287
The Actress at "the Duke's." By DOUGLAS JERROLD, Esq., Author of <i>Nell Gwynne</i>	289
To Romance. By C. J. DAVIDS, Esq.	314
The Dance of the Peasants in the "Winter's Tale." By LAMAN BLANCHARD, Esq.	315
Song, written at Sea, on Board the William Jolliffe. By Dr. BOWRING, M. P.	320

CONTENTS.

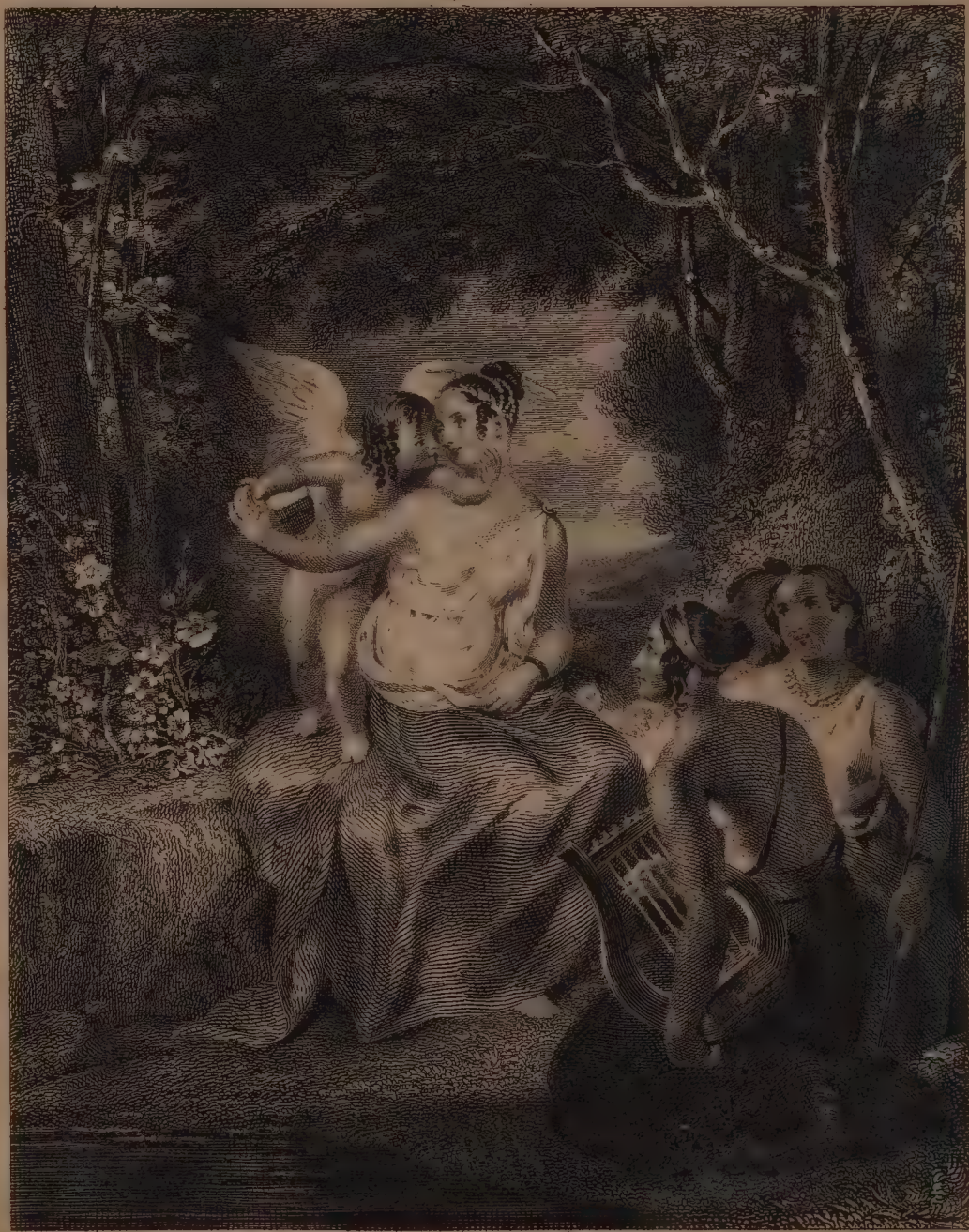
7

PAGE

The Busy Friends. A Spanish Story. By Mrs. R. LEE .	321
Reflections on the Marriage-day of a Young Lady, whose Mother died during her Childhood. By Mrs. GORE, Author of <i>Hungarian Tales</i>	338
De Courtenaye. A Ballad. By R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.	341
The Porch of Chartres Cathedral. By J. B. PAPWORTH, Esq.	345
The Lament of the Exile	349
Sonnets. By RICHARD HOWITT. To the Cuckoo. To the Nightingale	351
The Lord of Balloch. By THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD . . .	352

P L A T E S.

	PAGE
1. PRESENTATION PLATE. Painted by E.T. PARRIS. Engraved by W. KELSALL.	
2. The Actress at "the Duke's." Painted by E. LANDSEER, R.A. Engraved by C. ROLLS <i>to face the Title</i>	
3. The Young Enchanter. Painted by J. WOOD. Engraved by C. ROLLS	9
4. King Alfred's Return from the Danish Camp. Painted by S.A. HART. Engraved by F. BACON . . .	51
5. The Shepherdess. Painted by C. HANCOCK. Engraved by J. GOODYEAR	83
6. The Dying Sister. Painted by Miss ELIZA SHARPE. En- graved by H. ROBINSON	117
7. Juliana. Painted by Miss LOUISA SHARPE. Engraved by J. GOODYEAR	153
8. The Confession. Painted by F. STONE. Engraved by C. ROLLS	195
9. Cromwell and his Daughter. Painted by W. FISK. En- graved by L. STOCKS	257
10. The Dance of the Peasants, in the "Winter's Tale." Painted by R. T. BONE. Engraved by S. DAVENPORT	315
11. Porch of Chartres Cathedral. Painted by S. PROUT. En- graved by J. CARTER	345



J. Wood. pinx.

Pubd by Ackermann & Co. London.

C. Rolis sculp.

THE YOUNG ENCHANTER.

THE YOUNG ENCHANTER.

FROM A PAPYRUS OF HERCULANEUM.

AMONG the chambers of the house of Alcmaeon, opened in the excavations made in presence of the King of Naples, on his restoration in 1815, there was found a large *fresco*, of remarkable beauty, representing a groupe of nymphs gazing on a principal figure, with a Cupid whispering in her ear. The exquisite grace of the forms, the animated action of the little whisperer, the rapt loveliness of the gazers, and even the singular brilliancy of the colours, after an existence of at least seventeen centuries, attracted the eyes of all the artists and *cognoscenti*. Italian invention was, of course, soon busy in finding a history for this incomparable *morçeau*. But, while every day produced a new interpretation, the essential feature, probability, was wanting to them all.

However, the history of the *fresco* was not to be a secret for ever. In the early part of the present year, one of those papyri which are now under a process of

unrolling by the Chevalier Collini at Naples was opened, containing, at the head of the first section of the MS., the *fresco* in miniature. As the papyrus was further unrolled, it was found to contain the actual story on which the design was unquestionably formed, and which we now give, with such mutilations as the half-calcined material of the roll rendered inevitable. One of the most formidable of those mutilations occurs in the commencement, and still defies all the ingenuity of Italian scholarship to fill up the chasm.

* * * * *

“Callias, I am weary of the world.”

“You mistake, Sempronius; you are weary of every thing but the *world*.”

“Callias, I speak in sober seriousness. But it is impossible to make a practised scorner like you believe anything — you, an Athenian wit, a rover through all the pleasures of Greece and Asia, a butterfly, floating from flower to flower through every garden of the follies of life, cannot believe that there may be infinite weariness of all that the earth contains. But you are an epicurean.”

“No, my weeping philosopher. You are mistaken again. I am an epicure. I am delicate in my tastes, choice in my acquaintance, careful in my loves, and fastidious in my country-houses. In fact, the only matter which at present embarrasses me is, whether I shall go to-morrow to my villa on the banks of the Tiber, or linger out the days of that lovely and very

pestilential star, which now glitters on the margin of the waters, in the coolness of my grotto at Sunium."

Sirius was rising, and the broad brilliancy of that king of the starry host threw a long line of splendour across the bay of Naples. The eyes of the young and handsome Roman were fixed upon it with an intense gaze, and he rather sighed than spoke, "Oh, that I could with a wish shake off the load of life, and find my way to some of those glorious wanderers—as much above the cares of our world as they are above its clouds!" At the words, he, almost by an unconscious movement, drew a small dagger from its sheath, and held it glittering in the sunlight. Callias sprang from his seat; and, bursting into laughter, recalled the enthusiast to a sense of his situation. "There are but two things to account for this," said the laugher; "no man gazes on daggers but for love or hatred, to win a mistress, or to get rid of a wife. Yet, what can *you* have to do with despair?—you, notoriously the admired of all who have a taste for wealth, the graces, and the handsomest legs in the Palatine—you, the Tribune of the Imperial Legion—you, who have your perfumes direct from Persia, your robes from the land where the worms make silk; and your jewels from beyond the Indus; first and most favoured of Roman Adonises, who could resist your innumerable captivations!"

"Callias," was the languid reply, "I am unfit to answer your jesting. But, look at the slave yonder,

toiling under the last rays of this burning day. At this hour, I should rejoice to exchange situations with that slave. You stare; but listen, and you will believe. At this hour a more unhappy being does not exist than your friend Sempronius; with all the world smiling, as you say, round him."

The entrance of the attendants, who came to announce the evening meal, interrupted the story. Callias was opulent, and he had the taste of a Greek; he led the way into the Tablinum, where he had a choice collection of the finest pictures, purchased in Corinth and the Islands. This apartment, exquisitely sculptured and ornamented, looked to the West, and the sun threw his subsiding crimson softly through its crystal casements. "You see here," said Callias, with something of the pride of a collector, "I have followed a plan different from that of your Roman authorities. They place their pictures in the broadest glare of light, and in their most public apartment. I treat them as the friends of my soul, come to converse with them as far out of the general sight as possible, and, to make our conversation the more interesting, take my supper in their gracious company."

His friend, depressed as he was, could not avoid feeling pleased at the finished elegance of every thing that met his eye, and most of all at the disposition of the pictures. Instead of exposing them all, and equally, to the full force of the sun, they were placed where the ray gave the exact light which brought out their

beauties in the happiest point of expression. An evening dance of Spartan virgins on the banks of the Eurotas was placed in the richest effulgence of the sunset; the mountain tops thus burned with brief, but living, fire; the long range of the forests that sheeted their sides waved with living gold; even the spearheads and slight bucklers, carried by the maidens in their lovely mimicry of war, were kindled by the powerful radiance into flame. In a recess, by the side of this fine picture, and withdrawn from all but the faintest touch of the ray, was a Thessalian Incantation, solemn, stern, and awful. A depth of groves, through which moved majestic and spectral forms, was made still more sepulchral by the feeble glimmer of the light which was suffered to reach them. At a higher point was imbedded, in a frame of richly carved alabaster, a masterpiece of Alcamenes the Ionian. It was Olympus, from the famous scene in Homer, when Venus, in the full assembly of the Celestials, approaches to propitiate Jove for the Trojans. With that luxurious, yet tasteful, prodigality, which sacrificed the highest treasures of wealth or genius to the indulgence of a moment, but that indulgence wrought up to the most exquisite degree, this glorious production was to be seen but at the instant when the sun touched the horizon. The moment was come. The two friends sat preparing for this transitory enjoyment, as the pyramid of flame slowly ascended the margin of the picture. All below had lost the light, when it began to tinge the foot of the

mighty mountain. By degrees its long and pointed radiance ascended from the valleys of vine and olive to the cloudy region where human step was never to penetrate. In another moment, bringing out all their latent hues into rose and gold, the beam ascended into the region of the Immortals. All that had been invisible, or but dimly seen, before, now quivered with matchless splendour: the circling thrones of the deities flashed the colours of every gem; the path which led to the throne was star-paved; the great central seat of Jove was a blaze of diamond glory, half veiling the august presence of the sovereign of the celestial worlds. The rapid brilliancy of the sunbeam, as it traversed the circle of grandeur and beauty, seemed to fill it with sudden life and motion. In the centre stood one form, still apparently veiled in cloud. The sun-ray touched it, and all became as distinct as if a real cloud had melted before the rising beam. The form was Venus, bending forward to supplicate the father of the gods. All her beauty was exquisitely alive. The lovely brow seemed to be but raised at the instant, the eye glittering with new splendours, the cheek doubly suffused with rose, by the impulse of the momentary feeling. The attitude was dignity and humility combined. But the countenance, the indescribable countenance, was love. Calias gazed on the matchless work with the pride of a possessor. But the young Italian uttered a cry, buried his head in his robe, and threw himself at the foot of the picture, as if in the act of adoration. When he

arose, the light had expired, and the picture was in shade. The whole had passed away like a work of necromancy.

* * * * *

“Then, you are determined to rove the world, to find your nameless wonder, to see the invisible, to discover the undiscoverable. My young and gallant friend, take my advice, and leave those travels to dreamers. Return to Rome; tell your excellent uncle that you are perfectly ready to espouse his very opulent daughter, were she ten times as opulent; that you are a dutiful son, and have no notion of contradicting the will of your late excellent father, were the bride as fair as the three Graces, or as fond as the mother of the two Cupids. Then, having thus completed your filial obedience, and given a marriage-feast that will make all Rome talk of you for the twenty-four hours after, put on your helmet, if you will, and go, to fight the Parthians, or extinguish the renown of Alexander, and build trophies upon the Indus, to be trampled by the hoofs of the first savage who condescends to remember that you ever existed.”

So spoke Callias, who never restrained his jest. But he would probably have been more cautious, if he had looked at his friend's physiognomy. The young Italian had at first listened with a languid smile, but the subject at length touched him too nearly; his brow contracted, and, with a compressed lip, and a voice struggling with indignation, he charged the Greek

with premeditated insult. "I have disclosed to you and you alone," exclaimed the fervid Italian, "the unhappy, nay, the desperate, condition of my mind. I have told you that, from the unwise, if not the tyrannical, resolution of my family to leave me no choice in that which, of all things human, most requires choice, I felt an early horror of the being to whom I was thus to be bound against all reason, feeling, and will; and that, having been foolishly brought together in our infancy for the foolish purpose of learning to love each other, we took an invincible hatred on both sides, and separated from that hour, never to meet again."

"The resolutions of two headlong children"—said Callias, now unwilling to urge his friend too far. "And are they to be the standard for after-years? Every thing under the stars changes, and was made to change. Are we to stand gazing in the East for the sun, when he is making his pillow in the vapours of the West? Your cousin must be now past girlhood. She may be as lovely as Hebe, and as gay as Flora; have you never had the curiosity to inquire what she is, since your nursery quarrel?"

"Never!" was the prompt answer; "and never shall. My Athenian education first led me away from Rome. I then mounted my horse, as a centurion in the cavalry of the Imperial Legion, appointed for service on the borders of Pannonia. My life has been since in Asia Minor. I have never revisited Rome. But, let one word suffice for all. I *have* seen the being

who was made to fill the void in my soul, and fill it for ever. It was at a banquet given to the officers of the Legion on its arrival at Ephesus, by the proconsul, Septimius. All was, of course, stately and sumptuous. But all was eclipsed by a scene in the gardens of the palace, performed by the attendants of the temple. It was an Ovidian Drama ; a brief, but exquisitely-told, tale of the power of love. The little deity figured under a hundred shapes, sometimes as a warrior, sometimes as a minstrel, sometimes as a king, sometimes as loaded with wealth and jewels, to overpower the heart of a fair one. But what a conquest was she on whom the Young Enchanter lavished all his powers ! Never had I seen, never had I imagined, such loveliness. All that poetry has feigned, all that my wildest fancy shaped, of grace of form, and beauty of countenance, was thrown into the shade. Before me moved, looked, breathed, essential beauty, such as Venus might have risen from the waves, or Pandora descended from the gates of Olympus. I felt that then my fate was told at once. The conviction pierced my inmost soul at the instant. I felt it as clear, as bright, as pointed, as lightning. I cannot describe to you with what new-born anxiety I watched the progress of the drama ; how I entered into all the interests of the little scene. I absolutely trembled when I saw her tempted in succession by poetic flattery ; by the promise of all that could win the heart of pride ; by the jewels and gold, which the young and powerful magician of the passions had the art to bring

up, vision on vision, each excelling the other in temptation, before this most matchless of all the daughters of earth. She resisted them, and I felt my heart beat with a wild and unaccountable pulse at every successive triumph. One trial more remained. The noble halls, the gilded bowers, the royal retreats, in which the Enchanter had called up his visions of luxury, pride, and wealth, floated away. The scene was a simple garden, with a wide view over the fine mountain country, bordering the Hellespont. The fair one now sat binding up some new-fallen roses, and listening to a tale told by a youth in the simple dress of the Ionian shepherd. His figure and countenance were noble; but his tale was simplicity, eloquence, and passion, in one. I never heard story more exquisitely told. It offered neither the pomp nor the wealth of the world, but it laid at her feet a heart overflowing with fondness, faith, and honour. If she had resisted the appeal, she must have been more or less than mortal. She was neither; she was woman, exquisitely lovely, true to nature, and sensitive to the finest impulse of nature. I had triumphed in her resistance; I now triumphed in her submission. I saw with delight that the loveliness worthy of being celestial was not that of a statue. My cheek instinctively glowed as the blush spread itself over her's; the very tear that stole down her silken eyelash was followed by tears, in which my spirit seemed to dissolve. With a sigh and a smile, she acknowledged the power of the heart over the heart;

and drooped, weeping with silent joy, on the neck of the Ionian. At that moment, thunder rolled, the scene ascended like a rising cloud, and, for the simple garden of the Hellespont, we saw the immortal bowers of Idalia. The Ionian was Cupid, restored to his original form; lovely, arch, sportive, and a king; the little deity, floating on his purple wings, flung himself into the arms of the fair creature, crowning her with amaranth, in presence of the nymphs, in sign of her change into an inhabitant of the undying groves of the Isle of Love."

"And so," said Callias, with a calm glance, not untouched with his habitual satire, "you fell in love with one of the dancers of the temple. The frost of the heart is seldom severe in Asia; I presume she listened complacently to your repetition of the Ionian's tale."

Sempronius struck his hand on his poniard. "Greek," he exclaimed, "I must not be tried too far. Another word of contempt, and we part for the last time. The stars that shine above our heads were not farther above the breath of suspicion. She was never seen by me again. All inquiries were in vain. The votaries who have brought your sneers upon the temple are of another order. Nothing but that inveterate taste for turning all things into ridicule could have made you forget that the priestesses are as sacred as the Vestals of the Capitol. She was a daughter of the Shrine!"

Callias made his apologies, and soothed his friend's

irritation. "But," said he, "have you never sought for this paragon?—did you never offer to espouse her?"

"Sought for her!" said the Italian. "This is the second year that I have roamed through Asia, Greece, and Italy, in perpetual search of her. She left the temple. And I could almost believe that she has ascended to the skies. Yet, if I should find her on earth, what is to be done? My father on his death-bed left me his curse, or his blessing as I fulfil his commands, and espouse my cousin Euphrosyne. I can disdain wealth, I can despise tyranny, but I cannot scorn the dying injunctions of a parent. In my distracted mind I continually hear his voice summoning me from the grave to obey. I never sink even to my short and harassed sleep, that I do not see his shade menacing me with wrath if I dare to resist his will, more sacred as it is by the separation of the tomb."

"Then, drive her from your memory," said the easy philosopher.

The Italian raised his large dark eyes to his friend's face with a look of wonder. "Drive her from my memory!" he exclaimed. "I have no more the power of forgetting her, than of forgetting the knowledge of my own existence; every thing reminds me of her—music, brightness, starlight, the sounds of the evening air, the shapes that seem to float in yonder clouds, even the waving of the rose, and the odour of its bloom, all that touches the heart, soothes the senses, or delights

the eye, brings her instantly before me. No, her image is indelible, until the time when the unhappy feel no more. You saw my emotion the evening I supped in your Campanian villa. That picture of Olympus! In the Venus bending before Jove I saw the living idol of all my thoughts. The countenance, the form, the indescribable grace, all were there, as I saw them on the fatal night of the banquet in Asia. But I dared look no longer. I could have worshipped the lifeless work of the pencil; or, like a new Prometheus, from my burning lips have breathed new fire into the form. If I had been master of the treasures of the earth, I should have given them, to possess that picture, and die gazing on it. But, at the moment, I thought that my father's forbidding spirit rose from the darkness; and I fell in terror and despair."

As he spoke, in the sad energy of a broken heart, Callias had looked on him with more compassion than usually sat on the features of the man of the world. But, as he proceeded, a sudden thought seemed to flash across the Greek's countenance. He smiled, was about to speak; checked the words, pondered; walked a few hurried paces through the tessellated hall, as if he were about to trample its Mosaic loves of Aurora and Tithonus into atoms; then returning, threw himself on one of the ivory sofas, and burst into loud laughter.

Sempronius looked at him with astonishment. The Greek sprang again from the sofa: the smile, the

broken speech, the hurried walk, even the laughter, were renewed. Sempronius thought that his fantastic friend had been bitten by an aspic or a tarantula. "Are you mad, Callias?" he at length exclaimed.

"By Mercury, I believe so," was the answer. "This is the most curious affair I remember in the course of my life. You shall hear."

But, as the Italian approached to hear, the slave who attended in the vestibule entered, to inform them that a Trireme had just arrived in the Piræus from Rome; and that there were letters on board for both. "This," said Callias, hastily rising, "is, you see, the advantage of having made our escape from the hot blasts of Campania; not one of my five hundred friends and admirers, male or female, would have thought of writing to me at the foot of Vesuvius."

Callias retired to his study, to look over those documents of his remembrance among the fair, wise, and idle, of the City of Cities. The Italian lingered, gazing at the magic colouring of a Greek eve on the noble architecture of the Piræus. Greece, evening, and Athens, have been elements of romance since the first hour when Athens had a name. The Italian was a lover; this comprehends a thousand fancies; he was more — an unhappy, disappointed, even a despairing lover — the lover of a dream, rapt in visionary passion, removed by an impassable barrier from hope; enamoured of a being as much ideal as if he had wooed some bright spirit of the clouds, or invoked Dian from the

sphere, where she now lay in vestal glory on the edge of heaven. A priestess of the great shrine of Ephesus was as remote from mortal approach as one of the stars.

While he was indulging his imagination with the waking dreams of a poet and a lover — dreams which, by some unaccountable law of our nature, always have a touch of melancholy even in their brightest moments, and are only the more delicious for their melancholy—Callias returned, after the perusal of his letters, with a countenance of alternate pleasure and pain. “Are you prepared, Sempronius,” said he, “for hearing that your chain is broken?”

The young Italian started from a reverie in which he was listening to the voice of the fair Ephesian, echoed by the silver flutes of the temple. He answered, with a languid smile, that ‘all things were now equal to him.’

“Then, I may tell all that I know,” said his friend, “in full security that I shall not add, at least, to your sorrows. Listen. This letter, from your relative Catullus, informs me that your cousin is dead. She had fallen into a state of singular feebleness, in consequence, it was supposed, of a journey through the woods of Ostia, where the summer heats were fatally productive of pestilence; and, in one of the paroxysms of her fever, flung herself into the Tiber, on whose banks she had been in the dangerous habit of enjoying the evening air. The body of the unhappy girl was found a week before the despatch of

this letter; and Catullus describes the ceremony of her funeral, with all his customary minuteness in all matters of form and display. He was one of those especially invited, of which he is evidently proud; and he gives me a catalogue of every litter, horse, and, as far as I can see, every garland that adorned those very stately obsequies."

Both the friends were silent for a time, and both indulged in the sacred decencies of that sorrow due to the death of the young and the innocent.

"And now," said Callias, "for Ephesus!"

* * * * *

The night was glorious: the Trireme, as it rushed out of the Piræus, left behind it a long track of brightness, like a plough breaking up a soil of silver. The two friends sat on the poop, gazing at the skies, the serene waters, and the noble headlands of Attica, all sweeping behind them, as if they sat upon a cloud, and floated along on the bosom of the air. Gradually the lights and sounds of the great harbour died away, but the moon had risen, and the Parthenon stood out on its hill, distinct in the moonlight, pale, lofty, and alone, like a majestic spirit watching over the land below. The rowers now prepared themselves for the night, and, while they swung on the first surges as they rounded the point of Sunium, began the evening worship to Pallas Athena, lighting the little altar on which her image stood in the prow, and burning cinnamon and frankincense, which threw a cloud of per-

fume along the tapestried deck of the vessel. Callias now thought of his entertainment, and went down into the sumptuous cabin to order a supper, worthy of an Imperial Trireme. Sempronius wrapped himself in his military cloak, and sat with his eyes fixed upon the Constellation of Taurus, which sparkled above his head like a shower of topazes; his thoughts were far away. At the sight of the little temple on the brow of Sunium, which was the seamark to every mariner of Athens, going from home, or returning from the islands; the crew, on the signal of the pilot's trumpet, began the hymn to the protecting goddess of Attica :

“ Hear us, loved Athena, hear !
From the star enwreathen sphere,
Guarding, like a fiery zone,
Zeus and Heré's golden throne.
As we sweep the night-stained waves,
Bind the tempests in their caves ;
Till thy mountain torches burn,
Signal for our glad return,
Like a wood-nymph's tossing hair,
Shaking fragrance on the air,
Till our answering homeward song
Swells the joyous gale along,
Rising in one holy strain,
To yon marble, moonlight, fane !
Goddess of the laurelled lyre,
Let no lightning's angry fire,
Let no eye of evil gleam,
Glance upon our proud Trireme,
From the hour when infant Morn
In her bed of rose is born,
Till the evening's canopy
Curtains dewy earth and sky,
And the clouds on Ocean's breast
Glow like islands of the blest.

Pallas ! may our gallant prow,
All unharmed, the surges plow ;
Pallas ! may our snowy sail
Bear along the favouring gale !
Still, where'er we rest, or roam,
May we meet the welcome home !
Hear the jovial mariner,
Virgin queen of Athens, hear !"

The hymn ceased ; and, with a long flourish of the flutes and horns of the Trireme, the worship of the evening was at an end. When all was still, but the sound of the oars striking the waters in measured time, and the rush of the waves round the prow, a sudden and powerful sound of a trumpet echoed from the promontory above, and a flash of rich-coloured radiance rose, quivered for a moment on the crown of the temple, and then disappeared, high in heaven. The mariners fell on their faces, and received it as the customary answer of the goddess. Some thought that they saw the form of Pallas herself in the light towering above the promontory. All regarded it as an auspicious omen of their voyage to the shores of Asia.

* * * * *

The priest of Diana firmly resisted all the persuasions of the two friends to obtain for them a view of the priestesses at the inner shrine, where they kept successive watch round the heaven-descended image of the goddess, and in honour of her presence watched unveiled. The more urgent the arguments were, the more the rigid priest reproached himself with the crime of listening to them. Callias offered a purse full of

Thracian gold. The haruspex had no sooner felt it touch his palm, than he dropped it on the ground, as if bit by an aspic, and fled. Sempronius, in despair at the failure of his last hope, sprang after him, and held him back strongly by his robe. The hand that checked the incorruptible minister of Diana glittered with a magnificent emerald. His eyes suddenly fixed on it: he turned; the gem was clasped in silence on his finger, and, without a word on either side, he drew from his purple sash a small key, and, opening a low door, scarcely visible in the sculptures of the wall, led them noiselessly into the recesses of the temple.

The temple of Diana of Ephesus was the mightiest shrine of Asia. Callias was rejoiced to find himself under the roof of the sacred circle, where kings had been refused entrance, and which contained more than the wealth of kingdoms. The festivals of the day were done; the bronze gates of the colossal hall had been closed against the people:—all was night, silence, and solitude. Still the Greek could discover that he was in a spot whose magnificence surpassed all its fame. The fires of the great altar were dying, and the multitude of minor altars, where the victims had been offered during the day, glittered in the distance only like waning stars. Yet, at every step, such boundless vistas of arches and colonnades, wrought with the richest skill of the Asiatic sculptor, and formed of marbles and metals glowing with every hue of earth and heaven, were shown even by that

feeble blaze; such statues of alabaster and ivory, peopling the immense spaces, started into an almost living army of nobleness and beauty; such banners of purple and gold, the votive offerings of the world, thickened above shrines, themselves sheeted with precious stones, and flashing their radiance on floors covered with Tyrian and Indian embroideries; that even the cold and fastidious man of the world burst out into perpetual exclamations of surprise. The Italian, more wrapt in thoughts of the heart, more subdued by melancholy, and still more subdued by a gentle and touching hope, glanced on all, as if all were a vision; saw the lofty roofs and dazzling pillars, as if they were the work of necromancy; and listened to the low echoes of harps and flutes that from time to time stole from the inner chambers, as he would have listened to choruses ascending from the bowers of Elysium. All was deep delight in the bosom of the lover, all dreamy enjoyment, all the unquestioning wonder of a mind at once elevated and overwhelmed by the most powerful ardour of the imagination and the richest impulses of the heart.

The priest now led the way to a deeper recess, making a sign of silence. Sempronius rushed forward; but he felt Callias suddenly draw him back, and by the faint light saw him significantly half draw his dagger. The Greek evidently knew the hazards of trusting to Asiatic faith. The spot where they stood might have been only for their plunder and death.

Sempronius smiled, as if the present and the future were alike to him, and bounded forward into the darkness. The Greek paused for a moment; then, drawing his dagger entirely from the sheath, slowly followed the steps of his headlong friend. The passage was long and winding; at length it began to descend, and the light was totally lost. They arrived at a small door. The priest's voice was now heard in a whisper: "You must remain here, while I go forward." At the words he was gone. "Now," said Callias, "we have got what we have earned. We shall never give the moral of our absurdity to mankind, however; for I strongly suspect that the priest will think we have had glory enough in this world, without his adding to it by divulging any circumstances of our way of leaving it. What an infinite pity that I did not follow my own advice, and strike the miscreant through the midriff, before he brought us here to perish like a pair of famished foxes!" Sempronius still protested that the priest was honest. But hour after hour elapsed, and he did not return. Callias at length attempted to find his way back to the entrance of the passage, but the passage itself seemed to have been rendered doubly difficult since their descent. A few paces, and it was obstructed by large blocks of stone. "The treachery now," said the Greek, "is evident. This place is a catacomb; and here, like other blockheads, we may wander for ever. Exquisite fools! not to have known that a priest dared no more betray the secrets of his

temple than he dared face a tiger. But he has escaped out of that difficulty in capital style. And now our business is, to wander here till we either tumble into some pit, which will end all our discoveries, or starve quietly sitting on these stones."

But the spirit of his friend was only roused by the palpable hazard into which they had fallen. "Callias," said he, "your frigid philosophy makes you distrust all, even yourself. I have not much in the world to make me too anxious to remain within its boundaries. The priest is plainly a villain. I should have felt that the man who is capable of being corrupted by gold or gem, is capable of betraying his corruptors. He has left us to die. But, death is the last resource of the brave. Rise, and let us at least not die without a struggle." The spirit of the Greek was sensitive; the man of the world was now thrown off, and he grasped the hand of his friend with the hand of a brave man. "Forward, then!" said he.

Sempronius led the way; but the obstructions grew still more difficult, until the passage was completely stopped. "Now," exclaimed the Greek, in a tone half of contemptuous mirth, half of real despair, "the experiment is complete! What is the use of breaking our bones by climbing over rocks that may lead us to the centre of the earth! Here, take my dagger, and do the last office of a Roman for his friend." Sempronius silently took the dagger, and broke it under his heel. The blade struck a spark from the stone, and that

spark showed him that they were in the centre of a vast vault, from which passages radiated in all directions. They rushed into the one which seemed to bend most upward, as if leading to the open air. "Friend," said the Greek, "remember, I am not a man to live on eternal experiments. I shall follow you, for this time; but, if we are only to wear out our sandals in stumbling over tombs, I insist on being allowed to finish the business of life in my own way!"

"I ask but one moment more," eagerly said the young Italian, "and then you shall be my guide to the regions where quiet reigns, and wretches forget and are forgotten."

As he uttered the words, a faint scream, followed by the sound of hurrying feet, caught their ears. They paused; a gleam of light quivered in the distance of the labyrinth, and Sempronius and Callias sprang forward together. The gleam still quivered. It came through the chinks of a slight door. The Italian glanced within, uttered a cry, and burst into the chamber beyond. There stood a female with her arms bound; a low altar, with a knife upon it, burned before her. The priest who had betrayed the friends was gazing on the human victim with the fixed eye of cruelty. A groupe of melancholy-looking forms, in long, dark mantles, stood to witness the ceremony of blood. As he rushed in, the female lifted up her face, and wildly sprang towards him. The priest instantly caught the knife from the altar, and aimed a blow at her bosom. But

the blow was never to reach its mark. Callias had reserved the fragment of his dagger, and it was driven up to the hilt in the murderer's side. He fell with a groan, and writhed at their feet. The groupe drew their daggers. All was instantly fury, uproar, death!

* * * * *

The Trireme rushed into the Piræus, and Callias proposed that there his unfortunate friend should remain. But Sempronius, desperately wounded, and wasting away with that most incurable of all diseases, a broken heart, implored that he might be carried to Italy, there to breathe his last, and sleep in the sepulchre of his fathers. Callias forgot his philosophy, as he sat by the couch of the handsome youth, and wept as he heard him describe the strange but witching fluctuations of a mind engrossed by passion in its noblest form. "That victim," said the Italian, "seems to stand nightly beside my couch, and point to those blue worlds of peace above. In the labyrinth, I knew her at the first glance, disguised and dishevelled as she was. She was the first, and shall be the last, possessor of my heart. But, tell me all you have heard of her, tell it to me again and again, that I may die hearing her name."

Callias would then spend the hour repeating to him—that the fair priestess had by accident seen him at the proconsular banquet; had loved him with an unconscious passion, like his own; and, finally betraying her secret, had become marked for vengeance, as a revolter

from the goddess. Even the wish to leave the temple was an unpardonable crime. But the vengeance of the shrine was regarded as incomplete until the object of her passion was equally sacrificed. To this was owing the promise of the haruspex to guide them through the temple. He had led them only where they were to be reserved for the sacerdotal knife, as offerings to the insulted dignity of the goddess. The contest in the chamber had terminated in the capture of both the friends, after a useless display of intrepidity. They had been thrown into a dungeon, released they knew not how, and, taking refuge in the palace of the proconsul, had by him been urged to leave Asia with the utmost speed. The priestess had doubtless perished.

* * * * *

Sempronius lay on a couch wrought of ivory and fringed with pearls; the canopy that screened him from the sun was of Persian silk; a silver statue of a nymph, guiding a car of lapis lazuli by reins in the lips of sea-horses of beryl, poured a stream of perfumed water from an urn of the crystal of Antiparos in her hand; the tessellated floor was strewn with roses; the walls were covered with the most brilliant designs of the Greek pencil. All was the lavish magnificence of patrician life. But all was in vain. His mind was in Ephesus, in the low chamber where stood the shape of exquisite beauty, about to fall by the weapon of jealousy and crime. Callias now entered the sumptuous chamber, and asked, in his usual tone, how the patient

felt under the hands of 'the new Empiric, who was come to save him the trouble of dying by his own obstinacy.'

Sempronius smiled languidly, and held out his thin hand to his friend; then said, in a voice of strong emotion: "Callias, I am as free from fantastic thoughts as any man in existence, but in that Empiric there is something beyond man. Wild as are his barbarian accents, and repulsive as is his Ethiopian physiognomy, he searches into human nature with wonderful power. He actually reads my thoughts. He is not less a master of the secrets of Nature. I almost tremble at his presence, from a consciousness that I am in the hands of a being superior to the feebleness of mortal faculties."

"So! a pretender to magic?" asked the Greek, contemptuously.

"From you, Callias, I can have no concealments," was the answer. "To-night I have besought him to show me once more the vision of Ephesus — before I die."

* * * * *

Sempronius entered the building first. All before him was darkness. But Callias carried a small lamp under his cloak. "This looks sufficiently like our old affair of the labyrinth," he whispered; "but I have some curiosity to see how your Ethiopian master of spells will manage his demons." As he spoke, a pale blue flame ascended and settled on the centre of the ceiling, and

they saw that they had reached a large circular apartment. A soft chorus of instrumental music was next heard, seeming to rise from the ground beneath their feet. A vapour soon ascended rapidly before them, floating from side to side of the chamber, until it hung above their heads; and a voice, as if issuing from its centre, demanded, 'what they most desired to see.' "In the name of all Olympus, my supper!" burst out the Greek, with a sneer. A loud roll of thunder gave sign of the angry spirit, and the light perished at the instant.

Again the voice repeated the question. Sempronius tremblingly pronounced the name of the "Ephesian priestess." A rich strain of music again swept round the chamber. The side of the large apartment seemed to dissolve in air, and to open on the evening sea. But it was not the languid sea which soothes the Campanian shore; it was the bright breezy sea of Greece. A long range of marble battlements, surmounted by statues of the most unrivalled sculpture, rose above the waters. Callias cried out: "The Piræus!" and pointed with an astonished gesture to the Trireme, seeming to breast the surge, and rushing out in full sail from the harbour.

"Your demons are wonderfully obedient," whispered the Greek: "but, to what does all this come at last?" The Trireme still rushed by the islands with winged speed. It reached the Ionian shore. Sempronius felt his heart quiver, as he gazed on the dreaming glories of

the Asiatic skies, lighting up the well-known landscape of the land of his dreams. The spell went on. Two stately figures, an Italian and a Greek, were now seen standing under the shelter of one of the cypress groves that surround the superb temple of Diana. A third approached; it led them onward. The three plunged into the darkness. "Now," said Callias, in his companion's ear, "if he can show us what followed in the catacomb, he is either that villain priest, or the prince of magicians; but the priest will play the impostor no more; I have decided that question for him."

At the words, a slender gleam of light appeared to run along the ground, and a passage opened, in which both the spectators instantly recognised the spot where they had so nearly laid down their lives; beyond that was a chamber, a victim, a priest, and a groupe in long melancholy attire. Sempronius uttered a loud outcry, as the victim, young, lovely, and loving, with her eyes fixed on the uplifted knife, on her knees supplicated for mercy. He strove to spring forward; but the effort was beyond his feeble powers. He fainted in the arms of his friend ——

When he opened his eyes again, all was changed. A garden, glowing with oriental luxuriance, flourished before him; the refreshing fragrance of fruits and flowers breathed from thickets of every bloom and bud of Asia. But at length the landscape displayed living figures; a groupe of nymphs danced forward, to the sound of lyres which they bore in their hands; and, as

the circle opened out, in the centre was seen a simple throne, with no other embroidery or jewels than the moss and flowers of that delicious retreat. On that throne sat a sylvan queen; her eye was bent upon the earth, and a Cupid was breathing his enchantments in her ear. The scene at the proconsul's banquet was again before his gaze!

The young Italian's emotion was now irrestrainable. He sprang towards the vision. But it was no vision of air. Woman, breathing, blushing, woman, in her truth, loveliness, and tears, was within his arms! The priestess, the Empiric, Euphrosyne, were one!

* * * * *

"So," said Callias, "your example is to be a moral against all celibacy, and I must be a convert to marriage?"

"Look on my happiness at this moment, my scoffing friend," said Sempronius, as he gazed with unabated passion at the beauty of his wife, with her infant son in her arms.

"The evidence is not to be doubted, my gallant Sempronius," said the Greek: "but, I only say, find me a young cousin, whom I have hated, as foolishly as you did, without seeing her; who loved me, as romantically as your fair Euphrosyne did you, without knowing whether you were worth a sigh; who fled from her country, and gave herself out as dead, to give me liberty to play the fool in any direction I chose; let her turn priestess, and, after saving me from the fangs

of a fraternity of villanous dagger-bearers, open the doors of my dungeon, and follow me over the wide seas: let her give up what woman most loves, her beauty, and turn negress and witch, for my sake; then let her look more witching than ever, and throw herself into my arms. And then——”

“And then,” said Sempronius, with a look radiant with joy, “then, you will, like me, wed the idol of your soul.”

“Yes,” said Callias, laughing, “perhaps I shall; if I do not first hang myself for being such a blockhead as to take all this trouble, when, but for my own fantasies, I might have had my happiness for nothing.”

The young mother heard the words; and, casting a glance of unutterable fondness at her husband, she said, in a whisper of music: “But does not every trial add faith to friendship? Is not the anxiety of the hour the cheap purchase of a life of love?”

“Yes, for you, my Euphrosyne, I would have died a thousand deaths,” exclaimed Sempronius, with the eloquence of the heart, and folding her exquisite form to his bosom.

“Yes,” repeated the Greek, with a compressed lip, and a brow of humorous gravity; “but, in the name of Cupid and Venus, again I ask, why take all the trouble?”

A CHINESE VISITATION.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

NOTICES had been received at Canton that the Viceroy of the district to the south of Peking had taken his departure from that capital, and was in progress through the states committed to his charge, terminating a little to the south-west of Canton. It was near the close of the year 1812, and this progress was the first that had been made in this direction for fourteen years.

Orders were received from the Factory, by the Company's ships lying at Whampoa, to hold themselves in readiness to welcome the great man, who, it was suspected, was not over-fond of ship-visiting; but, being obliged by the nature of his office to go on board *one* of our ships, the Warley was selected to receive that honour. Her captain was absent, being extremely ill at Canton, and she was, therefore, only under the command of her chief officer, Mr. N——. Her selection, on this account, occasioned a little discontent among the commanders of the other ships; but the Warley had been longest arrived, was therefore in the best order, and was the largest and finest ship.

The expected visiter was a personage of the first importance in China, closely related by blood to the

were thrown open, and the officers, forming a line, with their companion of the Warley at their head, prepared to enter. He of the Warley was, although young, rather short and fat ; in the anxiety of the moment to support, with dignity and propriety, the leading part allotted to him on this occasion, and for that purpose holding up his head in a becoming manner, he did not perceive a small ledge at the entrance of the cabin, placed along as a support to the doors — it tripped him up, and he came with a heavy, scrambling fall upon his face before the Viceroy. An irrepressible titter ran through the line, in spite of the almost painful efforts of each individual to restrain it: the disconcerted leader, however, found his feet, brushed his knees with his sleeve, and then, timidly looking up, met the grave and placid eyes of the old Viceroy, almost buried as he was among his silken cushions. What made the blunder more diverting was, that it was easy to perceive that the Viceroy and his Mandarins were impressed with the idea that the Englishman had performed the *kotau*, although rather in an awkward and inexperienced manner.

Having met with a gracious reception, the officers returned to their boats, and, taking that of their visiter in tow, quickly gained the opening of Whampoa Reach; on their coming in sight, the Company's ships manned their yards, and saluted with twenty-one guns, to the no small discomposure (as they afterwards learned) of the object of their courtesy.

The Warley had, of course, her side-ladder (a per-

fect staircase in point of convenience and safety) ready ; but the regal boat was no sooner alongside, than up ran several of the attendants with a ladder of their own, which they fixed and covered very expeditiously with carpeting. In the mean time, the chief officer descended into the boat, and received the Viceroy at the door of his own cabin ; after having made a very profound obeisance, he took him by the hand and helped him up the ladder. On his arrival on deck, all the Englishmen bowed respectfully ; but the Chinese merchants, who had formed themselves into a line from the gangway to a sort of chair of state, which had been placed in the centre of the quarter-deck, turned themselves round in silence, presenting a line of backs, decorated with long plaited tails, reposing on their rich robes of cloth and silk. One of them ventured to move his head round a little, and said in an anxious undertone in English : " Leave go his hand, Mr. N ——" ; but Mr. N —— declined the hint, and, having seated the Viceroy in his chair, bowed again, and took his station by his side.

The dress of all the Chinese present was not only splendid, but, what we less expect to learn, was remarkably becoming. It consisted of the finest broad-cloth of the darker colours, chiefly crimson and puce, confined round the waist by a belt, embroidered in gold, or silver, with a clasp of precious stones ; a large square of silk was laid on the breast and back, also richly embroidered with various devices, of which *the*

crane was the most prevailing. The caps of the Mandarins were peculiarly shaped, the higher part being composed of a profusion of thick silk threads, gathered and fastened at the top with a brilliant gem, differing in size and value according to the rank of the wearer. The military men wore in addition one or two peacock's feathers drooping backwards. Boots, turned up and square-toed, of black satin, very handsomely embroidered, completed the dress. The prevailing colour of the Viceroy's was yellow. Most of the Chinese present were tall and well formed; the Viceroy himself was of rather low stature and advanced in years.

As soon as the Viceroy was seated, a pipe was presented to him by one of his attendants, while another filled it with tobacco, which was carefully renewed after every single whiff. For a few minutes a perfect silence prevailed. Mr. N—— then gave a signal to the band, which struck up with a roll of the long drum. The old man started, and, taking the pipe from his mouth, inquired hurriedly what that was. He was told it was music by an English band. He had the good breeding to listen with apparent pleasure to our national air; but he whispered something to his interpreter, who, stepping round to the chief officer, told him that the Viceroy liked this music very much, but begged there might be no guns fired off while he was on board.

After the performance, the Viceroy was apprized that refreshments were laid for him below, but could

be brought up on deck should he prefer it ; he replied, he was very comfortable where he was, and desired they should be brought up. It is to be observed that refreshments were ready to be sent from his own boat, but this, of course, was not permitted by his English hosts. While the trays were preparing below, the Viceroy amused himself by conversing with a few of the backs and long plaited tails, that still kept the same immoveable line in which they had at first arranged themselves : he spoke to them by name, and seemed to be as familiar with *them* as we are with the faces of our acquaintances ; and, had they changed places and turned round, he would, probably, have been at a loss to know immediately and exactly which were the faces that belonged to such or such among his friends, the backs.

The trays were brought up, and from one of them he took some very slight refreshment : he then accepted, with evident pleasure, a glass of cherry-brandy, which the Chinese are very fond of ; he took half and presented the remainder to Mr. N —, who, being aware of the great compliment his so doing implied, received it with satisfaction.

He then requested to know whether it would be agreeable to the Viceroy to view the ship below ; this was acceded to, and Mr. N —, as before, *handed* him down the companion ladder : although touching his hand was evidently a breach of Chinese etiquette, yet, the Viceroy being a perfectly well-bred man,

and the principles of good-breeding being the same in all countries, however they may vary in external appearances, he by no means declined the proffered assistance. On arriving below, he seemed to appreciate the order, neatness, and comfort, of the arrangements ; and admired the spacious and handsomely fitted up cabin of the captain ; but the more important parts of the ship, its machinery, and management, he appeared not in the least to understand, and, therefore, remarked them but slightly ; he was, however, much struck at the number and size of the guns, inquired their calibre, and asked several other questions concerning them ; at the same time, requesting that the parting-salute might not be fired until he had arrived at a safe distance.

On his coming on deck, he prepared for departure : the band again commenced ; he waved his hands to the English ; spoke affably, as he passed along, to the backs and tails ; and, assisted by Mr. N —, descended to his boat, followed by his immediate attendants. The chief officer saw him safely immersed among his silken cushions in his own cabin, and then took his leave, receiving many compliments and thanks from the Viceroy. As soon as they had pushed off, the band ceased and the gongs began.

For a short space, those on board watched the receding boats in silence, and then the *real fun* of the business commenced. The Chinese faced about, and embraced each other and their English friends with marks of extravagant joy ; as to Mr. N —, he had risen

many degrees in their opinion, and a certain reverence mingled with their first congratulations to him. "How happy you must be! You have held him unreprieved by the hand! You have taken cherry-brandy out of the same glass! You have spoken face to face to the near relative of the sun and moon! Are not you dazzled? do not your eyes water?" At this the Englishman's politeness gave way, and he burst into such a long and glorious laugh, that not only his eyes watered to their heart's content, but the infection caught his comrades and English guests, and many even of the Chinese, who, being well-informed men, and in the constant habit of communication with foreigners, had (whatever they might pretend to outwardly) got rid of many of their prejudices. After this unexpected death-blow to all dignity, some of the commanders of the other ships having come on board, the good things were vigorously attacked; the salute was fired, the band struck up, and the cherry-brandy went merrily round.

Their glee was by no means moderated by the arrival of a large boat with presents from the Viceroy — presents indeed! truly oriental and imperial! — twelve fine fat bullocks, several jars of wine, (a light acid wine resembling claret, but inferior to it) tubs of preserves, a suit of clothes for each of the ship's company, and two suits, with a present of money, for each of the band. A small, neat parcel was handed to Mr. N——; it contained a silk purse of beautiful workmanship, and in it were two little gold *pills*; he was assured

that this was a rare and highly complimentary present, and that the pills possessed some extraordinary virtues.

Thus concluded this Chinese Visitation, apparently much to the satisfaction and enjoyment of all parties.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

IN MEMORY OF E. B.

Her's was a soul of fire that burn'd,
 Too soon for us, its earthly tent;
 But not too soon for her return'd
 To Him from whom it first was sent.
 Grave! keep her ashes, till, redeemed from thee,
 This mortal puts on immortality.

Her's was a frame so frail, so fine,
 The soul was seen through every part —
 A light that could not chuse but shine
 In eye and aspect, hand and heart;
 That soul rests now, till God, in His great day,
 Re-moulds His image from this perish'd clay.

Body and soul eternally,
 No more conflicting nor estranged,
 One Saint made perfect *then* shall be,
 From glory into glory changed:
 This was *her* hope in life, in death; may *I*
 Live like the righteous, like the righteous die!

J. MONTGOMERY.

Sheffield, January 3, 1834.

FADED FLOWERS.

BY DELTA.

Farewell, ye withered Flowers,
That on the cold ground lie;
How gay ye smiled
'Mid the brown wild,
'Neath Summer's painted sky!

Passed hath your bloom away;
Your stalks are sere and bent;
On the howling blast
The rain sweeps past,
From the dim firmament.

I think me of your pride
When Zephyr came with Spring;
Then sigh to know
What wreck and woe
A few brief months may bring!

Emblems of human fate,
Ye say — though bright and fair
Life's morn can be,
It's eve may see
The clouds of grief and care! —

Green Spring again shall bid
Your stems with bloom be crowned ;
But, alas ! to man,
In earth's brief span,
No second youth comes round !

For Age's winter bows
The grey head to the clod ;
Dust goes to dust,
And (as we trust)
The spirit back to God !

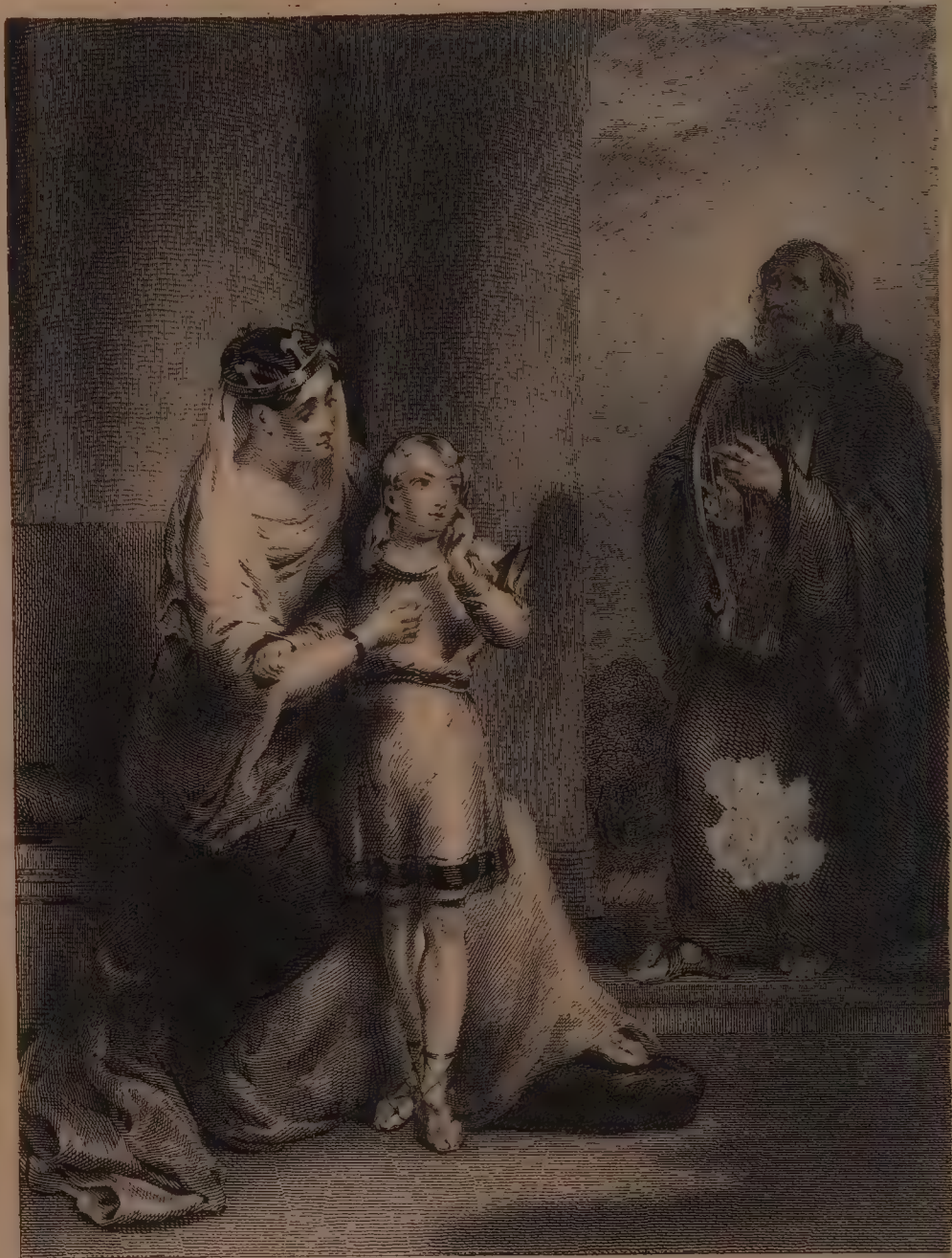
THE REST OF THE HEART.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY.

O for the quiet of the heart profound
Of hollow meadow, rich, and close, and green —
Whence no rude spire, no curling smoke, is seen
To tell of Man — nor heard the distant sound
Even of sweet shepherd's call — but all around
Peaceful and fair as when the earth was new,
Ere human foot had printed Eden's dew,
Or sin and shame its calm recesses found ! —
O for such haunt ! — if there the feverish coil
Of the worn heart might to the influence yield
Of sight and scent, and, casting by his toil,
Thought seek no further than that lonely field —
Rest, blessed rest, from age-increasing care,
I call upon thy name ! — and Echo answers, " Where ? "

een

re?"



S. A. Hart pinx.

Pub^d by Newman & Co. London.

J. Dixon sculp.

KING ALFRED'S RETURN.

KING ALFRED'S RETURN

FROM THE DANISH CAMP.

BY MISS LAWRANCE.

The pleasant summer's twilight fell
O'er hill, and stream, and lea —
But sadly Queen Elswitha sate
In her bower at Athelney ;
With her gold-wrought missal in her hand,
And her young son at her knee.

And deeper grew her sorrowing
At the vesper chime for prayer,
For she thought of King Alfred far away,
Wandering she knew not where.
“Saints be thy shield, thou crownless one,
And make thee all their care !

“Alas ! scant loss is queenly state,
Though whilom at my call
Two hundred earls and thanes stood round,
Ay, cnights of worship all —

And threescore minstrels struck their harps,
At Pentecost in hall.

"Scant loss is this! But, O my boy,
The bitter sight to see
Of thy father's realm, this blessed land,
Crushed down in slavery!
But list what sounds!"—Cried that bright-eyed boy,
" 'Tis some harp's sweet melody.

"Come in, come in, thou harper good—
Well ken I thou'rt no foe,
For thy lay is Saxon — enter in,
And some tydings to us show —
For the minstrel wandereth far and wide,
And all things doth *he* know."

So spake the boy, as the minstrel stood
In the dim twilight, and again
Struck the pleasant chords:—then Queen Elswith
Shrunk as with sudden pain.

"No merry lay — O canst tell me nought
Of him I mourn in vain?"
Then earnest he gazed on that bright ladye,
And thus rung his warlike strain.

"Who will go, who will go,
Where yon hill top's lofty brow
Showeth (sign of shame) where they,
Anglia's foes, keep holiday;

While apart, in kingly state,
The leaders hold their high debate?
Crownless one! arise, and go,
And their closest counsels know.'"

"'T was no mortal voice that spoke!—
When from sleep the wanderer woke,
He saw the shining garments wave
Of the sainted Neot, who gave
His loved one counsel from the grave.
'O surely 't was by Heaven's decree
This welcome message came to me!
The wanderer cried. 'Come weal, come woe,
Straight to the Danish camp I'll go!'

"Onward, scathless, straight he went,
Ay, to King Godrun's midmost tent,
Mid laugh, and shout, and mead-cups ringing,
And clash of arms, and Scald's rude singing—
O little did they dream the hand
That struck the harp could wield the braud;
Ay, little dream they that to-morrow
This hand shall work them cureless sorrow!"

"*This hand!* sweet heaven! no minstrel thou—
That voice, ay, those words, declare.
Sure 't was only he who the tale hath sung
To the Danish camp could fare!"
Cried Queen Elswith—"O welcome home,
And again our quiet share!"

"Nay, sweetest, nay, for my task is great—
Ere sets to-morrow's sun,
There's a gallant host to be marshalled,
And a kingdom to be won;
O dearest Elswith, pray for me
In thy matin orison!"—

Again the pleasant twilight fell
O'er hill, and stream, and lea,
And sadly Queen Elswitha sate,
With her young son at her knee;
But not in the porch — from her topmost tower
She looks forth right eagerly.

"See, mother, afar," cried that bright-eyed boy,
"Spears gleaming among the trees;
And list to the shouts, and the gladsome noise—
O what goodly sounds are these!"
"'Tis but the last beam of the lingering sun,
And the song of the evening breeze."

"Nay, see through the greenwood the Holy Rood
Borne onward triumphantly —
See our braceletted thanes, list the solemn chant,
'*Te laudamus Domine!*'
We have won! we have won! and my father's brand
Hath achieved the victory!"

Ay, joy to thee, boy! — for thy sire hath won,
And the Danes are quelled for aye.
And through length and breadth of merry England
Let all keep holiday;
For the fame of the fight of Ethandune
Shall never pass away!

LIFE IN THE WOODS.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE, ESQ.

"Yonder is the wolf."

"Are these thy bears?"

"So looks the panther."

SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT say you, Mr. Editor, to a few passages of Zoology? — a wolf, or a bear, or a catamount, for instance, by way of a Forget Me Not? Not, however, that I shall attempt your edification by a formal treatise, concocted from Buffon, Lacepede, or the still more scientific descriptions of the animals to be introduced to your acquaintance, with classification, genus and species, after the manner of Cuvier. But, since tales of ghosts, and love, and murder, have become stale, and the Indians have been "used up," I have thought that a few sketches of incidents in the woods might answer for a substitute. "Life in the woods" is usually accounted a continual hardship, and is certainly not unattended by its discomforts and its perils. But still it has its enjoyments, arising as well from its rustic amusements and its athletic exercises as from the wild adventures encountered, sometimes of real and at others of imaginary danger; and sometimes, again, equally ludicrous and uncomfortable.

Many of my early days were passed in the glorious wilds of the West ; and often, with a faithful dog for a pillow, have the roar of the winds through the branches of the trees above me, and the howlings of the wolves in the distance, been the music that lulled me to repose. Wolves are ugly customers, especially when prowling around in packs and pressed by hunger. They are a surly, unsocial, and untameable animal ; and, under even the most favourable circumstances, rarely associating together, unless compelled through hunger, or for offensive war, or the common defence ; and for the most part living singly and unprofitably, like bachelors — forming no attachments, and showing no kindnesses to any one. But, whether alone or in troops, when their necessities are very urgent, they become reckless, braving every danger, and facing certain destruction. The clouded black wolf of America is the most ferocious, the stoutest bull-dog being no match for him ; and not only have women and children, but men fallen victims to his rapacity. Still, like most other animals, if you look them sharply in the eye, they may be kept at bay. A friend of mine, by the name of Harris Seymour — I like to be particular in giving names — once had occasion to try the experiment. It was in the early settlement of what is called the Salmon River Country — deriving its name from an impetuous stream which flows into Lake Ontario, from the elevated table-land about midway between Old Fort Stanwix and Sackett's Harbour. It is a cold and

cheerless country, mostly covered—and ever will be—with spruce and hemlocks—the darkest and coldest of the evergreens. The owls, it is said, have been known to weep in flying over this region. I do not vouch for this fact, however; but I am free to declare that the white man made a sad mistake in robbing it from the moose-deer and the beavers. But to return from this digression.

My friend Seymour had “been keeping company,” according to the border phraseology in such cases, with his sweetheart—a country damsel, whose name was Sophia Strong. Now, Sophia was not so coarse a girl as I have seen, even in an elegant drawing-room: a large rock-maple fire blazed upon the spacious hearth; all was warm and cheerful within, and cold and cheerless without; and the consequence was that Seymour staid rather late. Indeed, when he took his departure, it was “odds with morning which was which.” His home was more than three miles distant, and the road a bridle-path through the thick-set forest. The snow was deep, and but little trodden; he nevertheless proceeded homeward with reasonable expedition, until he arrived about midway of the forest. The moon darted her silver beams through the leafless branches of the trees, and the frost sparkled upon the snow, as though it had just rained a shower of diamonds. All at once, a pack of half a dozen large grey wolves bounced into the path a few rods in advance, wheeled, facing him in platoon, and raised a howl which was

equivalent to sounding a cavalry charge from the bugle. Seymour was unarmed, and the odds were too decidedly against him to allow of his moving forward. The enemy, however, advanced upon him, though with commendable caution, and it was evident that his only safety lay in retreat; and yet he dared not turn his back upon the foe, as a much more experienced soldier might have been justified in doing. His only method, therefore, was to obey, literally, the order of an Irish militia captain, and advance backwards out of the woods on the same path by which he had entered. Often did he attempt to wheel about and fly with greater rapidity than he could march without the use of his eyes in directing his footsteps; but, the moment he attempted to turn, his enemies darted forward with a bound, and he was compelled to face back again and look them dead in the eye. Colonel Crockett might perhaps have looked them out of countenance, and beaten them off in this way; but Seymour had a very common blue eye, and he could do no more than keep them at bay within a few yards, while he slowly retraced his steps to the rude log domicile of his sweetheart's father. She had retired, after covering the two last brands in the embers, and just sunk into a sweet slumber, dreaming, doubtless, either of milking the cows, or of the future lord of her hopes, when the latter knocked at the door, and, like a discomfited knight from the wars, pressed till breathless by his pursuers, claimed a refuge in the castle. Displacing the

hat of her brother, which supplied the omission of a pane of glass in the window, the fair Sophia, like a generous yet prudent maiden, thrust her head, without removing the well-ruffled nightcap, through the sash, and soon learned the particulars of her lover's speedy and rather unlooked-for return. She then unbarred the portals; and Seymour did not again depart until Aurora, with her rosy fingers, had opened wide the gates of the East.

But the mishap of Seymour was less unpleasant than was that of another in the circle of my quondam border friends. I allude to a young man of some parts, whose name was John Castor. Poor fellow!—he was killed at the battle of Queenston, under the gallant Van Renssellaer. Like many a brave private, who win the battles while the officers run away with the credit, his name was not emblazoned on the published scroll of fame, though his body was found lying with as much dignity as the best of them upon the cold bed of glory. The case was this:—we had no professor of music, or, in plainer phraseology, no fiddler, in the settlement. Whenever, “in the course of human events,” therefore, it was thought advisable to get up a sleigh-ride, to end with a dance, or to celebrate the fourth of July with extraordinary demonstrations of gladness, we were obliged to send to Fort Stanwix, or even to Whites-town, forty miles and upwards, to procure an artist of the cat-gut; and these gentlemen of strings and symphonies would not plunge thus far into the wilderness—

crossing foaming torrents, and diving into mounds of snow — for nothing. Nor were they exactly Paganinis when they did come. But that has nothing to do with my story if they were; and they probably fiddled as well as their rustic pupils danced, for, in good sooth, our best group of dancers could never have been tripping in the mind's eye of Milton, when he wrote of the "light fantastic toe." Cotillons and waltzes had never been heard of at Salmon River at that day; but Scotch reels and contra-dances were executed with tolerable accuracy — the happy swains and damsels making up in strength of movement what they lacked in its graces. The expense of the fiddler, however, formed a serious item in the reckoning; and, as my friend Castor was believed to have a pretty considerable supply of music in his soul, it was proposed that the circle should purchase an instrument by subscription, and that, *nolens volens*, Castor should learn to play it. The scheme was speedily executed, and Castor soon became a fiddler — without a rival — at least in that part of the country. It was a marvellous improvement in the social condition of the neighbourhood — but no improvement in the husbandry of Castor's farm; and it is believed that he scarcely felled a tree afterwards. But I am forgetting alike the wolves and the adventure.

It happened that, on one occasion, Castor had been kept out rather later than usual at a winter dance, and was wending his way homeward, just in the grey

of the morning. While crossing an old "clearing" near the edge of the woods, bounding which stood a deserted and dilapidated log hut, he was set upon by a large pack of wolves from all directions, like a swarm of Cossacks upon a straggling platoon of Napoleon's grenadiers. He rushed with all possible speed into the hovel, the door of which was wide open to receive him; but positively refused to be shut to keep out the foe, who now pressed so closely upon him, filling the air with their howlings, that he was obliged to spring upon a beam to prevent being torn to pieces. But the wolves, sorely pressed for a breakfast, were not slow in climbing up the logs after him, and he would, most assuredly, have formed their morning's banquet, but for a bright thought. He had somewhere seen the hackneyed rhapsody of the poet:—

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"—

or, perhaps, he had heard repeated the passage from Prior's Solomon:—

"Often our seers and poets have confest
That music's force can tame the furious breast;
Can make the wolf or foaming boar restrain
His rage—the lion drop his crested mane,
Attentive to the song."

Thus beleaguered, he determined to try the effect of the concord of sweet sounds upon their unsophisticated ears, whereupon he struck up the brisk tune of Yankee Doodle on his new Holland fiddle. The effect was magical. The party of Chateaubriand were not more

successful in charming the rattlesnake with a flute at Niagara. The wolves were no longer bristling and barking with rage, and ready to devour him, but became as silent and attentive as so many Scotsmen at the ballad of Robin Adair. But, poor Castor! He would much rather have fiddled for forty contra-dances than a single party of wolves, since no sooner did he cease to play than they recommenced hostilities. The weather was cold, and his fingers were too much benumbed to allow him to traverse the strings. But, no matter; his unwelcome audience were inexorable, and he was obliged either to allow himself to be eaten, or to keep on fiddling. I have heard mention of the weariness of the fiddler's elbow; but never did elbow ache like John Castor's, on that morning; and what added to his perplexity was, the giving way of his instrument; cat-gut and horse-hair will not last for ever, and string after string had snapt asunder, until the bass was the last remaining, and the wolves began to manifest less satisfaction for the one grum note, so "long drawn out," but not "in linked sweetness." Just at this interesting crisis, however, my old friend Seymour, with his ox-team, and his yet more athletic brother, appeared, being on their way to the saw-mill; and the wolves thereupon made a retreat—equally precipitate and welcome to their prisoner.

Speaking of wolves reminds me of bears—as the man says in the story of the gun. There are several varieties of this animal; but the American black bear

is the only species with which I have had the honour of forming any particular acquaintance, except at the Museums. Though less ferocious than the grizzly bear; and less formidable than the white bear of the North, the black bear is nevertheless an unpleasant travelling companion for a man who is alone in the woods, and unarmed. Under such circumstances, it is well to be cautious about what the fancy would call coming up to the *scratch*. Never in the course of my backwoods' experience did I hear of any thing escaping from the hug of Bruin uninjured but once, excepting the saw-mill and the hot tea-kettle, as related by Captain Kotzebue. In these two affairs, Bruin found himself roughly handled. The other instance to which I refer was something like the following :

Among the earliest settlers in the wilds of Salmon River was a Vermontese, by the name of Dobson — a large, resolute, and athletic man. Returning one evening from a fruitless hunt after his vagrant cows, which, according to custom in the new countries, had been turned into the woods to procure their own subsistence from the rank herbage of the early summer, just before emerging from the forest upon the clearing of his neighbour, the late worthy Mr. Joseph Sleeper, he saw a large bear descending from a lofty sycamore, where he had been in quest, probably, of honey. A bear ascends a tree much more expertly than he descends it—being obliged to come down stern foremost. My friend Dobson did not very well like to be joined

in his evening walk by such a companion, and, without reflecting what he should do with the "varmint" afterwards, he ran up to the tree on the opposite side from the animal's body, and, just before he reached the ground, seized him firmly by both his fore paws. Bruin growled and gnashed his tusks, but he soon ascertained that his paws were in the grasp of paws equally iron-strung with his own. Nor could he use his hinder claws to disembowel his antagonist, as the manner of the bear is, inasmuch as the trunk of the tree was between them. But Dobson's predicament, as he was endowed with rather the most reason, was worse yet. He could no more assail the bear than the bear could assail him. Nor could he venture to let go of him, since the presumption was that Bruin would not make him a very gracious return for thus unceremoniously taking him by the hand. The twilight was fast deepening into darkness, and his position was far less comfortable than it otherwise would have been at the same hour, surrounded by his wife and children at the supper table, to say nothing of the gloomy prospect for the night. Still, as Joe Sleeper's house was not far distant, he hoped to be able to call him to his assistance. But his lungs, though none of the weakest, were unequal to the task; and, although he hallooed and bawled the livelong night, making the woods and the welkin ring again, he succeeded no better than did Glendower of old, in calling spirits from the vasty deep. It was a wearisome night for Dobson; such a game of

hold-fast he had never been engaged in before. Bruin, too, was probably somewhat worried, although he could not describe his sensations in English — albeit he took the regular John Bull method of making known his dissatisfaction — that is to say, he growled incessantly. But, there was no let-go in the case, and Dobson was therefore under the necessity of holding fast, until it seemed to his clenched and aching fingers as though the bear's paws and his own had grown together.

As daylight returned, and the smoke from Mr. Sleeper's chimney began to curl up gracefully, though rather dimly, in the distance, Dobson again repeated his cries for succour; and his heart was soon gladdened by the appearance of his worthy but inactive neighbour, who had at last been attracted by the voice of the impatient sufferer, bearing an axe upon his shoulder. Dobson had never been so much rejoiced at seeing Mr. Sleeper before, albeit he was a very kind and estimable neighbour.

"Why don't you make haste, Mr. Sleeper, and not be lounging along at that rate, when you see a fellow-christian in such a kettle of fish as this?"

"I vum! Is that you, Mr. Dobson, up a tree there! And was it you I hearn hallooing so last night? I guess you ought to have your lodging for nothing if you've stood up agin the tree all night."

"It's no joke, though, I can tell you, Mr. Joe Sleeper; and, if you'd had hold of the paws of the black varmint all night, it strikes me you'd think

you 'd paid dear enough for it. But, if you hearn me calling for help in the night, why did n't you come and see what was the trouble?"

"Oh, I was jest going tired to bed, after laying up log-fence all day, and I thought I'd wait till morning, and come out bright and *airly*. But, if I'd known 't was you——."

"Known 't was me!" replied Dobson, bitterly — "you knew 't was somebody who had flesh and blood too good for these plaguy black varmint, though; and you knew there's been a smart sprinkle of bears about the settlement all the spring!"

"Well, do n't be in a huff, Tommy. It's never too late to do good. So, hold tight now, and do n't let the 'tarnal crittur get loose, while I split his head open."

"No, no," said Dobson. "After holding the beast here all night, I think I ought to have the satisfaction of killing him. So, you just take hold of his paws here, and I will take the axe and let a streak of daylight into his skull about the quickest."

The proposition being a fair one, Mr. Sleeper was too reasonable a man to object. He was no coward neither; and he thereupon stepped up to the tree, and, cautiously taking the bear with both his hands, relieved honest Dobson from his predicament. The hands of the latter, though sadly stiffened by the tenacity with which they had been clenched for so many hours, were soon brandishing the axe, and he apparently made all preparations for giving the deadly blow — and deadly

it would have been, had he struck — since, like the sons of Zeruiah, Dobson needed to strike but once. But, to the surprise of Sleeper, he did not strike ; and, to his further consternation, Dobson swung the axe upon his shoulder, and marched away, whistling as he went, with as much apparent indifference as the other had shown when coming to his relief.

It was now Sleeper's turn to make the forest vocal with his cries. In vain he raved, and called, and threatened. Dobson walked on and disappeared, leaving his friend as sad a prospect for his breakfast as himself had had for his supper. Hour after hour passed away, and Sleeper still found himself at bo-peep with Sir Bruin. In the course of the afternoon, however, when Dobson supposed that the lesson he was teaching had been thoroughly learned by his pupil, and when he thought the latter would willingly forget his resentment for the sake of succour, the sturdy Yankee returned, and by a single blow relieved both bear and man from their troubles in the same instant. Sleeper thought rather hard of Dobson for some time ; but no real breach of friendship ensued, and indeed the two borderers became afterwards better friends and neighbours than before.

I had never any particular liking for bears, and, like the Indian mentioned by Sir John Franklin, I have ever been disposed to treat them with marked civility. "Oh, bear !" exclaimed the Indian, when a huge one — (the Indian was unarmed at the time) — came and

seated himself near his lodge — “I never did you any harm ; I have always had the highest respect for you and your relations, and never killed any of them except through necessity. Go away, good bear, and let me alone, and I promise not to molest you.” I recollect feeling once, when about fifteen years old, very much like this unarmed Indian. My father had a field of corn of some half a dozen acres, embosomed entirely in the wilderness, a mile or more from the house. Among other good things, bears are exceedingly fond of corn, when the ear is in the milk ; and at the proper season, it was believed, from the ravages, that some marauders of the grizzly tribe had been amongst it. My father kept an old Queen Anne musket in the house, and it was determined that I should put the weapon in order, load it heavily, and sally forth upon the watch for the intruders. It was a bright moonlight night in September. The corn waved gently in the breeze ; the stars glittered in the azure firmament ; and a deep and profound stillness reigned in the forest. I got along pretty comfortably with the first hour’s watch. But, as midnight was stealing slowly along, strange fancies crept over me. I must see a bear, of course. I must fire upon him. Should I plant the ball in the right spot, it would be well. If not, it might not be so well ; for bears are not fond of being shot at, nor are they remarkably prone to forgive injuries. My meditations on the delights of solitude were not, therefore, of the most pleasing description. Every rustle of

the leaf and every scream of the owl startled me more than I should have been willing then to confess. By and by, the sudden crash of a stick and the bound of some heavy animal sent a stream of ice to my heart. My hat was lifted up by my hair; and, bear or no bear, I fled from the corn-field, casting not a solitary look behind, until I arrived safe at my father's domicile.

My next adventure brought me into closer proximity with a family of these wood-dæmons. It was on a clear Sunday morning in June. For the especial edification of a few families, who had clustered together at the distance of four miles from the principal settlement of the township, the minister was on that day to perform divine service in this remote neighbourhood; and I had determined to wend my way thither to church. I was well mounted, and rode off in fine spirits, chastened however by the day and the occasion. The road, which was of ordinary width, lay through a deep forest the whole distance; and the trees, of primitive growth and gigantic altitude, almost interlocked their branches above, forming as it were a lengthened gothic archway of fresh and beautiful verdure. Here and there the sun darted his temperate morning rays through the interstices of the tree-tops, relieving the pensive and shadowy light at intervals, and enlivening a scene which was as sylvan as the most passionate admirer of solitude could have desired. Added to all which was the music of distant waters, and of a thousand birds, as they twittered from spray to spray above, and poured

forth their sweetest melodies — “hymning their Creator’s praise.” Nothing can be more beautiful — except “them things in England what wear caps and aprons,” as the Cornish footman said to Captain Head, when gazing upon a glorious landscape among the Andes — than such a scene as this. “The woods are God’s temples,” says the poet; and most beautiful temples they are, when clothed in the bright and tender foliage of May and June, canopied with living verdure, and carpeted with myriads of wild flowers, filling the air with a richer fragrance than incense, and enlivened by sweeter melodies than mortal voices can sing. Trotting briskly along, when about mid-way of the forest, and having a straight prospect of half a mile or more in view, I was surprised by espying at some distance ahead, standing by the side of the road, three females, apparently clad in deep mourning. The centre figure being the largest, the three might readily have been taken for a mother and her two daughters. But who could they be? I knew every family in the settlement, and there had been no death in the place for many months — consequently there were neither mourning widows nor orphans in the township. And how came these defenceless females thus alone in the wild woods? It seemed a mystery; and yet it was no mistake, for there they stood before me. I was now approaching within a few rods, and preparing for a salutation; when suddenly the melancholy trio relieved me from the trouble of making any especial inquiries respecting

either themselves or their history. For in the same instant they all fell from their upright posture upon their hands or paws, and bounded off into the woods—in the shape of the largest lady-bear, with her two well grown cubs, that I had ever seen! Once, only, the old lady-bear turned her head round, and gave a horrible growl, exhibiting a set of tusks and teeth, of which, in connexion with her claws, I should have been much more apprehensive than I was had I not been on horseback. My horse pricked up his ears, and reared and plunged for a moment; but the bears disappeared, and I pursued my morning journey—not a particle slower for the incident.

Talking of bears reminds me of panthers. The American panther—the puma of Cuvier—is the most ferocious and dangerous animal that infests the North American forests. There was “a smart chance” of them, as they say in Missouri, thirty years ago, on the head waters of the Delaware and Susquehanna, and back to Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence. But, like the poor Indians, they have mostly been driven from their own territories deeper into the wilderness. The panther is a beautiful animal in form, of untameable ferocity, and insatiable in its thirst for blood. Nothing can inspire a border settlement with greater terror, save the war-whoop of the Indian, than the knowledge that a panther has been heard screaming in the neighbourhood. The Ishmaelite of the forest, he makes war upon every thing; and, such is his swiftness of

movement, and the agility with which he climbs the trees, and springs from one to another in pursuit of his prey, that few animals can escape him. The panther is, perhaps, the most treacherous of the cat tribe, fierce, rapacious, and cruel, and entirely destitute of those noble traits which have been sometimes awarded to the lion.

Between the bear and the panther a war of extermination has been waged almost from the period of their release from the ark at Ararat. I have in my mind an incident in point, said to have been witnessed by a hunter. A large bear, having scented out the lair of a panther, came upon it in the absence of the old one, and destroyed her young. Bruin very well knew that for this invasion of a private dwelling, and the murderous deed committed therein, he should be compelled to fight. The panther would soon return, and be upon his track; and, as well might an alderman think of waddling away from an antelope as a clumsy bear from such a feline pursuer as this. The aggressor, therefore, lost no time by a futile attempt at retreat; but, like a skilful general, forthwith set about securing the most advantageous position for a battle. And this he selected with the skill of a French martinet. Crossing a deep ravine from the direction of the panther's lair, Bruin took a deliberate survey of the ground, and at length perched himself high on the opposite bank, beneath a shelving rock, and so completely covered in his position that he could only be attacked in front.

Here he raised himself upon his haunches, and calmly awaited the onset. It was not long before the screams of the bereaved panther were heard, and she presently made her appearance upon the opposite verge of the ravine. Her eyes glared upon Bruin, who, nothing daunted, looked fiercely back upon her. At length, maddened with rage, the panther sprang with unerring precision upon the bear, but was received by a blow from one of his tremendous paws, which knocked her back into the valley — Bruin still keeping his position, though with the loss of an eye. The panther rallied; selected a new starting point; and, bristling fiercely, sprang again, and was received in the same undaunted manner. The attack and defence, with wild screams and surly growls, was continued for some time, until at length the panther succeeded in planting her talons so deeply in the body of the bear as to prevent another separation until the contest should be decided. The hug was now mutually desperate, and the conflict terrible. The blood streamed from each: now the jaw of the one was in the mouth of the other, while their claws were fearfully lacerating the sides of both. At length the bear lost his balance, and the combatants rolled over each other into the bed of the ravine, where the contest was continued for an hour. When all became still, the hunter found both monsters lying in what was literally a deadly embrace.

But this is not *the* panther story, which I sat down to write.

Among the emigrants of "the universal Yankee nation," who had sought to increase their domains, and better their fortunes among the wilds I am describing, was a man by the name of Roger Bacon, an illustrious name in the annals of England, but now, for the first time, recorded in those of Salmon River. That he was as learned as the monk of Ilchester I need not affirm; and that he was not as wise will appear in the sequel. He was, however, an honest, worthy man—a bachelor by the way, somewhere on the wrong side of forty, upon whose heart neither the kindness, nor the witchery, nor the beauty, of Yankee lasses had ever made the least impression. He was of a moody temperament—fond of solitude—and had emigrated alone—with the apparent resolution, from the location he made, that "no woman should come within a mile of his court." He purchased a fine farm upon the broad interval of the river—with a sufficient portion of upland—the whole covered with a noble forest, the trees of which were so tall as almost to compel you to look up twice to see their tops.

It was late in the summer when Bacon entered upon his new premises, so that he only had time to erect a log cabin, and cut down the timber of a few acres, before the commencement of winter. Contrary to the advice of the earlier settlers, he persisted in building his house upon the flats. He was admonished of the hazard he was running in the event of a heavy freshet in the spring, but to no purpose. The alluvial

soil of the interval was so much better adapted to the purposes of a garden than the upland, and the prospect of looking out upon a broad level so inviting, that he was not to be diverted from his design. And, besides, the site he had chosen was upwards of a mile from the river, and was moreover elevated like an island, some three or four feet above the general surface of the alluvial plain; so that he was quite sure so small a river could never rise so high, nor spread so wide. "Never mind," said his neighbours, "you'll find it out in the spring, if the river don't run off t'other way."

But the worthy emigrant had no idea of the quantity of snow which falls in that region, or of the magnitude of the flood which would follow its rapid dissolution in the spring. It so happened that the snow fell to an extraordinary depth during the ensuing winter, and the month of March was so cold that the sun had but little power upon it. The consequence was that, instead of gradually disappearing, the whole body of snow was left to melt suddenly beneath a warm April rain, by reason of which the river was swollen to an extent never before witnessed by the settlers. The snow had fallen so deep that but little intercourse was kept up among the scattered inhabitants during the winter, and Mr. Bacon had lived almost as secluded as a bear in a hollow tree — perhaps his nearest neighbour.

During the warm rain just mentioned, which poured like a deluge from the clouds upon the materials for another deluge below, the solitary had observed the

rapid dissolution of the snow and the corresponding rise of the river, but he still thought himself secure, and retired to his lonely bed soon after sundown, with his usual composure and unconcern. Before midnight, however, he was startled from his slumbers by the cracking of trees and the rush of waters. He sprang from his couch, and found himself leg-deep in water upon his own floor! There was no time for his toilet; it was evident that not a moment should be lost; and, what was still worse, it was too dark to make his escape, even if the flood would admit of it. His only course of safety, therefore, was to climb the tree nearest to his house, and await the dawn of the morning—yet many long and wearisome hours distant.

Notwithstanding the depth and force of the water, he succeeded in reaching and ascending the tree, and seated himself with tolerable security among its branches. But it was a dismal night. The unseasonable cold bath he had taken was no addition to his comfort, while, from the roar of the waters and the occasional crash of trees, it was evident that the icy fetters of the river had been broken up, and that the freshet, with increasing volume, was sweeping onward with tremendous power and velocity. The next cake of ice moreover might, in its irresistible course, bear away the tree which was his own supporter! His mind was not very imaginative, otherwise his sufferings might have been a hundred-fold greater than they were. Still his situation was sufficiently critical and painful. The

longest night, however, must have an end, and day at length dawned upon the sleepless eyes of Roger Bacon. But the darkness disappeared only to show him the most cheerless and fearful prospect upon which his eyes had ever rested. One of the first objects discerned, on the approach of light, was the destruction of his house, which rose upon the waters, and was soon dashed to pieces in its furious current, the logs of which it was composed floating promiscuously away. He next saw the whole valley of the river a waste of waters, rushing onwards with a mighty impulse, and bearing upon their surface huge cakes of ice, with broken timber and decayed trunks of trees, now whirling in eddies, and now borne onward upon the maddened torrent with tremendous force, cutting away and bearing down every thing in their course. What was to be his own fate, or whether a rescue were possible, he could not tell.

Nor was this all that was unpleasant in his situation. For an hour before light he heard a distant scream, which seemed approaching nearer at every repetition; and it had now become so distinct as to enable him to recognize the cry of the panther! Should the furious animal scent him in the air, his fate was too certain to be helped by insurance. Nor was he long in doubt upon this point. From its cries, the animal must be rapidly approaching him; and the flood which was sweeping beneath him afforded no protection in the emergency, since the panther could travel by springing from tree to tree, almost as well as upon the ground.

At length he saw the shaking of the limbs of a tree at no great distance — and, what a situation for a man of sensibility—a mighty chaos of waters beneath, whirling yet more angrily along, from the huge masses of ice and fragments of timber borne upon their troubled current, and into which it was certain death to plunge, with the almost inevitable prospect of becoming the breakfast of a panther if he remained! Another scream close upon him: another tree was shaken, and yet another! Another moment of yet deeper interest passed; and he saw indistinctly the body of an animal. Again it sprang, and again. The dreadful crisis had now arrived; for, at the distance of not more than forty yards, he saw in full view a huge panther crouching upon an enormous limb with cat-like watch, and evidently measuring the distance to his intended prey, preparatory to the last bound. His large, green eyes, flashing with rage, glared hideously upon him, while, as he uttered a hoarse and frightful growl, his blood-red mouth disclosed a set of fangs any thing but inviting to a poor mortal, expecting in the next moment to be within them. Bacon grasped the limbs by which he was holding with convulsive energy. The ferocious animal uttered another dreadful yell, his hairs bristled, he drew his back up into a curve, and commenced the rapid and tremulous shake of his tail—the unerring signal for the final leap—his burning eye-balls glowing yet more fiercely. He made the leap with the swiftness and precision of an arrow; but, by a tremendous effort, Bacon succeeded

in giving the branch upon which the panther caught such a sudden shaking exactly at the right instant as to prevent his making a secure lodgment of his talons. The monster attempted to recover, but could touch no branch of the tree with his hindmost feet; and he was thus suspended for a moment by his claws and hung dangling in the air, at full length, over the wild abyss of waters. But Bacon continued shaking the limb, and it was soon evident by the giving way that the terrible animal could sustain himself by his talons but a few seconds longer. The panther himself now raised a piercing cry of terror, and in the next instant the grasp of his claws gave way, and he fell with a howl of horror into the torrent, yet rushing onward with increasing velocity. The monster clung for a moment to a broken limb upon which he struck; but he was soon drawn beneath the surge, and borne away among the ice and driftwood, to trouble honest yeoman, living in single blessedness — alone in the woods — no more.

In the course of the day, the neighbours began to remark the precarious condition in which the freshet had probably found their solitary neighbour; and, after the ice and broken timber had so far passed away as to render it safe to put forth a canoe, he was relieved from his perilous situation.

THE LADY AND THE SEA-CAPTAIN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

'T was in a palace-garden
I met my lady fair,
A stately palace-garden,
A-taking of the air—

A-taking of the pleasant air,
One merry morn in June ;
And she was singing to herself
A soft, enchanting tune.

Among the shady cypresses
She made a little stand ;
Her dainty foot so lightly set,
And a fan within her hand.

I never saw a crowned queen
With such a noble air ;
So angel-like, so womanly,
As is my lady fair !

I could not keep my silence,
So through the trees I broke,
And thus unto my lady fair,
With right good will, I spoke.

“I am a bold Sea-Captain ;
The Queen she loveth me ;
My palace is a noble ship,
My garden is the sea.

“Two hundred merry mariners
They do my bidding well ;
And the gold that in my coffers lies
Is more than I can tell.

“There’s many a heart that beats for me
Beyond the heaving main—
The black-eyed girls of Mexico,
The ladies of New Spain !

“But, beautiful although they be,
They win no love of mine ;
I’d give a thousand flashing eyes
For but one glance of thine !”

My lady-love, divinely bright,
She blushed all rosy-red,
And turned on me her heavenly eyes,
But not a word she said.

"I've loved thee well, my lady bright,"

I said, "for many a year ;
Thou know'st we set the roses
That grow so lovely here.

"What though we were but children then,
We loved, so do we now !"

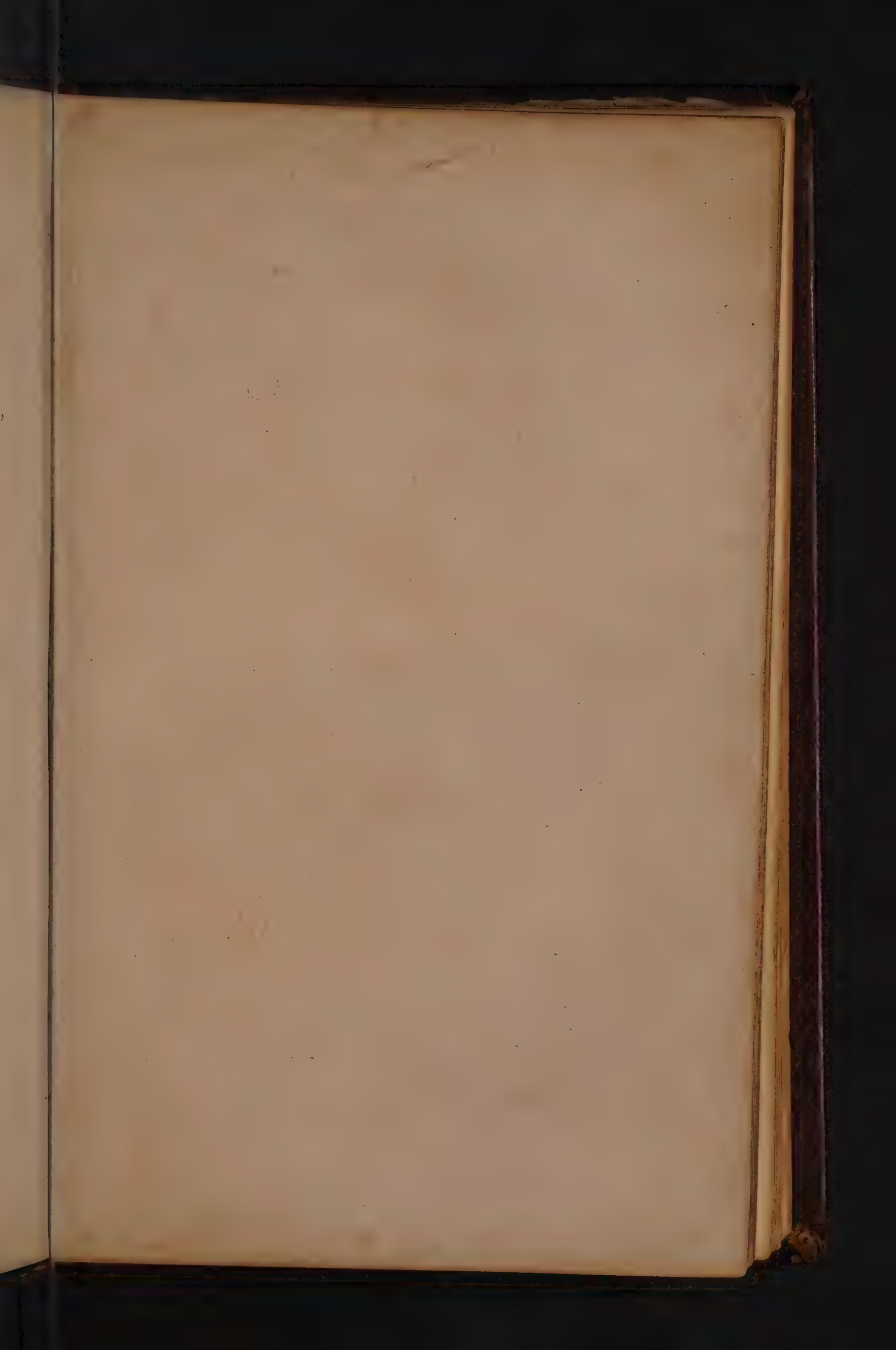
My lady cast her eyes adown,
And blushed o'er cheek and brow.

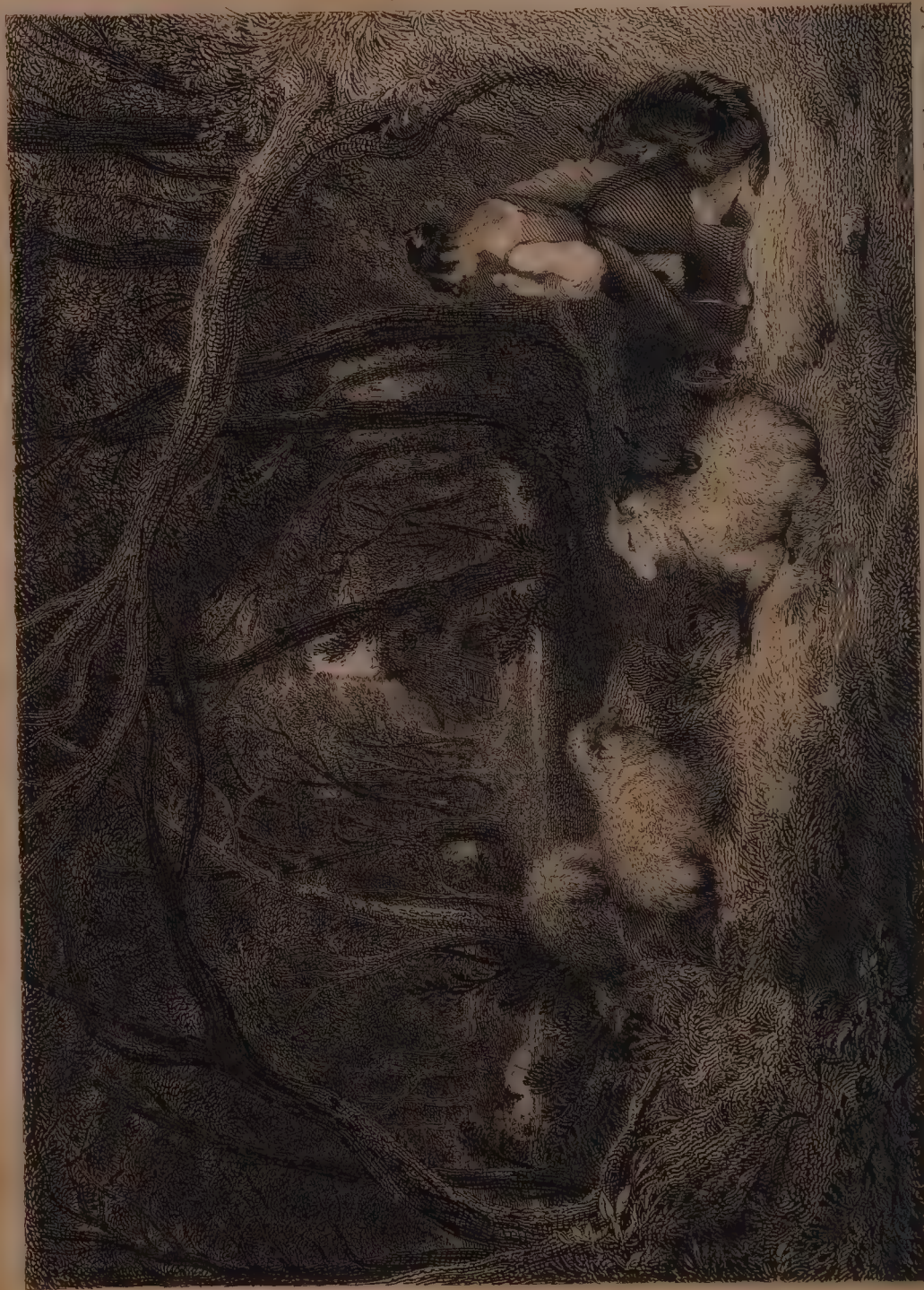
I took her lily hand in mine,
And to my lips I pressed ;
But a tear from out her drooping eyes
Fell pearl-like on her breast.

"Now, now, by every saint in heaven,"
I cried, "my lady dear,
May I be banned for every word
That causeth thee a tear !"

"Nay !" said she, like an angel,
And sweetly smiled the while :—
How poor was all my coffered gold
To that dear word and smile !

I locked her lily hand in mine,
And down the walk went we ;
And that old palace-garden
Was paradise to me !





J. Goodenough sculp.

Pubd. by Ackermann & Co. 95 Strand.

C. Hancock pinxt.

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAYS.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Misty and grey o'er the slumbering lake,
Dawn bids the spirit of Nature awake;
Star after star in the heaven's dim height
Flickers and fades with the breaking of light;
As spectres unhallowed the vapours roll by —
Till the East — like a paradise — blooms in the sky!
And a voice, by the magic of music upborne,
Sings far o'er the valley—" 'Tis morn! — 't is morn!"
While the sun—like a parent—with warmest caress
Awakens our beautiful Shepherdess!

Up, and away — through the village she trips—
With a smile on her brow, and a song on her lips;
Away — in her youthful and innocent pride—
Where her fair sheep browse by the green wood's side,
To wreath with her gayest and loveliest flowers
The favourite dog of her long, lone hours;
For nothing, perchance, save the raven's scream,
As he swings on the bough o'er the forest stream,
Or the startling cry of his mate's distress,
May she list in that mountain wilderness!

Nothing above, save the quiet sky—
Or shadows which march o'er the grey cliffs high;

Yet, blest with that holiest ornament,
A spirit serene in its own content,
She welcomes — like sisters — the buds and trees,
And meets — like a lover — the sportive breeze !
The wild birds know her, and seek her face,
And flutter around in their feathery grace !
For her glance hath a charm and a power to bless—
And all things love her ! — my Shepherdess !

Little she recks of the festive wreath,
Where music, enchantment, and beauty breathe ;
Of the rainbow gleam of the banquet rooms—
'Mid costly jewels — 'mid sparkling plumes—
Ah, little recks she, in her loneliness there,
Of the splendour of fashion — its pomp and glare !
Yet pleasure she finds in the first May night,
With the dance o'er the green in the soft moonlight ;
When, crowned with roses each auburn tress,
She's Queen of the Valley — our Shepherdess !

And sorrows she hath — when her weary feet
Must follow at twilight some distant bleat
Of charge astray from their green hill side,
Far lost in the forest or torrent wide ;
But on, pursuing the wandering sound,
'Till the wildest sheep of her flock be found,
She turns for peace to her own sweet breast,
And waits the coming of prayer and rest ;
When Evening calls — in her starry dress —
And home hies the beautiful Shepherdess.

THE MINT-MASTER OF WINCHESTER,

A TALE OF THE REIGN OF HENRY THE FIRST.

BY MISS LAWRENCE,

AUTHOR OF "LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME," &c.

"As thy cause is right,
So be thy fortunes."

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

THERE was gallant feasting at Winchester, for it was Pentecost-tide; and Beauclerc had summoned every noble, from the Tees to the Severn, from the Welch Marches to the eastern coast, to repair to his *cour plenière*, and there do suit and service. A gallant festival was it: each morning at eight, the cathedral-bell summoned the mighty company to high mass; each morning at ten, the more welcome castle-bell gave its pleasant announcement of dinner. Each afternoon was spent in games of chance and skill, in music and the dance; while each evening beheld the crowded hall blazing with splendour and beauty, and each individual of that almost countless multitude listening, with unsated delight, to the rude lay of the minstrel, the marvellous tale of the *trouvère*, or, more delightful still, the "personal narrative" of some devoted crusader,

who had gazed on the deep blue skies of Galilee, and slaked his thirst in the very waters of Jordan. And thus the pleasant hours rolled on, until the knell of the *couvre-feu* dismissed the tired guests to their respective apartments, and extinguished every torch and taper throughout the royal castle, save the seven huge wax candles, which were reverently borne by seven knights before the retiring monarch.

Three days had the feast continued—eleven more were yet to come—and still from all parts were knights and nobles, pilgrims, jugglers, *trouvères*, and mendicants, crowding in. Scarcely could the wide city of Winchester, at this period superior both in size and population to London, contain them: but knight and noble crowded together as well as they might; and, while the minstrel for his song, the juggler for his skill, and the pilgrim for his sanctity, easily obtained shelter among the townspeople, the largest but least respectable portion of the commons wandered about the streets by day, and stretched themselves comfortably beneath the penthouses at night.

It was now the fourth morning of the Pentecost feast; high mass had just concluded, and the wide area in front of the cathedral (not the noble building that now challenges the admiration of the gazer, but the earlier structure of Wakelin,) was crowded with expectants of every class, many waiting to feast their eyes on the right royal splendour of Beauclerc, but many more drawn together by anticipations of the welcome

shower of silver pennies wherewith monarchs, at this period, were accustomed to put in immediate practice the lessons of charity which they had received. There was therefore no lack of employment for the royal watch and ward; but, although aided by the servants of the cathedral, all endeavours to keep back the tumultuous multitude were in vain; and, when the ponderous gates of the cathedral rolled back, and the heralds that formed the advanced part of the royal procession appeared, their progress was stopped by a crowd that defied alike the threats of the cathedral porters and the more cogent arguments of their heavy partizans.

"Pray Aylwin the Just to come hither," cried the captain of the watch and ward, addressing one of the cathedral servants; "surely, he is yonder. Go, and pray him for Our Lady's grace to come quickly; for saints know knight or noble has not a tithe of the power over these Saxon churls as hath the Mint-master of Winchester!"

The servant re-entered the cathedral, and sought but sought in vain for Aylwin; while the crowd without, emboldened by the inadequate resistance, pressed yet more determinedly forward. Again was the call for Aylwin the Just raised by the affrighted captain, who well knew the summary vengeance which Beauclerc would inflict on any of his officers who might, through negligence or fear, suffer a tumultuous crowd to assemble in the very line of the royal procession. But

message was vain: the Mint-master was not at mass; and again the little band drew together, to endeavour to protect the heralds against the violence of the increasing crowd.

"Clear the way instantly — wherefore is this confusion?" cried a stern voice.

"Good Sir Constable," said the captain, "double my number might scarce make head against these Saxon churls. St. Michael! the town is well nigh full of them."

"Drive them back with your partizans, and, if need be, bend your bows," replied the fierce lord high constable; "drive them back, I say, an ye and a dozen more would not hang ere evensong on the gallows-tree!"

With desperate courage, the little band of the king's watch and ward again threw themselves on the assailants — when a cry was heard — the welcome name of Aylwin the Just reached the captain's ear — and the crowd, of late so riotous, instantly fell back on either side, as though to allow him free passage to meet the returning procession.

"The Saxon swine!" muttered the haughty high constable. "'Tis through somewhat more powerful than the grace of the saints that he gains favour both from King and Commons."

The person who had been the subject of these remarks now slowly advanced; his flowing beard and long mantle proved his Saxon descent, while the rich-

ness of his dress, the enamelled brooch, and the golden bracelet, showed him to be one of those few but highly-honoured Saxons who were permitted to acquire wealth, and maintain some degree of state, even in the presence of the Norman nobility. He advanced, and stationed himself near the door, with a maiden of singular beauty leaning on his arm, on whose brilliant complexion and long silken tresses of amber hair many a young Norman gazed admiringly, nor remembered that degradation could exist with such surpassing loveliness.

The heralds' trumpets sounded, and onward came the gorgeous procession — earls, stern and stalwart, with command impressed on their brows; lord-marchers, each with the proud bearing of an independent monarch; prelates, in jewel-blazing mitres, who trod this earth as though it were but the footstool of their greatness.

And then, surrounded by high-born dames, beside whose beauty gems grew dim, came the fairest of all, Adelais de Louvain, the youthful bride of the monarch, of whom even the monkish chronicler could say that in vain might the crown of England have been unbound from her brow, since she still would have been queen in her own right, the unchallenged queen of beauty.

Lastly, came the long array of the chief officers of the King's council — treasurer, chancellor, seneschal, mareschal, constable, high justiciary; and then, be-

neath a scarlet canopy, supported by eight lances, came Beauclerc, his lips, around which smile had never played since that fatal day which told how all his hopes were engulfed in the hapless "White Ship," compressed in firm determination and deep thought, and his keen, fierce eye darting looks of stern suspicion around. Onward he passed, while even the boldest of the crowd shrunk from the withering glance of that cold yet fierce eye. But, when he came near the Mint-master of Winchester, his features relaxed their stern expression, and he acknowledged the low obeisance by a courteous nod.

At this instance of respect to one so wholly Saxon, both in birth and feeling, shouts that rang far and wide burst from the assembled crowd; while Beauclerc, far-sighted and politic beyond every prince of his age, well aware of the importance of conciliating his Saxon subjects that they might form a balance to the formidable power of his nobles, darted a severe frown on his followers, whose suppressed anger he read in their looks, again nodded to the astonished Mint-master, flung another handful of silver pennies to the joyful crowd, and folding the royal mantle, stiff with gems and broi-dery, haughtily around him, with a step of even more pride, and a brow of yet sterner determination, passed onward to the Castle.

Many were the gratulations that Aylwin the Just now received from his surrounding friends, and enthusiastic were the shouts of the glad multitude that fol-

lowed him to his door. But a cloud was on his brow, and he replied to their gratulations with the air of one who expected some sudden and fatal reverse of fortune.

This was indeed mysterious, for Aylwin of all men seemed to have least cause for fear. He stood well with the commons, for he was rich, and he was charitable, and he was a Saxon; and he stood well with the monarch, in whose favour, in those days of arbitrary rule, it might well be said "there was life;" for, when ninety-three mint-masters from the various towns in England had their right hands struck off and sentence of outlawry pronounced against them, in this very city, for the crime of debasing the king's coin, the Mint-master of Winchester stood unscathed, and for his unsuspected integrity received the proud title of "the Just" from the lips of Henry himself.

Why, therefore, when he had just been honoured with the peculiar notice of the king, should a cloud still linger on his brow? So thought his daughter, and she anxiously inquired the cause.

"Alas," said he, "the evil that for many years I feared is now about to come upon me; the messenger of ill tidings hath again returned, and my doom is fixed."

Greatly did his daughter marvel at these words. Who could the messenger of ill tidings be? Surely not that holy pilgrim, with his escallop-shell and faded palm-branch, who asked alms as they were setting out

to attend high mass, and with whom her father turned back and held long discourse?

“My fair girl,” said he, in answer to her eager inquiries, “is there not cause enough for fear, seeing that we are rich, and honoured by the king, and, moreover, are despised Saxons? Know you not how the high justiciary hath again and again sought my ruin?—and saw you not the glance of deadly hate which he darted, when King Henry graced me with the second nod?”

Now all this had passed unobserved by the daughter, whose thoughts were wandering in a faery land of her own creation; and, forgetful of her Saxon birth, she was picturing to herself a pleasant life spent within the sheltering walls of her own castle, where her own true knight, Norman though he were, would afford her father a secure asylum from even his most powerful foes. She therefore almost feared that he must have suffered from the glance of some evil eye, or incurred the malice of some magician (for the Saxons were profoundly superstitious), seeing that, in spite of his singular good fortune, gloom should overshadow his mind.

The royal procession returned to the Castle, and Beauclerc sought his private apartment: his knights and nobles wandered listlessly about the castle-yard, conversing with no pleasant smile on the events of that morning; while the high officers of the court agreed among themselves that never, since William won the land, had a greater insult been offered to

Norman pride than the condescending nod bestowed on the Mint-master of Winchester.

But, while each of the officers felt himself peculiarly aggrieved, the high justiciary, an officer whose duties and privileges were not greatly unlike those of the vizier of eastern princes, was absolutely beside himself with rage, to think that a Saxon, on so public an occasion, should receive so marked an expression of his sovereign's favour. There were, indeed, many things that made Aylwin the Just peculiarly obnoxious to the high justiciary; for bishop Roger of Sarum, though originally but an obscure priest, possessed even a tenfold degree of Norman pride, and to this pride the Mint-master, who owed neither his office nor the king's favour to his influence, firmly refused to succumb. And bishop Roger was rapacious, beyond even priestly rapacity, (not that he loved to hoard, for England possessed not a more munificent prelate; and the massive columns and noble vaultings of Malmesbury Abbey still record the princely largesse of him, its founder;) and the Mint-master of Winchester, strong in his unquestioned integrity, needed not, like most of his fellows, to purchase from the justiciary by large sums the privilege of debasing the king's coin.

And now even another drop of bitterness seemed added to the already full cup of the justiciary's hate: his favourite nephew, whom he had lately summoned from Normandy, to advance him at Beauclerc's court, had actually, he was told, turned coldly away from the

fair damsels of Norman lineage, to do homage to the superior loveliness of the Mint-master's daughter. No wonder, therefore, proud and rapacious, determined and revengeful, beyond other men, as was bishop Roger of Sarum, that, ere the castle-bell rung, he took a solemn oath to ruin the Mint-master of Winchester, nor shamed to call "Our Ladye" and the holy apostles to witness how strictly he would keep that vow.

When men determinately meditate evil, opportunity is never long wanting, and so was it now. That very afternoon, King Henry sought his council-chamber; and thither repaired the high justiciary and all the other chief officers of his court, for the royal coffers were low, and even in those days twelve thousand persons (for to that number, if not a higher, have the attendants at a *cour plenière* been computed to amount) could not be feasted for fourteen days for nothing: so the monarch, like a careful father, was forced to quit the carousings of the castle-hall, to hold solemn debate as to the ways and means of re-filling the well nigh exhausted exchequer.

The treasurer presented his account, engrossed in a neat hand, to the scholar-king, while beside him lay a goodly array of notched tallies and counters, for the benefit of those officers who could not plead "benefit of clergy;" then the chancellor duly scored out the list of the sums that had been paid; while seneschal, mareschal, and constable, each impatiently awaited the summons of Beauclerc, to offer his opinion as to the

readiest method by which the desired marks and bezants might be obtained. And numerous were the methods suggested, all sanctioned by the oppressive laws of Normandy: there were fines on the deaths of vassals, on their marriages, on their removals; fines for licenses to build, to continue unmarried, to be permitted to go abroad; then there were fines on wardship, each of the king's wards being liable to be put up to the highest bidder.

But each and all of these means were found insufficient to meet the summer's expenditure: for the justiciary told how Beauclerc had sent the ambassadors of the Earl of Anjou away, with right royal presents, golden cups, and jewelled collars; and had commanded six ships with brodered sails and gilded prows to be built at Portsmouth; and had promised a silver image of Our Lady to his lately endowed abbey of Reading; and, moreover, had directed Stigand, the goldsmith, to make a gorgeous crown for the fair brow of his young queen, Adelais.

All these additional calls on the royal purse the high justiciary detailed, (though well he knew that, in the vaults of that very Castle, Beauclerc had treasure in gold and jewels amply sufficient to pay fifty times their amount;) there was therefore no better plan to be adopted than the confiscation of some rich man's property: and right willingly did each officer of the crown seek about for some noble with broad lands, suspected of league with France, or adherence to Robert; or some

burgher, with well filled coffers, who might conveniently be accused of trespass in the king's forests, or embezzlement of the king's treasure.

"An we could detect a few mint-masters," said the constable, "our liege's exchequer might not long go unfilled. St. Michael! when we think how many times a gallant knight may put himself in jeopardy, ere he gains a fourth of what these churls, with their stamps and crucibles, may gain between cockcrow and evensong, 't is but just and right that they should be closely looked after."

"They have been, and nought hath been charged against them," replied William Giffard, the chancellor and bishop of Winchester, a prelate as distinguished for his mildness and uprightness as the justiciary was for the opposite qualities.

"Bid Odo, keeper of the silver, hither," said the justiciary.

Odo soon appeared; and, in answer to questions skillfully put by the justiciary, who seemed but anxious to elicit the truth, told what weight of silver had been at various times within the last year delivered to Aylwin the Just; while the treasurer turned to his accounts to find what amount of silver had been returned. The result was as the justiciary desired, and as the reader doubtless expected. Aylwin the Just was proved to have kept back several pounds of silver.

Great was the astonishment of King Henry at this unexpected discovery, for, with such consummate art

had the plot been laid, that, keen-sighted and astute as he was, not a shadow of suspicion crossed his mind that aught but the truth had been said.

"Bid Aylwin the Mint-master forthwith hither," said the angry monarch. "St. Mary! an he fail to clear himself from this weighty charge, he shall hang from the battlements of the Castle."

The unhappy Aylwin was soon brought in, and placed right before the monarch and his justiciary.

"Aylwin of Winchester," said bishop Roger, "you stand here accused of taking the king's treasure, and placing it to your own use — what say ye to this?"

A deadly paleness overspread the Mint-master's face, and he convulsively clasped his hands. "Heaven is just," he murmured, but in so low a tone that even those who stood nearest could scarcely hear what he said.

"Read his accusation," said the king, "and let him reply to it as he may."

The accusation was read: but the eye of the Mint-master brightened as the justiciary proceeded; and, ere the charges were concluded, Aylwin stood erect and fearless before the monarch, as though determined to prove his right to that proud title of "the Just."

"So help me at my need, St. Erkenwald, St. Ethelburga, holy St. Edward, and St. Swithin, who still watchest over this thy beloved city," said he, (and he lifted his right hand solemnly,) "as I am sackless of the crime thus laid to my charge!"

"But it hath been sworn against ye—sworn upon the holy gospels," said the treasurer.

"King Henry," replied the indignant Mint-master, "I pray you suspend your judgment. What! shall the Mint-master of Winchester, who, for twenty years, hath been free from all blame, lose his fair fame on a charge like this? King Henry, thou lovest the right, and the title of "the Lion of Justice" hath been given to thee: to that justice I appeal."

"He speaks well," said Beauclerc, who prided himself on his apparent love of justice; "and right shall be done him. Aylwin," continued he, "by whom will ye be tried?—by God or by your country?"

"Vain were an appeal to my country, bowed down and crushed beneath the Norman yoke," said Aylwin bitterly—"vain the hope of justice at a Norman tribunal and before Norman judges! I appeal to God! and I demand trial of the ordeal, that mine innocence may be made known to all."

"My son," said the chancellor, kindly but solemnly, for he had marked the terror of Aylwin when the charge was first made, "are ye well avised of the risk of this appeal? Remember, that which may go far to prove your innocence before men may not avail ye in the sight of God."

"I appeal to Him alone," was the firm and solemn answer of the Mint-master; "and by trial of the three-fold ordeal of hot iron, inasmuch as I am a freeman and king's vassal."

"Be it so," said King Henry; "it is now festival time, and the ordeal may not be administered. Twelve days hence, let his trial take place, in the cathedral of this city—let him meanwhile be assigned to the custody of our chancellor, the bishop thereof; and may God, unto whom he hath appealed, send him a good deliverance!"

The council broke up: the high justiciary returned to the hall, well satisfied that his plot had so far succeeded, though anxiously fearing the result of the ordeal. Still, suspicion was excited against the hitherto unsuspected Mint-master; he was also in safe custody, and it was easy, if he cleared himself from this charge, to bring forward another.

Day after day the mighty feast continued, and at length the morning dawned upon the last. And this was the most important day, for then the monarch's final answer was given to all petitions which had been presented during the preceding days; and, aware of the importance of sending his nobles away, well pleased with his courtesy, to their distant domains and impregnable strongholds, King Henry was accustomed to bend a gracious ear to each request, and sometimes unsolicited to bestow right royal largesse.

"And what gift shall we bestow on you, young cup-bearer?" said Beauclerc, as, seated beneath the cloth of estate with the beautiful Adelais by his side, he was served with wine and spices.

"My liege," said the high justiciary, pressing for-

ward, "I would pray a boon for him, though great hath been your largesse already. On this nephew alone my hopes of building up our house depend, since his two brothers are vowed to our holy church: grant him, I pray you, therefore, a lady of noble birth and broad lands, to preside in the castle you have bestowed upon him."

"It shall be done," said the king. "Well, young Amaury, which of my wards do you ask?"

"Alas! I have already plighted my faith!" said Amaury, regardless of the rage of his powerful uncle, and, kneeling before the gentle Adelais, "Sweet queen, intercede for me."

Adelais cast a look of compassionate kindness on the suppliant. "And who is she?" she said.

"Heed him not, fair queen; heed him not," cried the enraged high justiciary: "he hath been bewitched by the sorceries of that accursed Mint-master and his wicked daughter; but, good my liege, grant me my prayer."

"It is granted," said Beauclerc; "and which of my wards do you ask? The lady Ela I have promised already; and Edward de Croy hath sent me two hundred marks for the wardship of Isabel Verneuil: but any of the rest you may choose."

"Abundant thanks, my liege, for your bounty," said the well-pleased high justiciary; "it is not for one of your wards that I ask, but for a damsel honoured by the favour of good Queen Maude, whose memory is

blessed — a damsel whom she held at the font, and on whom she bestowed her own name — the Lady Maude of Romsey — so saith the Abbey register.”

The king looked earnestly at his justiciary. “Know you the lineage of this Lady Maude?”

“That it is high, I doubt not, seeing that even in her cradle she was honoured by the favour of the blessed Queen Maude,” replied he. “But, my liege, remember your word hath gone forth, and, high though she be, I must pray you to grant her.”

“Have your prayer, then,” said Beauclerc, sternly; “and you, young Amaury, go home, and be conformable to the will of our justiciary, seeing that our royal word hath been pledged, and it may not be broken.”

Meantime, few thought of the hapless Mint-master, who, in the prison belonging to the bishop’s palace, was preparing by fast and confession for his approaching solemn trial. But, although forgotten by the haughty Normans, many a prayer was put up for him by his anxious countrymen; and, on the evening preceding the day appointed for the ordeal, the altar of St. Swithin was thronged with suppliants, who offered earnest entreaties to the Saxon saint, that the Mint-master of his own race and of King Alfred’s own city might come forth unscathed by the test.

Early on the next morning, the great bell of the cathedral gave its solemn call to a meeting far different from those which had so lately been held within its walls. The great western door was then opened, and

two men chosen by the accuser were summoned to enter, and examine whether the iron bar of three pounds weight, appropriated to the threefold ordeal, was actually red-hot. Then, twelve men as witnesses for the accuser, and twelve others as witnesses for the accused, entered from either side, and took their stations opposite to each other.

Meanwhile, the glowing bar lay on the clear charcoal fire, and Aylwin, in a coarse canvass frock, with short sleeves, knelt before the altar, and received the sacrament from the hands of the bishop, who, resplendent in jewelled cope and mitre, stood within the altar-rail; and then, standing up, he swore that, "with folc right," he was guiltless of the charge.

The doors were now thrown open to the crowd; the bishop, at the head of his clergy, advanced, chanting the litany; holy water was brought, and the accused, his accuser, and the witnesses on either side, were duly aspersed with it. And then the gorgeous copy of the Gospels, bound in crimson, adorned with jewels, resplendent with its golden text and magnificent capitals — that proudest boast of Saxon calligraphy — was reverently brought, and each hand tremblingly laid, and each lip in turn awfully pressed, upon its hallowed pages.

The bishop now advanced toward the fire, the accused standing beside him: nine feet were then measured from the place where Aylwin stood; and, at the bishop's signal, the glowing bar was lifted from

the fire, and placed on staples beside it. "Go forward, my son," said he, "and may He who watches over the innocent, and who saved the three children in the fiery furnace, save thee, if sackless, from the power of this fire!"

Aylwin advanced with a firm step, seized the glowing bar, swiftly bore it the nine feet, and deposited it on the staples placed there. Every eye was now turned to the spot where the Mint-master, as though wrapped in silent devotion, still remained.

"Let the hand and arm be carefully bound up and sealed, and at the end of three days it shall be examined," said the bishop.

"Holy father, examine it *now*!" cried Aylwin, stretching out his uninjured hand.

The bishop gazed wonderingly upon it, and summoned the king's leech, a learned professor of Salerno, to examine it also.

"There is neither blister nor even scorch," said he; "it must be doubtless through the intercession of the saints!"

"Go home, my son," said the astonished prelate, "and return thanks to the holy apostles, and to the blessed St. Swithin, whose crozier I wield, albeit unworthy; for great hath been the mercy of Heaven toward thee."

It were needless to describe the tumultuous joy of the assembly, Saxons as they mostly were. Heartfelt congratulations of the Mint-master and eulogies on the

worthy prelate, who, although Norman, and high in office, had so faithfully discharged his duty, mingled with thanksgivings to the saints, and more especially to St. Swithin, who had as many wax tapers promised for his altar as would have illuminated the royal palace from St. Martin's to Candlemas.

Home went the liberated Mint-master, surrounded by his joyful friends and neighbours. The oldest ale, the strongest mead, in his cellars were broached for the numerous company; and the rude but heartfelt merriment of the Saxon burghers echoed even to the precincts of the royal castle.

That same evening, while his well-pleased guests were still carousing in potations that would have disgusted the more refined Norman, Aylwin hastily withdrew, and, concealing himself beneath the wide folds of his mantle, took his way to the cathedral, and, prostrating himself before one of the side altars, again returned thanks to Heaven for a deliverance which he deemed indeed to have been miraculous.

The cathedral was almost deserted; scarcely sound of footstep echoed along the far-stretched aisles; and the Mint-master, as though glad to escape from the boisterous mirth of his friends, arose not to depart, but continued kneeling at the altar, with clasped hands, and countenance on which sorrow and anxiety were strongly marked. An ecclesiastic slowly approached, and Aylwin arose.

"Rise not, my son," said a gentle voice; "meet is

it that you should return thanks to Heaven: but wherefore this sorrow?"

"Holy father," cried Aylwin, "I am indeed sad at heart. I have 'covered my sin' even from the priest at confession, and therefore do I not prosper."

"What say you, my son?" said the monk: "art thou not he whom the holy saints, but this very morning, so marvellously vindicated from the rage of thine enemies?"

"It is true, holy father; but, alas! I am guilty: hear my confession, I pray you, for I have vowed to make it to the first priest I should meet, and you have doubtless been sent by Heaven."

"Guilty, my son!" cried the priest, in uncontrollable astonishment; "guilty! What! were prayers, and holy sprinkling, and oaths sworn on the blessed Gospels, all in vain?"

"Not so, holy father: of the crime wherewith I stood charged this morning I am innocent as holy King Edward himself; but many years since I took to my own use what was not mine, and for *that* am I called in judgment. It is now full twenty years ago that I came as Assistant-Mint-master to Winchester, and, just before the feast of Pentecost, Osbert de Molai brought me ten pounds of pure silver to coin into pennies.* This I did; and two thousand four hundred

* The *pound weight* of silver at this period was coined into twenty shillings, or two hundred and forty pence; the shilling and the penny were therefore three times the size of the modern. The reader will also bear in mind that the *whole* English coinage, from the time of

pennies, unalloyed and unclipt, did I count over before him. 'Wherefore is this?' said he; 'five-score are wanting.' It was in vain that I showed him how that, by the balance at the King's Exchequer, there should be but two thousand and four hundred: he heeded me not, but went away. Next day I was summoned before the treasurer, and bid to account for the five-score pennies. I repeated what I had before said. 'Away,' said the treasurer, 'and take heed to yourself, for the five-score pennies are mine, and I will not be mulcted of them.' Alas! I now saw that, unless by bribes I could gain favour of the treasurer, I might soon be charged with keeping back the king's silver, and perchance hang on the gallows-tree; so I returned home, right sorrowful. That evening, as I sate sad at heart, not knowing what to do, Saewold, of the town's end, came in. 'Lack ye bezants?' said he, pulling out a well-filled purse. 'Saints know that I do,' said I. So he smiled, and beckoned me out, and led me to a place close beside the castle-wall, where two young men, in Norman dress, were busily engaged in hiding somewhat under a large stone. 'Take heed when they depart,' said Saewold, 'and whatever they have hidden will be your's: I have gained enough to-night, so farewell!' Alas! I watched the young men, and saw them replace the large stone. 'The Saxon churls may seek

the Conqueror to the reign of Henry III., was *silver* only. The bezants mentioned subsequently were, (as the name implies,) from Byzantium.

long ere they find this,' said the one to his companion. 'The Saxon churl will possess it, proud Norman,' said I, 'ere the *couvre-feu* shall have rung you home.' I joyfully saw them depart; I sought the place, raised the stone, and took out a strong leathern purse filled, not with silver, but, even as Saewold had said, with bezants, bright and shining, all of the pure red gold! I hurried home; I counted over my precious spoil; I told Saewold my good fortune, and prayed him to partake it, but he refused, and only asked for the purse which had contained it. I sent five bezants next morning, as a peace-offering, to the treasurer, and, ere Christmas-tide, I became Chief Mint-master of Winchester.

"Alas! for love of gold! and, alas! for national hate!—All this time I felt not that I had been indeed a robber. But the time when I was to reap in bitterness came at last. As I increased in wealth, Saewold made constant demands on me; and at length, when I became wearied with his importunity, he told me that I was at his mercy, for my life was forfeit. St. Mary! even so was it: the bezants, though I knew it not, had been buried within the precincts of the king's castle, and therefore, by the law of '*tresor trouve*,' whoever took them became a felon, whose life was forfeit to the king.

"At length, after that I had for many times given him even what he asked, Saewold, in a fit of penitence, vowed to go on pilgrimage to Jerusalem. I gave him

money for his journey, provided him free passage; and, when I trusted, many years having passed away and I heard nought of him, that he might be dead, I caused masses to be said for his soul. But this Heaven would not permit; and, on the fourth day of the Pentecost feast, Saewold stood before my door. Alas! then my crime was brought afresh to my mind, and I knew that I must abide my punishment. He came with bolder demands; and good red gold, enough for a Thane's ransom, did I give him ere he would depart. Ye know, holy father, what hath passed since then—how bitterly I have been persecuted by the high justiciary: of this Saewold hath taken advantage; and, even when I returned home to-day, there he stood with yet fiercer threats, and demands even of half my wealth and my daughter in marriage. Alas! what may I do?"

"Look up to Heaven, my son, not only for forgiveness but direction," said the priest; "ye are willing, doubtless, to make restitution."

"Saints are witness, holy father; and for this purpose as well as for confession I came hither. Alas! no other course is left me than to collect my wealth, and flee away with my daughter from Winchester. But, ere I go, I would leave the twenty bezants, which I so wickedly took, to the treasury of this church, praying that notice may be given from the altar that if he from whom I took them be still living he may receive them again."

"Your purpose is good, my son," said the priest;

"but put yourself under the protection of the saints, and leave not Winchester."

"Alas! holy father, Saewold, when I refused his demand, swore that he would denounce me to the high justiciary, so that all chance of escape, save by flight, is vain. I pray you, therefore, to take these twenty bezants, and ten more for masses, that I may at least have the comfort of knowing that I have done all that I could."

"You have so, my son," said the priest. "Be comforted: he from whom ye took these may yet be found—but stay, I pray you, whilst I write an acknowledgment that the bezants have been paid."

The priest withdrew, and soon returned with a small slip of parchment.

"Of what use is this, holy father?" said Aylwin; "it is written in the Norman letter, and I understand but the Saxon."

"I know not the Saxon character," replied the priest; "but take heed and keep it safely, and put your trust in Heaven."

The priest departed; and Aylwin, after again addressing himself to his devotions, with a less heavy heart returned home.

King Henry held a council next morning, and he courteously welcomed his high justiciary, as he took his seat at the long chequer-covered table. "Well, good bishop Roger," said he, "we must again look out for some delinquent, whose forfeit wealth may fill our

coffers; for Aylwin the Just hath proved his innocence."

"Of one crime, my liege," replied the justiciary, with a sinister smile; "but methinks he will have small chance of proving his innocence of this other."

"Wherefore say you so?" said Beauclerc: "what false charge is again to be brought against my Mint-master?"

"No *false* charge, my liege," replied the high justiciary, offendedly; "but one that will be proven by good and sufficient witnesses."

"The Saxon swine!" muttered the high constable; "even hang him at once; I'll warrant his deserts."

"I will warrant his deserts, at one time, Sir Constable," said Beauclerc, with that withering glance that awed into silence his proudest barons. "When Bridgnorth was beleaguered, and my Norman vassals held back, and sought to persuade me to a treaty with the rebel de Belesme, who pressed forward to the fight but Saxon men?—and Aylwin was foremost among them."

No one replied; for the wrath of King Henry was indeed destruction to those who incurred it, and each knew how unremitting had been his endeavours to conciliate the Saxons, as a barrier against the dangers of a disputed succession.

"But," resumed the king, after a pause, "far be it from 'the Lion of Justice' that he should stand between the criminal and deserved punishment. If my

Mint-master have indeed been guilty of aught, let his accusers appear, and we will hear their charges: only, take heed, Sir Justiciary, that these charges be fully sustained; for, by the face of Our Lady! an they be not true, ye shall well-nigh lose our favour."

"I call all saints to witness that the charge now to be brought against Aylwin is true," said the justiciary earnestly, "and right willingly will I forfeit thirty pounds of pure silver by the balance at the Exchequer, if it be not made good."

"Gramercy, Sir Justiciary," cried Beauclerc, "the crime must be clear, an ye wager so much on it."

"It is, my liege; right willingly would I wager forty—ay, fifty, pounds of pure silver."

"We will hold ye to your promise, Sir Justiciary," said Beauclerc; "and now bid the Mint-master and his accusers come in."

Saewold, with another man, was now introduced, while the hapless Mint-master, who had been taken into custody on his arrival at home, was brought in, and placed face to face with his accusers. Saewold's story was soon told: it was corroborated by the man who stood beside him, and who, it appeared, had watched Aylwin on that night; and the purse which had contained the bezants was produced. "He dare not deny it," said Saewold triumphantly, "for this purse is witness against him that he hath carried away treasure from within the precincts of the king's dwelling."

"A weighty crime," said the treasurer, "and one which hath ere now been punished by hanging on the gallows-tree; for all treasure which hath no owner, if concealed within the limits of the royal habitation, is the king's own, and therefore the theft is from him."

"Ye speak soothly, Sir Treasurer," said the chancellor; "but what if the rightful owner reclaim it?"

"It becomes his again, certainly, Sir Chancellor," replied the high justiciary, sarcastically; "though methinks 't is strange that the king's chancellor should be ignorant of the 'Customs of Normandy' and the law of '*tresor trouve*.'"

"It is not through ignorance, Sir Justiciary," replied the chancellor, proudly, "that I ask; but that you yourself may be compelled to do justice to this unhappy man. The treasure was *mine*, taken, as Saewold hath said, by Aylwin; but it hath been repaid faithfully and in full, as my acknowledgment will show. Aylwin, produce the parchment."

Overwhelmed with astonishment, the Mint-master, with trembling hand, laid the scroll on the table, which Beauclerc opened and read. "William Giffard, chancellor and bishop of Winchester, is the signature," said he, glancing a look of triumph at the startled justiciary, "and he acknowledges the payment of this very money."

"The money contained in this very purse, my liege," said the chancellor, "withinside which you will find both my name and the name of the abbey of Bec,

where, at that time, I was a scholar. The death of a relative summoned my brother (whose soul is in Paradise), with myself, to England. On our journey homeward, to take ship at Southampton, my brother was set upon by strong thieves, who robbed him by stout-rife of his purse. Fearing that mine might also be stolen, we agreed to bury it; and when, after many years, I again visited England, little did I heed or even think of the bezants, until last night, unrecognised by Aylwin, I heard his confession."

"What say you to this, Sir Justiciary?" said Beauclerc; "the charge hath fallen to the ground. A weighty charge hath it proved to ye, for our coffers will be the heavier by fifty pound weight of pure silver. Well, hast any *more* charges to bring?"

The high justiciary shrunk from the sarcastic glance of that fierce dark eye, for well he knew that Beauclerc had detected his designs to ruin the favourite Mint-master, and he knew not with what farther weight of punishment, besides that heavy fine, he might be visited.

"Well, my lords," continued Beauclerc, and he glanced a look of satisfaction around, "we must not be too severe on our justiciary; so, though we shall take the fifty pounds of silver which he so rashly staked, we will yet fulfil our solemn promise which we made in respect of his nephew. Come forward, young Amaury, for we shall bestow on you the hand of your promised lady."

"Have pity on me, good king, and let me rather take lance and brand, and go forth to do battel in Palestine," cried the distressed Amaury, sinking on his knees.

"What is this?" cried the bewildered Mint-master, as his daughter, at King Henry's summons, came forward.

"Nought, good Aylwin," replied Beauclerc, darting a severe look at his justiciary. "Bishop Roger prayed the Lady Maude of Romsey in marriage for his nephew, little doubting but that she was a damsel of high Norman birth. He prayed earnestly for her, and reminded us that our royal promise might not be broken, little suspecting that he asked for his nephew's own lady-love the daughter of the Saxon Mint-master of Winchester."

"No, King Henry," cried the high justiciary; "I asked for the *Lady* Maude of *Romsey*, of the Abbey there—for her whom good Queen Maude herself named, for whom she stood sponsor at the font, and whom she sent, at her own cost, to Romsey Abbey — whence her name—for nurture: it was for *her* that I asked."

A stern smile crossed the brow of the scholar-king. "And it was the Mint-master's daughter, the child of Saxon race, that the Saxon Queen Maude, whose memory is blessed, answered for at the font, and sent to Romsey. We have granted thee thy prayer; it is meet thou shouldest be satisfied. Come hither, good Aylwin," continued Beauclerc, rising from the council-

table, "and you, my worthy chancellor, and you, Amaury, and your fair lady-love; we will seek our Queen Adelais, that we may relate all these things to her, for she will rejoice right willingly in the good fortune of the Mint-master of Winchester."

And well pleased was the gentle Adelais with the tale thus related, and she commanded Geffroi Gaimar, her own minstrel, to put it into French verse, which he did. Master Sampson, too, made a most cutting *fabliau* of it, which he called "The Three Sorrows of the Covetous Justiciary," and far and wide was it sung for the love of bishop Roger. But Aylwin the Just, who, soon after the marriage of his daughter, took the cowl in the priory of St. Swithin at Winchester, and was subsequently elected prior, determined that his wonderful story should not be told in a way half true and half false, as is the manner of minstrels; so he commanded brother Simon, keeper of the library, to take down from his own lips this story, and transcribe it into the great chronicle of St. Swithin's priory. And so well pleased were the monks with the tale, that they caused a fair tablet to be prepared, and they prayed brother Stephen, the calligrapher of Hyde Abbey, to write it thereon in gold letters, to the end that all who entered the great refectory might read the story of

THE MINT-MASTER OF WINCHESTER.

THE DEPARTED FRIEND.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

Ye visions of romantic youth,
Ah! once so flattering, once so fair,
Usurp not still the place of Truth:
I hail'd you, but I grasp'd at air.

Flickering across the shadowy vale,
Alas! how false your meteor light!
Your forms at every step grew pale:
And I was plunged in cheerless night.

My Friend, in unavailing woe,
I mourn'd; till, in the dawning skies,
I welcomed an effulgent glow,
And saw the balmy day-star rise.

And — hark! — I hear a seraph strain
Whispering sweet comfort to my heart:
“Unfading, shall ye meet again,
In glory, never more to part!”

Yes! 't is from Heaven alone descends
The “Light of Life” — the gracious voice —
That bids us greet our Christian friends
In endless union to rejoice!



Miss Eliza Sharpe del.

Pub^d by Ackermann & Co. London.

H. Robinson sculp.

THE YOUNG SISTER.

THE DYING SISTER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

What matters it, though Spring-time
Upon the earth is glowing —
What, though a thousand tender flowers
On the garden beds are blowing —

What matters it, though pleasant birds
Among the leaves are singing,
And a myriad lives, each passing hour,
From mother-earth are springing?

What matters it? — for one bright flower
Is pale, before them lying —
And one dear life, one precious life,
Is numbered with the dying!

Oh! Spring may come, and Spring may go —
Flowers, sunshine, cannot cheer them;
This loving heart, this bright young life,
Will be no longer near them!

Two lights there were within their house,
Like angels round them moving;
Oh, must these two be parted now,
So lovely and so loving!

No longer on the same soft couch
Their pleasant rest be taking —
No longer by each other's smiles
Be greeted at their waking —

No longer, by each other's side,
Over one book be bending! —
Take thy last look, thy last embrace,
That joy, that life, is ending!

Henceforth thou wilt be all alone! —
What shalt thou do, poor weeper?
Oh human love, oh human woe!
Is there a pang yet deeper?

Ah! yes — the eyes perceive no more —
The last dear word is spoken:
The hand returns no pressure now —
Heart, heart, thou must be broken!

Can it live on without that love
For which its pulse beat ever?
Alas! that loving, trusting, heart
Must ache, and bleed, and sever!

Child, cease thy murmuring — God is by,
To unseal that mortal prison;
Mother, look up, for, like our Lord,
Thy blessed one is risen!

Raise thy bowed head, poor bruised reed;
Hope comes to the believing!
Father, be strong — be strong in faith —
The dead — the dead are living!

Even from outward things draw peace —
The long night-watch is ended:
The morning sun upriseth now
To new day-glory splendid!

So, through the night of mortal life,
Your angel-one hath striven —
The eternal suns shine not so bright
As the redeemed in heaven!

To join the spirits of the pure,
Your chosen hath departed! —
Be comforted — be comforted,
Ye bowed and broken-hearted!

THE DANCING GIRL REPOSING.

ON ONE OF THREE STATUES OF DANCING GIRLS, BY CANOVA.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

There is a shadow in her eye,
A languor on her frame;
The spirit that, so bright and high,
Shot upward — like the flame

Which withers with its wild caress,
And dies amid its own excess —
Has wearied with its full delight,
And fallen from its fiery flight :
And she is still a bird-like thing —
A bird, but with a broken wing!

And thus — oh! thus it still must be
With human hopes and wings,
That leave too far and soaringly
Their own allotted springs —
That — like the boy of Greece — lure on
The trusting hearts that wear them,
And melt before the very sun
To which their feathers bear them!
Oh! thus with human feelings all! —
The song, that saddens while we sing,*
The censers in the festive hall —
That darken, from the light they fling,
That waste the more, the more they warm,
And perish of their perfumed charm —
Are types of earth's each frail delight,
That cast their feathers in their flight —
Or on their own sweet substance prey,
And burn their precious selves away!

* No singer need be told how surely — if the chord be struck, before commencing a song, for the purpose of pitching the voice, and again touched at the close — the voice will be found to have dropped; or, at all events, how difficult it is to keep it up to the same pitch for any length of time.

A NIGHT NEAR MONTE VIDEO.

BY A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

[The incidents recorded in the following narrative are strictly true. They were related to me by a naval officer, lately deceased, and himself the hero of the story, which was drawn up by me at his particular request.]

It was in the year 18—, when the frigate to which I belonged was stationed off Monte Video, that the following events took place. I shall state them simply, and without any attempt at embellishment, convinced that the plain facts will speak for themselves, and that they do not require to be heightened by the aid of fancy.

The captain had given permission to a brother officer, whom I shall denominate Brooks, and myself, to enjoy a few days' sport on shore. Taking advantage of this leave, we furnished ourselves each with a fowling-piece and a game-bag, and sallied forth on our expedition, intending to pass the night in the city, and to amuse ourselves in the same way daily till the period of our leave had expired. Being both good shots, and falling in with plenty of game, we filled our bags in the course of a few hours.

This unexpected luck suspended our operations, and, as the evening was fast coming on, we felt the necessity of arriving at Monte Video before we should

be overtaken by darkness — no pleasant event in a country to whose roads we were entire strangers, more especially as we had reason to believe that they were infested during the night by banditti. Impressed with these feelings, we made the best of our way towards the city, hoping to reach it by sunset. In this country, lying as it does between the tropics, there is little or no twilight. Darkness succeeds almost instantly to light. When the sun's disk disappears, he has done with us, and in ten minutes there is as little trace of his existence as if he did not exist at all.

While moving smartly along, under the load of our bags and fowling-pieces, the latter of which, in case of danger, we took the precaution to keep charged, we met with a tall, swarthy man, in the costume of a serjeant. He was strongly and, indeed, handsomely made, but his expression of countenance was peculiar and ferocious. He had enormous black whiskers, long, sweeping mustaches, and dark, penetrating, demon-looking eyes. On meeting, he saluted us with a civility rather at variance with his forbidding air; and I took the opportunity of asking him, in Spanish, if we were on the road to Monte Video. "Gentlemen," said he, in the same language, "at your present rate of travelling, you will be there in an hour and a half; but, in the unsettled state of the country, I would caution you against going farther. The sun will be down immediately, and the roads are not safe after nightfall." We thanked him for his civility, but never-

theless proceeded on our way, while he took the opposite direction.

Scarcely, however, had we gone ten yards, when he called after us; and, on turning round to see what he wanted, he asked if we were French or English. My companion replied that we were English, when the man's countenance instantly darkened: he looked at us sternly, then walked hastily on. "I do not half like that man's appearance," said I. "Nor do I," answered Brooks; "there is something peculiarly forbidding about him." No more was said. We continued walking half an hour longer, when the sun went down, leaving us in darkness. But the obscurity, though great, was not so strong as altogether to hide near objects: the massy foliage of the trees, the outlines of cattle, browsing upon the road-side, and the huts, which here and there loomed against the darkness, were more or less visible. We held our way through the gloom quickly, but with caution, fearful of no danger, yet keeping a look-out in case of the worst, and fully prepared to give any person who courted a hostile meeting a cordial reception in the shape of a volley of small shot.

In a few minutes, the solemn silence of the night was broken by the sound of a horse's feet at some distance behind. We paused, and a white horse flew past us, at a good round pace, bearing two men upon its back. One of them — him who rode in front — I recognized as our old friend, the sergeant. He had

exchanged his cocked hat for a foraging cap, and his long coat for a short jacket: but this disguise did not conceal him from our observation. We were a good deal surprised at so rapid a metamorphosis; but, without taking any particular notice of it, we went forward, and, in about five minutes more, came up to the horse and its riders. The animal was now walking slowly, and we passed it: then, as if touched by the whip or spur, it shot ahead of us again, the swarthy rider in front apparently eyeing us steadily as he swept by.

The whole business was exceedingly strange; and I communicated my suspicions to Brooks that all was not right: he, however, did not participate in them, and treated what had just occurred as a matter of no importance. We continued moving on, and a second time came up to the horse, which we again found walking slowly. We passed it, and kept in advance for perhaps fifty yards, when all at once it set off, as before, at the gallop, bounded past us—heavily laden as it was—like an arrow; and away it thundered through the darkness, till the tramp of its echoing hoofs died away in the distance, and ceased to be heard. Now was I satisfied that there was foul play in the wind; but Brooks still remained unconvinced, holding to his first opinion that nothing need be apprehended. In case of the worst, we kept a sharp look-out, and went more deliberately forward with our pieces cocked.

Continuing our route for some time longer, we came

up, for a third time, to the white horse, which we found tied to a gate upon the road-side. His riders had dismounted, and gone, Heaven knows whither! We hailed them aloud, but received no answer. Brooks now admitted that we had got into a dangerous position, but we were young, determined, and tolerably well armed. Our enemies (supposing the men to be such) were but two in number, and it would be hard, indeed, if we could not give them a hard fight for it, were they inclined to assail us. Such was the reasoning with which we endeavoured to veil the perils of our situation.

We now proceeded with great caution, and were soon involved in profound darkness. The road, at each side, was lined with huge trees, whose branches, meeting overhead in the centre, entirely covered it with dense masses of foliage, and formed an umbrageous canopy, under which, in silence and in solitude, we held our lonely way. Not the slightest sound was heard, except the occasional croaking of a stray frog, or the fluttering above us of a solitary bat. The silence was dreadful, and the darkness was equal to the silence—ebon, black, impenetrable. Obscurity pressed upon us like a nightmare, and stifled the very principle of light within the sombre atmosphere of that woody phalanx by which we were encompassed. The entrance into Hades was not more lonely, nor even the dismal valley of the Shadow of Death. Still, we went forward, but not without anxiety, speaking in whispers,

keeping close to each other, and grasping our firelocks with cool but deadly resolution.

Onward we went for about a quarter of a mile through this gloomy tract, when we arrived at a streamlet, that ran rippling and murmuring gently across the road. At this point, the wood on each side opened, and so much light was admitted as to render visible the surface of the stream. We paused for a moment, to ascertain, if possible, our latitude, and were just on the point of walking through the rivulet, when, from a thicket to the left, the figure of a tall man suddenly emerged. His hand was upraised—a bright object flashed above it—and, rushing impetuously upon Brooks, he plunged the weapon into his back. “M—, look to yourself!” were the only words uttered by my unfortunate friend; and, wheeling round, he levelled his piece at the assassin. Miserable to relate!—it flashed in the pan. I saw no more of this direful tragedy, for, almost at the same moment, and before I could lend the slightest assistance to Brooks, a man from the opposite side of the road rushed upon myself.

So rapid was this assault, and so totally unlooked-for, that I had no time to raise the gun to my shoulder and take a proper aim. I did succeed, however, in firing it; and, by the savage yell set up by the miscreant, I knew it must have taken effect somewhere. Wounded as he was, he did not fall: he only staggered back for an instant, but recovered himself immediately, rushed forward and buried his stiletto horizontally in

the fleshy part of my left shoulder. Fortunately, I caught his hand as he was withdrawing the weapon to repeat the blow, and, closing with him, a desperate struggle ensued between us, which terminated in the wretch falling heavily upon his back in the middle of the rivulet. I fell upon him, and most fortunately got my left knee upon the hand which held the accursed instrument of destruction, and thus prevented him from using it. Still he resisted desperately, nor was it till I grasped him by the throat with both hands, and nearly strangled him by dint of superior strength, that I could master this desperate ruffian. During the progress of the fearful struggle, I could hear the unequal conflict raging close at hand between the other assassin and my ill-starred friend—the groans of poor Brooks, as he received stroke after stroke of the fatal dagger—his faint attempts at grappling with his Herculean antagonist—and, last of all, the death-rattle in his throat, and the splash of his body as it tumbled into the shallow water of the rivulet. It was horrible, horrible—more horrible than even the fate which every instant threatened to overtake myself!

Exhausted, I arose from the struggle; but had scarcely got upon my feet when the assassin, who had now left Brooks, rushed towards me, and struck out with his weapon. Seeing the absolute uselessness of contending, in my condition, with such an opponent, I nimbly sprung aside, escaped the meditated blow, and darted off, with all my might, in the direction of

Monte Video. He followed, at full speed; and, encumbered as I was with the game, I found it no easy matter to keep ahead of him, although I may safely say that, at this time, I was one of the swiftest runners in England. To remove the encumbrance would have taken time, and time to me was every thing. I was thus obliged to make the best of it, and held on as rapidly as I could, with the fell fiend in human shape close at my heels. He was one of the swiftest men I ever met with, nor with all my best efforts could I shake him off, or keep more than six or seven feet in advance.

In this way we continued for fully a quarter of a mile, my pursuer rather gaining upon me than falling behind, when an accident occurred, which, at first sight, seemed to seal my doom, but which proved, in reality, the cause of my salvation. I came to a spot where there was a break or irregularity in the road, and, being unprepared for such an occurrence, fell on all fours. The force of the blow, while it did not stun, was sufficient to disencumber me of the bag, the strap of which was either broken by the concussion or forced over my head — I cannot say which — but away went the bag and all its contents. Most fortunately, the cause that brought me to the ground had the same effect upon my enemy; he fell flat upon his face: the shock for a few seconds stunned him, and, before he could recover himself and again give chase, I was so far in advance as to render all farther attempts on his

part fruitless. I continued running till I was out of breath; then sank down on the road-side, overcome with horror, fatigue, and loss of blood.

What now was to be done? To return and assist Brooks in my miserable state, with two armed ruffians between us, must have been madness. That he was murdered I did not doubt: but, were it even possible that he might still survive, what could I, unaided, effect for his rescue? On recovering a little from the confusion into which this rapid succession of startling and terrific events had thrown me, I found that I had nearly lost the use of my left arm: the blood streamed from the wound down the coat-sleeve, literally drenching the arm in gore. What was to be done? To remain in my present position was perilous; to return, the risk was still greater. Maddened by a sense of personal danger, and perhaps by the still stronger motive of obtaining summary vengeance upon the murderers, I hurried forward towards Monte Video, which I calculated I should be able to reach in half an hour.

I had not gone far on the road when, about two hundred yards to the left, I observed the glimmering of a light. For this I instantly made, and found that it proceeded from a small cottage, at the door of which I knocked, and was admitted by an old hideous-looking Indian woman. A more frightful figure I never saw; and I dare say she had a still worse opinion of my aspect; for, on beholding the horrible appearance I

cut—pale, bloody, wet, without hat, and the clothes almost torn off my back—she started in terror, and, uttering a scream, retreated, followed by me, into the interior of the cottage. Here I found four savage-looking men seated round a table, drinking. One of them had a gun between his knees, and standing against the wall I observed four other weapons of the same kind, which I supposed to belong to the rest of the party. On seeing me, they sprang abruptly upon their feet: the man who had the gun beside him laid hold of it with both hands, and the three others made for their weapons. I had evidently startled them, and they looked irritated and alarmed.

However, there was no time for many words, or much minute observation. I told them at once what had occurred, and offered to reward them liberally if they would come along with me, and lend what assistance they could to my unhappy friend. They refused to move. I intreated them: they only gave surly answers, and desired me to be gone. I offered them any reasonable sum they might demand for their trouble—three hundred, six hundred, and, at last, a thousand dollars. My offers were vain: I was ordered to be gone, and not give them farther trouble.

At this moment, I observed him who seemed to be the chief of the party nod ominously to one of his fellows, who left the cottage along with me, for the purpose of showing me, as he said, the nearest cut to the public road. But, instead of doing this—instead

of desiring me to proceed straightforward from the door, as I had come — he took me behind the cottage, into a long, narrow strip of garden-ground, apparently stocked with kitchen vegetables. Here he desired me to wait for an instant, till he procured a light. I did so; but happening, by mere chance, to look into a back window of the cottage which opened into the garden, I saw the whole party, each man with his musket, advancing stealthily to the door. It instantly occurred to me that I had got into a den of murderers.

The advance of the band, as they turned the corner of the cottage, their stealthy pace, and ill-concealed whispers, confirmed my suspicions. There was not an instant to lose. I rushed down the garden, as if the legions of Satan were at my heels; cleared, with one desperate leap, the wicker railing which encompassed it; and flew onward, with the speed of lightning. The bloodhounds, meanwhile, were not idle: one shot was fired at me as I was running down the garden, another, as I was in the act of springing over the inclosure, and two more while in the field immediately beyond it. *Crack, crack, crack, crack*, went their pieces. I heard the balls whizzing past me: they seemed within an inch of my ears; yet, strange to say, I escaped them all. The darkness here stood me in good stead. Had it been otherwise, I must have been riddled with shot, from the hands of those desperately unerring marksmen.

Escaped from the shot, I had yet another danger to overcome ; for I heard behind me the footsteps of several persons, as in keen pursuit. For one instant I ventured to look back, and saw, in the gloom, the black forms of four individuals moving swiftly over the ground, in the same direction as myself. To escape this new danger, the exertions I made were tremendous. I had, it is true, no bag of game to encumber me, as on the former occasion ; but I was faint from loss of blood and previous fatigue : still, my efforts were incredible. The last remnant of my fast-fading strength was taxed to its utmost, and I ran with the speed of desperation.

Well did my limbs do their duty ; nobly did they sustain me in this race of life and death. By dint of exertions almost superhuman, my pursuers were beat to a stand-still. I shot ahead of them as a greyhound might do before a flock of wolves, and took refuge in a wood, where I remained till the dawn, when I ventured out, and arrived by a circuitous route at Monte Video, more dead than alive.

Having taken some refreshment, and had my wounds dressed by an English surgeon, who very opportunely chanced to be present, I communicated what had happened to the authorities of the town, who instantly ordered a party of soldiers to proceed to the scene of the rencounter. I accompanied them on horseback, being unable, after my severe fatigues, to go on foot.

Poor Brooks we found lying with his face in the

rivulet. He was quite dead, his body having been pierced with fourteen desperate wounds, one of which had transfixed the heart. About six yards from him lay the assassin by whom I had been attacked: his thigh, which had received the contents of my fowling-piece, was terribly lacerated, and still bleeding. The wretch, in truth, was in the agonies of death, writhing with pain and horror: he died in the course of an hour after we saw him. We learned from him that his associate in crime was the serjeant whom we originally met with. He gave us to understand that this man, having lost his brother, many years before, in the attack made upon Monte Video by the British troops under General Auchmuty, had sworn to murder every Englishman he could lay his hands upon: and but too successfully, in this instance at least, did he carry his diabolical vow into effect.

The savage vindictiveness of the Spanish character in him surpassed even itself, and glowed with an ardour of ferocity which could hardly be paralleled, except in the bosom of a fiend. To elude the search that was immediately made after him, and the punishment which would have followed such villany, we learned some weeks afterwards that he had left the country, and gone among the Artiglias, or Artesias (I forget which appellation is the proper one), a half-savage tribe inhabiting the mountains. Among them he was supposed to have taken up his residence; for he never more was heard of.

The body of my much respected and admirable friend was removed from the spot of the murder, and conveyed to Monte Video, where it was honourably interred, the officers of his vessel and all the British and other foreign residents attending the funeral, and paying the last sad tribute to his honoured memory.

SONG.

BY C. J. DAVIDS, ESQ.

Shine, lovely Star!

In ether far away —

No storms or envious clouds to mar

Thy pure and peaceful ray!

Thou seem'st a blissful isle,

Far from our world of tears,

Where happy souls are free to smile

At human hopes and fears!

Shine, lovely Star!

Beam, beauteous Star!

In ether's realms for aye —

I gladly welcome from afar

Thy mild and gentle ray!

When Life's poor dream is o'er —

Amid the spherul chime,

I'd fly to thee, and proudly soar

Beyond the wrecks of Time!

Shine, lovely Star!

OUR HELPER.

BY ISABEL HILL.

"What bird in bower may deal with thee?
I pray thee, Thomas, let me be!"

BORDER MINSTRELSY.

IT was in the first spring of this century that Farmer Granger, whose wife had fallen a victim to the uninteresting bleakness of Nailsea, removed his only child to "the Glostershire side," and took possession of the Dovecote, by Westbury-upon-Trim. He had settled this bargain at market with Luke Williams, who had the letting, their mutual landlord living chiefly in London. The rent was high; the widower impoverished by the illness and funeral of his helpmate, whose loss was likely to reduce his means still more: yet, the new home, for excellence of dwelling, air, water, and soil, was worth his venture.

Granger was a skilful, honest, temperate man: his daughter, Gillian, a domestic, economical, industrious girl. She rejoiced in the prospect thus opening on her, admired fine scenery, anticipated the vicinity of a great town with much satisfaction: untempted by the vanities of life, she panted to improve her mind and manner.

Now, the plump, fair, rosy, cow-eyed damsels, all loving simplicity, who abound in "our parts," have little need of education; but Gillian *had*. Her form was slight and muscular, with delicate feet and hands, graceful in stillness, wildly free in action. Her face, neither too florid nor too blonde, with its aquiline features, appeared almost sternly proud, yet quite unsophisticated. Her temper was even and cheerful, her heart pure, firm, and true. Hitherto it had loved but her parents.

Luke Williams would have put the new-comer, Granger, "in the way of things," but that a fall had temporarily lamed him, and tied his pretty little daughter to his bed-post. As a substitute, he sent an ex-parish 'prentice, Tom Jones, with a note, saying that "though the boy, having lately recovered from a fever, might not yet be up to much hard work, still, knowing every step of ground for miles, he could not fail to be useful." The bearer was present when Granger read this to Gillian: she gazed pityingly on the idleness-softened fingers of "the flaxen-headed cow-boy," who, bashfully thumbing his znarnat (serving hat), or smoothing his smock-frock, now and then glanced with awe at his future mistress. She addressed him kindly:—

"Well, Helper, when I go shopping, I shall want you, both as guide and guardian."

"I'll voller ee lick a dog, miss!" said Tom, "even thof you should *uze* me like one."

"No fear," she answered. "Go, get thy dinner."

When old Charity, their only woman servant, conferred with Gillian that night, she asserted that “a quieter, civiller lad never crossed a *drashel* than poor Jones: he shunned every eye, and blushed like a maid if Miss Granger’s name were mentioned.” Next day he showed her the way to the village, through a lone by-path, commanding a lovely view. He dared not — perhaps he had no words to express his feelings; but, pointing round him, turned his eyes to Gillian, and smiled, till all his teeth attested his sense of Nature’s beauties, animate and inanimate.

“Thank ye, Jones, for bringing me to this point!” cried Gillian. “Oh that my poor mother — but she’s in heaven!”

Tom lagged a step behind, warbling ardently: —

“Oh, what war thiz wordle mayd vor?
Oh, what war goold well payed vor?
But ’oman, and er love!”

“You’ve a voice, Tom,” commented Gillian.

“I, Miss? ax pardn, zure, vur my bouldniz, a tunin up avore the likes o’ you. Lard love ’e, I do mean no arm? — beant huffed wi me, bee?”

“No, no; sing on; I like to hear you.”

Tom now got a step before her, continuing: —

“Zad-ly my plough I voller,
Still in my ears da ring —
I wish I war a scholar!
I wish I war a king!” —

then, turning back to her, he said, archly, “That be

awnlee vun, awnlee the zong, zee. I don't ought to wish vor nothin, now I lives wi' *you*."

Free as Gillian was from self-love, she could not but notice the changing cheek, swimming gaze, faltering, sigh-broken tones, and frequent tremors of "our Helper;" but the poor fellow was so ignorant of forms, so innocent, so modest, that she would not scare him by evincing her consciousness that he was "truly her obedient, humble, and devoted servant." This very *naïveté*, however, rendered him shortly so candid, that Gillian felt embarrassed and opprest. He asked her, in their next walk, 'if she would just let him—like her, as if she were an angel from above, without saying any thing to measter.'

"I should be sorry, Tom," answered Gillian gravely, "to see a friendless orphan turned out to starve, or do worse; but I tell you plainly, I'll never marry any man beneath myself in manners."

"O, Miss Gilly!" gasped Tom, radiant with hope, "zum da zaay that I aught to be well awf, if every body had his awn. I'd vind out the rights o' that, I'd brush up my larnin, I'd buy gay clothes, vine veathers mayk vine birds. I'd move heaven and earth till the rent were lowered; nay, if you could but vancy me, I'd grow clever, rich, and comely, all at once, like a prince in a vayurree tayul!"

"Hold your silly tongue, do; look yonder!" said Gillian. They were approaching a clear stream, on whose bank stood a youth, in homely fustian, which

strongly contrasted with his *air distingué*. Though a green gauze shade concealed his eyes, Gillian could see that he was very handsome, with dark, waving hair: nor was he blind to her attractions; for, with a start, he dropped his case of fishing-flies: it must have fallen into the water, had not Tom picked it up, and, after one glance at the exterior, presented it to the unknown, who thanked him, in a melodious voice, offering some reward.

"I wunt ha 't, there then!" cried our Helper.

"Ma'amselle," said the gentleman, not heeding him, "I am a stranger here, and wish to learn how far I may venture with impunity."

"Sir," answered Gillian, "I am a stranger, too; but this boy shall take you to Farmer Williams; *he* knows."

"I wunt," reiterated Tom. "Poor Muster Looke bean't ta be worretted by every sprig that's hanker-ing about. Come long whoam, dear Miss Gilly, do!"

"One moment," persevered the stranger; "I have come from town for a little rural amusement, and wish to take apartments here—can you make room for me?"

"Meastur Granger be a varmer, not a lodgin-ouze kippur—dee hire?" sulked the doughty Jones.

At this moment the farmer himself came up, and, as Gillian called him "father," the wanderer repeated his request, announcing himself as Mr. Lloyd, a surveyor. The father looked from him to Gillian; poverty could not oppose the objections he read in her eyes; he therefore recommended his new acquaintance to a room

near them, but, otherwise, made him "free of the Dovecote, out doors and in, land or water;" and, seeing that he was tired, led him into its parlour, saying: "Sit down, and welcome, squire! Tom, tell Charity to serve up somewhat to eat, with a mug of drink; and, Gillian, go cull the young gentleman a posy."

"Ha!" cried Lloyd, with a mixture of dignity and vivacity, "this is the western hospitality of which I've heard so much."

Tom, hurrying from the room, beckoned Gillian to follow, delivered *all* his master's orders to the goody, then, pulling his mistress into the vacant dairy, shut its door, fell on his knees, and stammered forth, "Now doa n't 'e be angry wi me! I shall die if you do; but I can't wayt upon yon spark."

"I must then," said Gillian, coldly.

"You? no! pray kip awaay vrom un, do! or I'd knaw what'll come on't, wi iz vine words. Lord! I wuz bad enough avore—you marked I'd lost my stomach—you could n't guess azow my zleep had gone wee't: if za be you da teak up wi that veller, at your dore'll zoon lie my death, or hizn!"

"Get up!—are you mad?" demanded Gillian, severely.

"I must zim zo!" replied Tom; "but what's steazhun?—if he war a king, an it your vancy, or if I war a begger, an you it mine——"

"But," laughed Gillian, "how do you know that I shall ever *hit*, as you call it, the fancy of Mr. Lloyd?"

"Why, caaze *no* man can look on ye and not love. When I war zick I war aantid by a gurt yoller twoad, wi a knife in 's and; well, an he's az like it az——"

"A fish holding an umbrella over his head," concluded Gillian, running from him to the parlour: her father left it, bidding her entertain their guest.

Lloyd, instead of employing compliments and gallantries, conversed, in a friendly way, on general and interesting subjects. His manners were polished, but frank; he told her he was single, not rich, but trusting, by perseverance and frugality, to do well, adding:—"And that being, I understand, just your own case, you will, from fellow-feeling, show me the beauties of this neighbourhood, when you have leisure. In return, whatever information I can afford you, pray command!"

Gillian would have been delighted with this chat, but that, ever and anon, it was interrupted by the fidgetily popped-in head of the toad-haunted Helper.

"Is the lout afraid I should eat you?" asked Lloyd; "such an *oaf* must not mar the pleasure of our pedestrian excursions."

"I could not find my way without him," returned Gillian seriously, "and I beg that he may n't be quizzed."

Tom every day stuck close to the young pair; yet it was with an ill grace that he did the honours of his birthplace, speaking but to his mistress, and looking defiance at her town-bred beau.

"Really," observed that gentleman, "now I look again, your swain is not so quizzable; he's finely made, just tall enough, with a splendid leg; that picturesque ease, that broad, high, white forehead, ruddy oval face, pretty mouth and teeth, dimpled chin, sparkling hazel eyes—were not his nose a *little* inclined to turn up, and were it not for that luckless hempen wig——"

"Misis," broke in the agitated Helper, confronting them, "you mind, I awverhired *he* zaay wig!"

"Mr. Lloyd was praising your looks, lad," interpreted Gillian, with a smile.

"Ah, he can well avord that, while iz awn be thought most of, in spite his blinkers!" grumped Tom, hurrying on.

"I will not believe," said Mr. Lloyd, "that a young person of your merit can have given an inferior any right to betray this jealousy: at worst, he might wait till I deserve it."

"Sir," said Gillian, "Tom ought to respect you as his superior, but—I can't help his ways: I can but pity him."

The Helper's voice was now heard chanting:—

"Oh! who but I light artid

A little while agoe!

But now my joy's departid,

An aal my oapes be vlawn!

A red cwoat, he mought teame er,

A pass'n, or a squyur,

My love could awnlee sheame er—

As iz my art's dezire!"

"He is a bit of nature, indeed," sighed Lloyd, and made all possible head against Gillian's pity, by calling forth for himself her gratitude, admiration, and esteem; by pointing out how fit she was for good society, an elegant home, and mental occupations. He never said he loved, but Gillian began to hope that he would do so, in time. Though far above them, he did not look down upon her father. To such a husband she might be of use, and of him learn how to become the moderate station to which he could raise her. As yet they were not rich enough to marry: her manner towards him, therefore, remained that of a younger sister.

Thus things went on, when, one day, our rural *belle* walked alone, to inquire for the crippled Luke Williams. Little Charlotte ushered her to his bedside.

The good man started, stared, bowed, blushed, and sung out, "You bea n't Farnier Granger's daughter, Miss, sure, though? and come to live here?"

"Of course," she said, "he wants me more than ever now."

"I heard nothing of *you* before," muttered the invalid; "but, I say, you mind — *Beware!*"

Gillian eyed his nods, winks, jerks of thumb over shoulder, and layings of fingers to nose, in silent perplexity, then asked, "Beware! — of what?"

He drew her close to him, that the guileless little one might not catch the warning whisper in which he replied, with solemn significance: — "ZRENREE!!"

This mystic phrase was Greek to Gillian. She dared not attempt to repeat it, vaguely conscious that it meant mischief; but, shaking her head in despair, uttered, "I can't guess what that signifies."

I fear that many of my readers may be in the same situation; although, when a certain person, or rather an *uncertain Persian*, directed his letter to *Sromfredevi*, the agents of my townsman, Freeling, divined that this was intended for Sir Humphrey Davy: yet, the run-together, provincially-garbled syllables just cited require and deserve a brief digression.

"*That name*" was once potent as a magic spell, through all the country round dear old Bristol: by it was understood one fair baronet and no more, the which we loved passing well.

My grandsire and father were well known to the widowed Lady L——. She died while her heir was a youth. With good fortune and good looks, he early hunted himself into the acquaintance of a comparative neighbour or two, ready enough to set him free examples. *One* of these had excuses for not marrying which our hero could not boast. He was wedded to Liberty, and, of course, used her very ill; but he seldom concealed even his intents, and might well say, with Risinghame:—

"Nor will I
Deed done or spoken word deny."

A very prince for bounty, the women found him irresistible. Men of all stations called him honourable,

generous, sympathising, accessible; and, in the home which his mother had graced, afterwards superintended by her favourite domestic, the lively, elegant L—— was a pattern of propriety. For a short time he had gamed, and once been carried from a table where play ran high by force, and by Luke Williams; for which saving violence the only recompence he would accept was the miniature of his dear young master.

But the Baronet, though rescued from actual ruin, was obliged to sell his home and practise rigid retrenchment. The beauties of that spot were wasted, for a year or two, on a blind gentleman, who, finding its quiet painfully dull, offered to dispose of it for a price far lower than what he had paid. Its former owner re-purchased it, and many of our “fatted calves” nearly *killed* themselves with drink, for joy at the prodigal’s return.

When I was a child, I used to be taken a pretty long walk by our parlour-maid, Fisher, to visit her aunt, Mrs. Parsons, the aforesaid housekeeper. How plainly do I still see the prim, kind dame; the grey gables of that antique mansion; the real rooks in the chesnut trees; the painted robin on the window-pane! This estate, in “ould Measter’s time,” had been called Stoke Dean; in my young day, it was better known as “Zrenree’s.” When a knighted Christian namesake took a villa “over the down,” the rustics were ready to say or do any thing for “Arreepruthro,” except dubbing *him* “Zrenree.” It needed no address, no

surname, to tell *us* whom they meant. But Gillian was not yet initiated: for her edification Luke more slowly articulated:—

“Zur Ennurree! our landlord, bless him! a terrable gay man, love his soul!—Do n’t you fling yourself in his way—that’s all, my lamb!”

“I!” exclaimed Gillian; “whoever came in *my* way, I’d behave as is my duty; but I’m not likely to catch a gay man’s eye.”

“Yes, you be, though—a main likely girl—There be plenty of spies to tell him that a tightish maid’s come to the Dovecot. He’s with my lord, another reg’lar good un, at the Castle: but sure’s he comes back he’ll see thee, if thee’st above ground; nay, hide thyself down in a Kingswood coal-pit, and he’ll rummage thee up in no time.”

“Then I shall hate him!” cried Gillian.

“No, you won’t, I defy ye! Even men folk, who have vowed to shoot him for stealing their sweet-hearts, at one blink of his merry brown eye, forgive—nay, would die for him. His voice would wile the bird off the tree. He’s grand as a king. At the Agricult’ral Meeting, last year, there was Squire Paul, from Corsham, and Sir Richard, that they call the Colt and another name I won’t lay my tongue to, and the Marquis, from her ould Grace’s, by Stapleton, all goodly gentry as you’d wish to see upon a summer’s day. But hang me if the cock of the walk weren’t our Zrenree a’ter all! Oh! he makes love like an

angel, with tricks enough to cheat Bony; but he can't fool me."

"Tell me, can he draw? — does he love fishing? — would our Helper know him by sight?" asked Gillian in a breath.

"He can do or love any thing to serve his turn. If Tom ever saw him, half-saved as the boy is — 'tain't in nature once to have looked on those eyelashes, and then forget 'em — but why d' ye ask?"

Gillian could not answer; but hurried home, convinced that she loved one whom she must now avoid and despise! True Thomas was looking out for her — abruptly she asked him: — "Why did you stare so at that fishing-case?"

"Ah! why, indeed," sighed Jones, "while *you* were by!"

"Nonsense! — Can you read?"

"Yes — no — I can't read zmaal print, up, out, awf 'and; but I can zpell 't dru ta myzelf, like, Miss."

"Did you see any name on that book?"

"Why — no."

"Initials, then?"

"Nan?"

"Letters, child?"

"Ees — two."

"What were they, Thomas Jones?"

"Why, one un um, in coorse, were *Hell*."

"And the other?"

"A gurt *Haitch*."

"H. L. ! — too plain ! Oh, how shocking !"

"Be they unlucky letters, then, Miss ?"

"Hugh Lloyd hopes not," said the *soi-disant* surveyor, coming forward.

Diffidence, anger, and regret, contended in Gillian's look, as she said : — "Oh, sir ! God knows I wish ill luck to no one ; and don't deserve that any man should pretend to be my friend, and try to prove my enemy !"

"Miss Granger," said the youth soothingly, "whatever I *might* have *tried* to *prove*, you cannot tax me with any behaviour but such as a brother's, or a ——"

"Snake's !" put in Tom Jones.

"Carry your impertinence elsewhere, sirrah," said Lloyd, "unless ——"

"No, stay by me, Tom !" murmured Gillian ; "but be quiet. Enough, sir, that you are here — you could not have had proper motives for coming, disguised, as it were. Your curiosity, your self-conceit, must be satisfied by this time ; therefore, go away !"

"Miss Granger," retorted the youth, "this is tearing open the bud, instead of letting it blow gradually ! I shall appeal to your father ; if he permits me to visit here, I will beg him to prevent your lavishing your favour on that bumpkin."

"Sir," exclaimed Gillian, "I would rather be a bumpkin's *wife* than —— !" But he was gone, and

she went on thinking aloud, "Poor as we are, I know my father won't encourage him—and yet, to have made *them* foes—to have set so powerful a man against us——!"

"Powerful!" repeated the literal Helper: "I bea n't za tall az he; but I'd drash un rayurlee. Well, well! only you let I be always near'ee, and I'll nivur lift vinger against the man you do love."

"Tom," she sighed, "I hope I don't—I won't, if he be what I fear."

"If he be what he pretends," added Tom, "you be vit vur iz better."

"Nay, if he were only a professional gentleman——"

"*He* a gentleman!" stormed Jones; "to taunt you as if you were striking up to him—making love, whether he would or no?"

"If I thought he meant that, I'd scorn him!"

"That's right!" raved Tom, as if inspired, enthusiasm by degrees almost dignifying his accents and style. "Whoever he be, he can't love you as I do! Does he look as if he suffered? the coxcomb! Would *he* toil like a slave, or put up with coarse bed and board, to be by you? Oh! if you did but know what 't is for me to see you—so beautiful! to hear your darling voice! to touch your hand!—and yet feel sure that you care no more for me than if I were an old woman! D'ye remember what ye felt after your mother were dead, and before she was buried? There you knelt, listening, looking, loving, with your lips to

her's, certain that she never — never must hear, see, speak to ye, kiss ye any more! — all still, cold, and soon to be hid for ever from your eyes! I am worse off than that; for you, a stone to me, are warm enough for *him*."

Filial grief, womanly indignation, and compassionate yearnings, mingled in Gillian's tears. Tom was following up his advantage: —

"You see," he said, "you *must not* go on loving *him*! — you hear I *can* learn your nice way of talking — take me on trial as your sweetheart. He'll scale your window, some night — I'm always dreaming on't. I'd watch thee, every hour, as other true lovers are let do."

Tom was evidently so miserable, that Gillian only said mildly, as true Chastity can afford to speak: — "I'd rather die in honesty with one I only half loved, than live in shame even with *him*. If you wish to please me, never speak *so* again. Father shall recommend you to some other place."

Farmer Granger, with the formidable "H. L." now joined them; and the parent said: — "Gillian, I had just heard a report that *Somebody* was lurking here for no good, when this gentleman tells me all you have said to him — hear him out!"

"My dear girl," said the youth, bowing, "my very rudeness must have betrayed my passion. I now comprehend your late words, and honour you for them. Daring to believe that you have no personal aversion

to me, let me ask — though you might refuse to purchase indolence, luxury, amusement, homage, by what you deem an error — could you reject them, if legally tendered? — if I could make you Lady L —, a baronet's wife? ”

“Yes, sir!” answered Gillian, stedfastly. “No good ever came of matches like that. Such a rake would soon tire of me, and repent having stooped so low!”

“Do I look a rake — or capable of such meanness?”

“No, sir, if you were what you looked — what I thought ——”

“And if I could prove myself so? — if you could honourably mix with people of mind, in respectable life ——?”

“Oh!” cried Gillian nobly, “that would be heaven!”

“Come with me, then, to Stoke!” said her lover.

“Stop a bit,” cried our Helper, wiping his eyes; “I zees Luke a-hobbling here, as vast as two sticks can carry. He'll vouch vur tha vact. *I* knawed it aal along, awnlee I let Miss Gilly 'spect her sprunny, cauz ow I loved er myzelf. I'll make 't up t' ee, Measters, but I ax *her* parn! — Now I'll just speak to Muster Willums, and then, Varmer, Tom Jones shall be a better Helper than ever — quite another man!”

He ran to Luke. They disappeared together. In a few seconds, that good person entered, bidding Tom wait outside, and, with a half-vexed, half-diverted air, said, “Sarvant, neighbour! — glad all's well here. I meant fairly; but, safe as I thought myself — no

matter! *You* won't have to pay nigh so much for this land, as I said. Mr. Lloyd, *you*'ll never want a friend. My *good* Miss Gilly, poor Jones's only fault was — selling his clothes, and a bit of paper I trusted to him. That's over now, and for ever!"

"What can you mean?" cried Gillian.

Luke beckoned forward the well-known smock-frock — above it peered a face hitherto quite unknown to our trio. Ere they could speak, Luke drew a miniature from his breast. They gazed on its dusky curls and elegant attire; yet Gillian, with a flushing brow, exclaimed: — "Why, *this* is ——"

Luke put his broad palm over her lips, and, with peculiar importance, concluded — "ZRENREE!!!"

The Lloyds still flourish. Their junior, Charlotte, some years since, was a buxom matron; but who now lords it over dear Stoke Dean I know not. *He* left no lawful son; for

"The bird is dead that we had made so much of;"

and, to parody Scott,

"Some traveller, 'mid those grey stones,
May find the wig of Thomas Jones,
And, ignorant of man's levity,
Wonder such relic there should be!"

for
t a
ult
ed

ck
to
a-
ls
w,

th

te,
ow
ft



Miss Louisa Sharpe del^d

Engr^d by J. Goodyear & Co. London.

J. Goodyear. sculp^d

JULIANA.

JULIANA;
OR,
PROPHECIES COME TRUE.

A FRAGMENT OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF A SEA-PORT TOWN."

"Sprezzo fasto e la belta
E al fine scelse per se
L'innocenza e la bonta."

CENERENTOLA.

"LET not the honourable gentleman prophecy," said —— in the House one night — "it is a dangerous expenditure of mind."

But the relations of Juliana Albany had never heard ——'s sarcastic warning—or, having heard it, perhaps they plumed themselves upon having mind enough for the regulation of their own concerns, and some besides to spare for prophecy; perhaps, having heard, they did not believe it, for certain it is that never was infant heralded into the world with more "*I wonders*" and "*You'll sees*"—never child more educated upon proverbs and prognostications—never young lady launched into life with more shakings of the head and whisperings in corners—than the heroine of my story—lively, laughing, careless, Juliana Albany!

Poor child! — she began by disappointing the hopes of both parents in her sex. Seven girls already! — and Mr. and Mrs. Albany people of by no means East Indian wealth — it may be supposed how they hoped and prayed that the new comer should be a boy. The mother, too, was still young and pretty, (she had been married at the unripe age of sixteen) and looked with dismay at the lengthening line of daughters, each of which would have to be “brought out” in her turn. She regarded the coming days of chaperonage with horror; fears of needy young men, and envious dowagers — and visions of matronly hats and card-tables “out of the way of the dancers” — “cast their shadows before,” and distressed her in her sleep. Had it been only one, or even two daughters, she could have armed herself with reason and philosophy — but eight! — it was *too* much! — “Mr. Albany, my dear,” she would say to her husband, as he nodded over his newspaper, “what *are* we to do with our girls?”

“Advertise that the Albany stock is to be sold, in eighths, to the best bidder. — Come now, I must finish this debate — the girls can wait till it be done.” Mrs. Albany was ready to cry at her husband’s impenetrability.

In another point of view, my heroine was less welcome than any of her predecessors. All concerned about her cradle, and the very nurse, who in general has pride in and partiality for all babies, declared that she was a “poor, puny little thing” — and three great-

aunts, who never came a-visiting save on "family occasions," as they were called, passed her from hand to hand with sour looks and a sourer prognostication—that "she would be horribly ugly"—one of them even saw far enough into the future to foretell that she would be "short of capacity." Now, the Albany children had all of them hitherto been remarkable for personal beauty.—"Never mind, ma'am," said an old blunt servant, who had been domesticated in the house for many years, and, by some passing word let fall, caught that her mistress was dismayed at the idea of having the symmetry of her flock disturbed by one less fair than the rest—"never mind, ma'am," said this Christian comforter; "I promise you she won't live long to trouble nobody."

Juliana did, however, live on—"a poor, puny thing," as Nurse had called her, with a sallow complexion and huge black eyes—and a form so slender, even to fragility, that it was a certainty that she must be crooked if she grew up. As a baby, she had cried incessantly—Mr. Albany was a humorist—a man of musical ear—to whom the screaming of children (even his own) was a nuisance not to be forgiven. "Take that child away," he would say—"I cannot bear to hear her. What a temper she will have, poor little thing!" Mrs. Albany had always been talked of as a foolishly indulgent mother—this time, however, she was resolved not to "spare the rod and spoil the child."

Two—three—four years passed away—and Juliana

was yet alive — just alive and no more — “Such an expense as the child is in medical attendance!” Mrs. Albany would say to her neighbours — “well, I am no Croesus — and must save it in her education. She must learn what she can, and how she can; I cannot afford both medicine and masters” — and, as she finished this charming *motherly* speech, she turned to a glass to arrange a bunch of fuchsias in her still rich hair, which had been brought her from Paris — “a real bargain — there was no wearing English flowers — so horridly coarse!”

Well — it is a happy and consoling superstition (if reason forbid us seriously to enroll it among the articles of our belief), to trust that a peculiar Providence watches over and cherishes those who are unnaturally neglected and cast out in their childhood. This it is which gives its charm to that sweetest of all sweet fairy tales — Cinderella. It is not the pumpkin coach, nor the “six cock-tailed mice,” which drew her to the ball, to the amazement of her envious sisters and the eclipsing of their carefully planned splendour — not the mysterious vanishing of her finery when the clock struck twelve — nor yet the delightful pertinacity of the little glass slipper in refusing to fit any foot save the right one — it is not these incidents in themselves, fascinating though they be, which make us feel such a loving faith in the tale — ay, a faith, even in these days of scorn and unbelief — it is the idea that higher powers look down upon the “desolate and oppressed”

—that good angels are working to deliver those whom man refuses to aid—it is the pure and holy moral of the fable in which we delight—and which many a child, crouching over the fire, and perhaps tyrannized over and neglected, like poor Cinderella, has *felt* without knowing it!

But what have we to do with digressions into faery land, when a tale is to be told? Let us return to it.

Four more years passed away. Juliana Albany was still puny — still plain — and so very short of her age, that her charitable grand-aunts told her, as constantly as she was sent to spend a long, dreary, dutiful day in their pattern-house, (and this was often — Mrs. Albany was “so glad to get her out of the way”) — that she was sure to be a dwarf. The child fully believed them — yet, though vague feelings of mortification did cross her mind, when she looked at the growing forms and bright complexions of her sisters, (for some children come early to the power of drawing comparisons), and though, in particular, she wept a whole day, seized with a sudden horror at having seen a caravan drawn past the avenue-gates, with the picture of a small old woman standing on a shelf, and the motto above painted in letters as large as the figure — “Come and look at the Dwarf” — though these things, I say, troubled her with a passing and keen trouble, she was, on the whole, the happiest of all the Albany children — tossed about without regard or indulgence, and ex-

pecting none — gleaning up odd knowledge, no one knew how — with the sweetest of all sweet tempers — already proving that Mr. Albany had been for once mistaken in his prophecy — “She will be always a sight,” he now would say — “but she is a happy little thing — and I hope that our aunts, Mrs. Albany, will leave her a legacy — as she is so much with them — she must look forward to perpetuating the line of Albany old maids.”

“Never mind, my love,” his philosophical wife would reply; “we cannot expect the luck of getting them all married.”

Time went on — and the Misses Albany began to grow up, and to come out one by one, “shy and lovely as the stars of a summer night,” (so said a drawing-room poet); while their poor mother, now past offering any resistance to her fate, was fain to exchange the estate in which she had loved to hear herself called “that young-looking pretty woman,” for the cares and responsibilities of *chaperonage* — to attend balls in which she could not take an active part — to manage and manœuvre conquests for others, and not herself. And she did plan, and manage, and manœuvre her seven beauties in succession with consummate skill. Agatha, the eldest, who was foolish to the utmost degree of feebleness, was started on the strength of her dancing, and a peculiarly graceful twist of her ringlets; Kate, the second — “lively Kitty,” as her mother would

call her, when any body was within hearing — was intended to charm by her high spirits; and her artless, rattling gaiety was deemed particularly suitable to exhibit to very young officers and country squires, more burdened with acres than brains — to such men as “had a confounded horror of *blue* women.” Phœbe drew wonderfully well — sketched from nature with amazing freedom of hand. It was true that a sarcastic neighbour had said on hearing this well-worn remark — “Ay, free enough, in all conscience; a few liberties are nothing in her way;” but Mrs. Albany had not heard the *mot*, and cried up her sweet Phœbe’s simple tastes, her aversion to society, far and near, and, in accepting an invitation for her, would smile and hesitate, and say — “If we can *tempt* Phœbe.” She was laid out for the benefit of the studious. Clara and Caroline, twins, were to make their way to matrimony by their music — “just of a height — the nicest duet imaginable;” and much had the family endured to bring this to pass:—what practisings by the hour together!—what music-chairs, with upright, uneasy backs, always in the way, especially of the very weary!—what torturing of tuneless voices! Masters, however, had achieved wonders; and, it was told in triumph, “that they had sung with Mrs. Salmon, and she had said it was a pleasure.” Mrs. Albany had not waited for the close of her remark, delivered *sotto voce* to a gentleman present — “*a pleasure to get the thing over.*”

Martha, the sixth of this bevy of fair maidens—whose

beauty, I should have said, was of that evanescent nature, which passes away with early youth—Martha was scientific, the mistress of more *ologies* than it would be either safe or amusing to enumerate. She was the delight and patroness of all wandering lecturers, and her name was noised abroad as one who had a sincere thirst for knowledge, “very remarkable in a lady so young and so richly endowed with beauty.” Mrs. Albany had begun by being suspicious of *this line*; but ever after a certain Dr. Von Puffenhausen had brought a letter of introduction to Martha from some equally great man in London, and had looked over her collection of fossils, much to his own profit, (so he declared), even Mrs. Albany began to think that learning was not “better than houses and lands,” but that it might possibly be bartered for those useful commodities. Jemima—to conclude this weary catalogue and come to our heroine—was the beauty of the family *par excellence*, and did infinite credit to the hints she had received on the grace of certain attitudes, and how deep blue eyes were best brought into play. At home or abroad, in church or in a ball-room, she was always sitting for a picture; now dreamily bending over a book on her knee, (she had a feeble propensity for poetry), now tossing up a child with the grace of a *Ballatrice*, now looking out of a window at that precise spot where the sunshine fell brightest on her sunny hair—but I have summed up her perfections—she was a beauty, and nothing more. Such were the seven Misses Albany;

and what was startling, unintelligible, and most unpleasant, they were, strange to say, the seven Misses Albany still, at the time when the eighth, the forgotten Cinderella of the family, was beginning to shoot up, and when the time approached that she, too, should pass the Rubicon, so important to young ladies, and *come out*.

Left entirely to herself, to learn or to refrain from learning, just as she pleased; sent away for weeks at one time to that dull prison, the house of her grand-aunts, who were too grand to visit in so mixed a neighbourhood; then called home again, to be drudge and cipher among her sisters; our little maiden, it must be whispered, in spite of, or *because* of, all this unkindly training, was in heart and understanding worth the whole of them put together! She was gentle and affectionate, for she had been taught the real value of kindness; observant, for she had been compelled to discover every thing for herself; cheerful, for she required no luxuries; modest and self-postponing she was sure to be, when from her youth upwards she had heard little save the language of command and reproach, and had been driven about with as little remorse as her prototype in the fairy-tale.

She was not very beautiful — if it be beauty's test
To match a classic model when perfectly at rest.

Neither had she been ever allowed any of the advantages of dress, and had been merely permitted, as it were, to glean her dancing and music from her sisters'

lessons ; in short, she was “poor Juliana !” But she was sincere and kind-hearted, and, as for beauty—Time has sometimes cosmetics and elixirs, as well as corrosives ! It must be confessed, however, that she, too, had her own peculiarities ; she was exact, scrupulous, punctual to a fault ; and, whenever she was summoned by the skill of her fingers or wits to repair some blunder of her sisters’, caused by their opposite habits, they would cry with one accord, even while profiting by her assistance — “O poor Juliana ! you will be an old maid to a certainty !”

Great was the commotion in Albany Hall—Lord Gresford coming on a visit ! coming alone, too, for he had particularly begged that no one might be asked to meet him — was ever such a piece of good luck ? Mr. Albany had known his father at College, and, when he had died suddenly, and the heir was summoned home from the continent to attend the funeral, what was simpler than that he should ask him—almost a stranger in his own county—to come over for a while to Albany Hall, instead of shutting himself up in his own mansion and brooding over his loss — (for he was one of the young heirs who do not forget the deceased parent in the noble inheritance.) Nevertheless, simple as all this was, Mrs. Albany exalted it into an act of the highest paternal affection. “*Such* a father !” said she, with tears in her eyes, to every one of her daughters in turn, save the forgotten Juliana. When the

visit drew near, however, she was seized with a mis-giving — there were so many among which to choose! “Lively Kitty” accordingly was despatched to a neighbouring town, on a visit to a lady, whose house was always full of red-coats—Martha permitted to join a party on a geological tour in South Wales. Mrs. Albany had an instinct that his lordship would not like fun, and might be frightened with science. Clara and Caroline were also felt to be rather in the way, but three attempts to dispose of them for the time being to a lady going to Cheltenham, who had expressed a wish for some lively young companions, had proved abortive; so there was nothing for it but keeping them as much in the back-ground as was possible—unless Lord Gresford should prove fond of music, and, even then, he could not marry the duet!—Juliana was to go to her grand-aunts: they were about to remove to Worcester, for the sake of the gentility of the place, and she was a notable packer of china and nick-knacks, and could keep the old ladies quiet, when no one else could.

Well, the day came; Lord Gresford arrived to a late dinner, with such an establishment of luggage as promised a long visit. Happy Mrs. Albany! It has been maliciously whispered that, when dinner was over, the mother and her five daughters burst into the drawing-room with a general chorus of “Charming!” “Handsome!” “Delightful!” “*So gentlemanly!*” and other exclamations. Juliana meanwhile went

quietly into the inner drawing-room to pack up an old guitar — almost her only possession. It had been discarded by all her sisters — but she managed to make sweet music come out of it. She was to get up at five o'clock the next morning — it was bitter, bleak, January weather — to be sent away. She did not know why, but she felt unusually dull at the thoughts of leaving home; meanwhile such an eager parley as this was going on round the drawing-room fire.

“Your myrtle green dress in the morning, Agatha — it makes you look so delicate.”

“Yes, mamma — shall we take him with us to the Conderham ball?”

“If I mistake not,” said sweet Phœbe, “he would prefer a quiet ramble in the park to the glare of a public room, and so,” sighed she, “I am sure should I!”

Jemima was arranging her hair at a mirror — in such an attitude as Titian would have loved to paint. Unluckily, the gentlemen lingered in the dining-room, and the grace was lost!

“No music to-night, Clara and Caroline — I would not have you open the piano for the world. You can work at your embroidery.”

Meanwhile, the neglected girl was in the inner drawing-room, seated on a low ottoman, before the dull red fire, and lost in a reverie; of late she had begun to feel the pain of her situation as severely, as, of old, she had shrunk with terror at the thoughts of being a dwarf. Every one seemed so happy and so

hopeful, (she heeded not why) in the next room! and she was to be banished to the cold, orderly, severe, household of two old women, in which she was little more than an upper servant, without any one to take thought of her pleasure. She longed for the comfort of sisterly affection, for some person to care for her; and, scarcely knowing what she did, she just touched the chords of the old instrument—while her heart was far away—and murmured out rather than sung what her musical sisters would contemptuously call “one of her linsey-woolsey ballads.” This was

THE HAND-MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

O would that I were fair, Mirror! — O would that I were fair!
 From day-dawn until sunset, it is my only care—
 When I look upon my hollow cheeks, and this pale faded hair,
 I weep till I am weary quite — “Alas, that I were fair!”

For beauty is a blessed gift, whatever the degree;
 And, were it mine, the rest might have all money-bags for me—
 I've heard them preach that to the poor it is a grievous snare;
 But, though the Priest tells always true—I would that I were fair!

In yonder walnut gallery, there hang in gilded frames
 Full fifty pictures, at the least, of nobles and their dames,
 With lips like twin red cherries, so ripe and fresh they glow,
 And keen dark eyes that follow me, whichever way I go;
 It is my chiefest holiday to look and linger there—
 And yet it always makes me sad — O would but I were fair!

And, when my day's work's over, and, through the evening glooms,
 I see the swan-like ladies walk down the long gilded rooms—
 I crouch aside till they go by, like a poor, frightened hare;
 And yet their pride becomes them well — Alas! that I were fair!

And when their brother's in the court with hound and merry horn,
 And the young men all go out with him to hunt the deer at morn,

He'll speak so stern and look so dark, if he knows that I am there,
And frown, if but my shadow pass — I would that I were fair!

I've heard old Nurse and t' other maids a pretty tale admire,
Of one who sate all lonesome in the ashes by the fire;
Till a Faery came and helped her, and brought her rich array,
And a King's son needs must marry her, for all the rest could say:
I think upon that story, till my fate I scarce can bear,
For the good old times are past and gone—O would but I were fair!

He little thinks how oft I've watched beside him as he slept,
And a token his proud lady lost warm in my bosom kept,
And twenty times a morn I pray before that lock of hair—
O would I were that lady! — O would that I were fair!

And when 't is late at evening, ere his steed is in the stall,
I think of all the dismal things that ever did befall—
His Lady Mother feareth nought — his sisters little care—
So all the pain is laid on me — Alas! that I were fair!

I'll hide thee with a veil, Mirror! — I'll look on thee no more—
The homely things thou showest me, they make my heart so sore!
They fill this poor and silly head with fifty idle schemes,
And send me to my bed to weep, and dream disturbing dreams:
I'll try and learn, like other girls, to laugh and not to care—
So here's my last, last, look on thee — Yet, would but I were fair!

Just as Juliana was ending her ballad, scarcely
conscious that she had been singing, there was a
sudden pause in the gossip by the drawing-room fire.

“Hush, Juliana! What a noise you are making!
Hush, this moment! they are coming up stairs, and
Lord Gresford can't abide music!”

“O my dear Mrs. Albany! who can have maligned
me so cruelly?” said that nobleman, issuing from the
inner drawing-room, which he had entered unperceived
by another door. “I am almost a *fanatico*! What a

charming ballad that was!—though I longed to beg that the singer would let out her voice a little more.”

“You *do* like music, Lord Gresford! Clara! Caroline! open the piano immediately—you know I can’t bear to see it shut—O my lord! not that *you* should trouble yourself!—find some duets—Italian, or German, my lord, do you prefer?—I flatter myself you will be pleased with my little girls. Mrs. Salmon said——.” But Lord Gresford, who was an unluckily absent man, was looking round as if for something he could not find. Juliana did not make her appearance in the drawing-room again—she was so ashamed of herself: “to think of his stealing in and hearing her nonsensical ballad—when there were Clara and Caroline with all their grand Italian duets!” Betimes in the morning she was despatched, through a deep snow, on her desolate journey.

Time went on, and matters proceeded most satisfactorily; but Lord Gresford was the quietest of the quiet—the shyest of the shy: and, though he was obviously struck with Jemima’s beauty, he came and went, and went and came, and still he spoke not. The young ladies began to think him a bore; they were obliged to be so orderly and *genteel* whenever he paid a visit at Albany! And after lively Kitty returned from her visit (it was necessary to recall her, to prevent her running away with a young ensign who had not six-pence in the world), and, in her elegant phraseology, had de-

clared him to be "such a stick of a beau" it required a stedfast contemplation of the glories of Gresford Manor—its lawns and its lakes—its plantations and its pineries—and its drawing-rooms and ante-drawing-rooms—it required frequent meditations on its owner's services of gold plate, said to be among the finest in the kingdom—on the value of the family jewels—and the undisputed perfection of his equipages—it required all these, and more such comfortable reflections, I say, to make the Albany damsels consider his presence other than as a nuisance.

"A pretty amusing husband you will have, Mima," said lively Kitty, one evening, (when the girls were sitting over the fire of that same treacherous inner drawing-room)—"he said six words at dinner; just these: '*Will—you—take—some—wine?*' and '*Yes!*'" She could mimic his peculiar tone admirably.

"O, Kitty, don't for Heaven's sake—don't kill me with laughing! especially as I shall have to give it up, if—you know what—happens. O dear, he is a bore! and sometimes I can hardly keep from yawning in his face. I will have one or other of you always with me."

"And *such* fun we will have, Mima!—Hush!—did you hear——?"

"No—there was nobody!" said Jemima. "Manima's so busy over Juliana's letter—to think of our old aunts' taking such a gay fit, in their dotage—It's the Worcester air, I suppose—balls, concerts, and ora-

torios — nothing but visiting! Heigho! I should not mind going to stay with them now.”

“I expect Juliana will die,” said Kitty, “if she goes to all parties, far and near, in this way — poor little thing! — they’ll turn her head, and she’ll set up for a wit next! — ha! ha!”

“And a beauty, Kitty! ha! ha! ha!”

“And she sings at parties,” cried Clara and Caroline, in a breath: “sings to that old twangling guitar of her’s — Colonel Ross heard her — ha! ha! ha!”

The laughing chorus rose high. Kitty had been right: some one *had* heard the commencement of this choice dialogue. On the next morning, Lord Gresford was called away from Albany Hall by sudden and pressing business — he returned thither no more.

Months passed — a year — and Juliana Albany was still at Worcester. Her selfish mother would have fain cut short the only happy time she had ever known — but her father was more kindly. “No, Mrs. Albany — she *shall* stay with my aunts, as long as they wish — she seems contented and enjoying herself, and they will doubtless provide for her handsomely. Have we not girls enough at home?”

“How broad you are, Mr. Albany! — as if *my daughters* were not an ornament and blessing to any house!”

“I know who pays the milliner’s bills,” replied he, drily and decidedly. “Remember, I *will* not have

Juliana sent for!" So at Worcester Juliana remained.

Spring came on. There was a large May-day party at one of the best houses in that pleasant city, at which all that was rich and gay and aristocratic in the neighbourhood was collected. There were deans and archdeacons, colonels and captains, a Right Honourable or two—cards in one room, chess in another, dancing in a third, in a fourth, a supper splendid enough to deserve a separate and systematic chronicle—a marquee upon the lawn, with coloured lamps and a band of music—in short, it was *the* fête of the Worcester season. But veteran whist-players left their whist-tables, and the gay tent was deserted, and the dance stood still, and a crowd came eagerly thronging in from the supper-room—to listen to a ballad sung by the despised Cinderella of her seven sisters—the neglected Juliana Albany!

"No, no—not to-night!" whispered a gentleman to his friend. "Not in the midst of this mob, for any thing you could give me! You know I can't bear any thing public—I will call to-morrow, and introduce myself—if I choose."

"What, Gresford! have you not had enough of the Albanies yet?"

Lord Gresford started at the name, and walked away.

"At all events," replied the first speaker, "they have not taught him to leave off blushing. There he

goes, Brereton — I never saw such a fellow — he can't stand a word of raillery."

"Nay — if he be really smitten ——"

"Smitten! — why, so is every body! — she's as fascinating a girl as I ever saw! — lady-like, clever, and not *too* clever — and thoroughly unaffected. Not a bit of the Albany about her — you may be sure she has been the drudge of the family. I have seen the beauty and the wit, and, by Jove, I'd as soon marry a wax doll as the one, or a Judy out of a puppet-show as the other — such airs and vulgarity — you can't conceive any thing so detestable, Brereton."

"Can't I?" replied his friend, drily. "I've seen the geologist, and been coursed through her fossils — and I have heard the musicians. Ah! *you* don't know the Albanies, I assure you, unless you have been hammered at by Miss Martha, or tortured by 'Giorno d'orror,' from the flat and the sharp, as we used to call them. Come and be introduced to this one. They say those old great-aunts of her's can and will make an heiress of her."

"Thank you, I know her already — an heiress! — O, then that's the reason, is it, why she refused Sir Leonard Cochrane?"

"Refused! — By George! — and an Albany! — Come, I won't believe that!"

"It is true, though — and, what is more, Brereton, she did *me* the same honour the other night. We had been *valsing* together, and I had said something very

queer to her, before I well knew what I was about; and she — Gad — I can scarcely find in my heart to be angry yet — she did it so prettily — so sorry all the time, and blushed so — and yet she was as firm as a rock.”

Juliana was dressed earlier than her aunts on the following day; for Kitty had only heard the truth, in the rumour of the “parties, far and near,” at Worcester — and they were engaged to dine out. She went down to the library — a pleasant room it was, with the softest of easy chairs, and a latticed window, in which was set a rare china bottle full of choice flowers, some of which she had worn in her hair on the previous evening — and, to pass the time of waiting — (and, by the way, there is no tax upon human patience greater than abiding the termination of the toilette of a lazy and unpunctual person) — took up her guitar, and began to sing the “*Una volta*” from *La Cenerentola*. It was strange how she always involuntarily recurred to the music of that fascinating opera, when she was in a thoughtful mood — and, as her mind had developed itself rapidly during the time when she had been living a life merely of pleasure and indulgence, such moods had become of frequent occurrence.

“A gentleman,” — said the servant, throwing open the door suddenly, while she rested her guitar upon the little velvet *fauteuil* at her feet, and Lord Grosford stood before her, silent, nervous, and blushing,

(for there are yet men who can blush). He had taken a tremendously bold step for a person so bashful as himself.—Your bashful people always do the most impudent things!—And he was farther puzzled and thrown out by comparing the elegant, intelligent-looking girl, who sate before him, in a rich yet simple evening dress—the belle of the ball-room—with the little, brown, shabby, neglected girl, who had been so coolly thrust into a corner, at his first visit to Albany; and whom, to say the truth, he should have quite forgotten, save for her artless singing of that old ballad. Time, as we said a while ago, has cosmetics, as well as corrosives, in his possession!

“Really, I am afraid you will think me a strange bold person,” said he, while she rose quietly, yet a little surprised, to receive him; “but I know the rest of your family so well!—Lord Gresford.”

Now Juliana, instead of the proper speech, which would have been, “Oh, my lord, *you* have no occasion to introduce yourself—no one that has seen Lord Gresford once—” or something to that effect, bowed, without speaking, and wondered what had brought him there.

“Have you been at Albany lately?” said she, at last, finding that he did not speak, and thinking he might be the bearer of some news or message from home.

“No—not for some months—I merely—I missed an introduction last night—you were so much sur-

rounded — and I thought I might venture to stand my own friend to-day. I hope I have not taken an unpardonable liberty.”

“Certainly not, my lord — I am always glad to see any friend of my father’s,” was her simple answer.

The ignorant Juliana! Had her mother only seen her perfect and indifferent ease — had she only known of the two refusals she had given to the first decided proposals ever offered to a daughter of the house of Albany — how great would have been her disdain!

As it was, the two sat down, and began to talk about the guitar, music, and other such harmless matters. Lord Gresford, however, stayed two months, instead of one week, in Worcester.

It was a sultry, sulky midsummer evening—too hot for walking abroad, too bright for remaining in the house — an evening when books lose their charm, and music irritates the ear, and the most placid feel fevered as well as exhausted. The seven Misses Albany were lounging about the drawing-room in as many relaxed attitudes, Jemima contriving to look just like the picture of a weary Bacchante; for she had twisted a vine-leaf or two in her hair, and let its rich curls fall loosely about her face; Martha, primmer than ever; and Kitty, laughing out of vacancy, and because she could do nothing else, though never a joke, old or new, would come — when the unexpected sight of a post-chaise, driving down the park, at once roused the sister-

hood from their languor. With an eager "Dear!—who can be coming?" they rushed to the windows—even Mr. Albany stepped out upon the verandah, curious as to who the new arrival would prove to be; while Mrs. Albany chose to go and trim a geranium which stood on the portico steps—(she never gardened save on such occasions). The vehicle, after appearing and disappearing among the trees, at last fairly drew up. There was a universal scream, as much of surprise as pleasure—"Juliana!"

"Juliana come home!"

"How changed she is!—grown quite a woman, I vow!" said Kitty.

"What is all this?" cried Mrs. Albany, contenting herself with a very trifling embrace. "What have you come home for? I told you, Mr. Albany, they would be sending her home in this sudden way, some day or other—did I not? Old maids are always capricious. Well, Juliana, this visit must last you."

"How she is grown!" cried her father, delighted with the improvement in her looks. "Juliana, I am right glad to have you here again—but why did you not write?"

"I did, papa. But has not Gresford—*Lord* Gresford—delivered my letter?"

"No, he has not."

"Gresford, indeed!" echoed lively Kitty, *sotto voce*. "Was there ever such a change?—Worcester air, forsooth, and Worcester airs!"

"Then I must tell you myself, I suppose," continued she, when they had reached the drawing-room. "My aunts chose to go to Malvern for a few weeks, and — and I begged hard for them to let me come home while they were there. I wanted to see you all again," and she looked round her with a cheerful fondness which met no answer. "And — but has he not been here — Lord Gresford, I mean?"

"No, indeed," replied Mrs. Albany, stately. "Come here, indeed! — why, I should like to know?"

"To speak to my father," replied Juliana, innocently and without disguise. "He has asked me to — to ——" and she fell upon her mother's neck, and burst into tears.

And they were married before Autumn made brown the woods of Gresford Manor. Kitty laughed, and attempted to crack jokes at the wedding. Jemima essayed a scene, when her former admirer re-appeared at Albany — but for once failed in acting it gracefully. The rest of the sisters prudently thought of Christmas parties to come, and seasons in London, with all their five hundred dances and delights, and *gave their consent* with a tolerable show of warmth and affection. But Lord Gresford took his lady abroad for a year or two: and, on their return from Italy, though he encouraged, and even surpassed, his charming wife in every substantial kindness to her sisters, he showed less disposition to fulfil their expectations in the matter

of frequent and familiar intercourse than some might have thought natural. They were reduced, therefore, to the vainglorious (and to themselves painful) amusement of talking of the grandeur and prosperity of their sister, Lady Gresford, and the beauty of her four boys — for she bade fair to be the mother of a line as long as the one whence she herself had sprung — the other links (or members) of which all remain Misses Albany — even unto this day.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

The spirit of the air is busy now,
Treading the woodland and the lonely glen,
And waking on the bough
The solitary throstle and the wren.

Round the still clouds that speck the midnight dome,
On the dim waters gushing from their spring,
And where in solemn gloom
Stand the old pines — its voice is gathering.

But, restless spirit, say, whence dost thou come?
From the chill waters of the polar brine,
Closing thy wintry home
On every voice, save the gaunt wolf's and thine?

Or have thy dreary orphan wanderings been
Round the fair islands of the southern deep ;
Through bowers for ever green,
Fanning the Indian in his noontide sleep?

Or has the parched and feverish desert heard
Thee, like an angel, murmuring deep and slow ;
And each faint sickening bird
Felt thy refreshing gladness round it flow ?

Or hast thou been amidst the wilds of death,
Bearing the dire Sirocco from its cave,
And poisoning thy breath
With the corrupt effluvia of the grave ?

Yet grateful are those mighty tones of thine,
Wakening the forest to its deepest cave,
Though thou hast trod the brine,
And carried the loud tempest o'er the wave ;

Though thou dost strip the soft light from the lake,
And bendest the gloomy pine-top from its rest,
And mightily dost shake
The shrub's lithe stem, where rocks the linnet's nest.

Yes, thou hast trod each land, and now art come
To catch the perfume of our flowery vale,
And to the cottage home
Bear'st the wood's music and thy wandering tale.

GLENGORROCH.

A TRADITION OF THE FORTY-FIVE.

BY ALEXANDER A. CARR, ESQ.

THE clan of Glengorrock had long been stanch adherents of the ill-starred house of Stuart, and in 1715 their chieftain had fallen a victim to his Jacobitism, when an ineffectual struggle was made by a descendant of that family to regain the sovereignty of Britain. After his decease, the chieftainship devolved on his only son, Evan, then about thirty years of age, but who from prudential motives had been left at home by his father on the outbreking of the insurrection, though he yielded not even to him in his attachment to the survivors of that race, or in the ardour of his Jacobitical principles. With his years his zeal for the cause in which his father had suffered seems to have proportionally increased, since, after the death of his lady, who left him one beautiful daughter, we find him manifesting so intense an interest in its behalf as to be paying frequent visits to the exiled monarch at his mock court at St. Germain. Perhaps the severity of the government, by which the extensive possessions of his ancestors had been reduced within the narrow

compass of a few acres of waste and barren land, contributed not a little to keep alive this devotion to the cause of the Stuarts, by exciting within him a corresponding hatred and spirit of revenge against the reigning family of Brunswick. Be this as it may, we are certain that, when Prince Charles Edward, thirty years subsequently to the unsuccessful attempt made by his father, landed in the north to commence a new struggle for the dethronement of King George, he found no one more ready to aid him in his enterprise than the poor but proud-spirited chieftain of Glengorrock.

It was on a fine still evening, in the autumn of 1745, that the clansmen of Glengorrock, with their aged chieftain at their head, marched from the Highland glen of that name, to share the fortunes of Prince Charles Edward, who had reared his standard on the heath of Glenfinnan. Their wives and children were collected in groups on the side of the Gorroch Mountain, in order to enjoy as long a view as possible of the "tartaned warriors." The anxious though somewhat proud interest with which they gazed on their departing kinsmen deepened in proportion as the distance between them was magnified; and when, at length, an abrupt winding of the glen carried them one by one from their sight, a simultaneous shriek, or rather yell, burst from the female multitude. Then, having gazed for some time on the particular object of their love or affection, they hastily pressed their weeping children to

their bosoms, and slowly began to move down the declivity of the mountain to their hamlet in the vale below, to muse in silence on the strange enterprise that was taking their relatives “awa frae the land o’ the mountain and heather;” while Lady Helen, the daughter of their chieftain, returned in sorrow to the old castle or tower of Glengorloch, which reared its high and somewhat dilapidated turrets on the summit of a precipitous cliff, that projected from the northern side of the mountain.

With the proceedings of Prince Charles, after his being joined by the Glengorloch and other disaffected clans, our readers are too well acquainted to require any further information from us. They will recollect that, on the evening prior to the battle of Preston, the royal army under the command of Sir John Cope lay encamped on that wide and then barren plain which extends between the village of Tranent and the sea; whereas the insurgent forces occupied the gentle slope of a hill a little northward of that village—an extensive and intricate morass, which has now disappeared under the improvements of modern agriculture, stretching between them. Thus were the rival armies situated on the wet and foggy night of the 20th of September, 1745, awaiting the approach of the dawn to commence the onset. The hardy mountaineer, accustomed to deeds of slaughter and bloodshed, lay wrapt in his tartan plaid on the bare ground in profound repose; while many a less courageous Low-

lander, who had either joined in the enterprize, in a fit of enthusiasm, or, from a spirit of retaliation, engendered by wrongs received from those in authority, heard the cry of the sentinels as they changed guard, and viewed the watchfires blazing on the plain, with feelings of a far from pleasing kind.

On that night, as the chieftain of Glengorloch sat in his tent, after his brother officers had retired to their slumbers, meditating on the probable issue of the morrow's engagement, there entered the form of an aged Highlander, accoutred in a full suit of armour; but his body was bowed down with the load of years, and the sword, which hung unsheathed by his side, was reddened with gore, that flowed in a dark purple stream from his many wounds. His face was unearthly pale, the features being contracted into a convulsive grin, rather, however, betokening a feeling of acute pain than displeasure. The spectre, (for such it was), glided toward the spot where the chieftain was sitting, and then, fixing his lustreless eyes upon him, pronounced in a solemn, sepulchral tone—"Glengorloch, prepare; for thy hour is coming! Ere the morrow's sun hath set, the last chieftain of Glengorloch shall be no more!"—and, as the voice died away, the figure became gradually more and more indistinct, till it almost disappeared. At first, the chieftain had tried to speak, and ask the officer, whom he then conceived the apparition to be, the cause of so unexpected a visit; when suddenly the idea of his being in the pre-

sence of Dhorach nan Dhu, the mysterious being who was supposed to preside over the destinies of his race, flashed upon his mind, and rendered every effort for some time abortive; though his mind remained little more affected than might be attributed to surprise at so strange a sight. During the vision, he sat boldly gazing on the spectre, and, instead of appearing alarmed or daunted at the appalling annunciation, a smile of sadness played upon his aged features; and, on regaining his speech, just as the apparition was gliding out of sight, he calmly exclaimed — “Spectre! Phantom! or whoever thou art, who hast thus kindly come to warn me of my approaching doom, depart not, I pray thee, till thou hast likewise foretold to me what shall be the destiny of the heiress of our house, that, when the fatal blow shall fall upon his head, Glengorloch may die in peace!”

While he spoke, the spectre entirely vanished; but at the farther end of the apartment the figure of a lady in tears, and in deep mourning, was seen approaching a gloomy convent, at the portal of which stood a train of nuns, attired in the unostentatious garb of the sisterhood. As the lady entered the convent, the tent resounded with the solemn tones of the organ, which ceased when the novice and the nuns disappeared, and the gates were closed. Glengorloch sat for some time, with his eyes riveted to the spot where the vision had melted away, engaged in deep thought. At length he gave utterance to the painful emotions which over-

came him at the latter apparition : — “ And is it even so? Are thus all my high fancies to be blasted for ever? And is it to fare thus hard with the last remnant of Glengorloch! Alas! my poor child—how are all thy father’s proud hopes and wishes for thy happiness in a moment departed, and the heart which could have smiled on its own misfortunes made to weep tears of blood for thine!”

During the remainder of the night he continued to pace backward and forward, his mind engrossed by the most melancholy reflections. The dawn at last began to break; and his musings were interrupted by his old and faithful domestic, Dugald Glen, a Lowlander by birth, but whose long servitude had caused him to be considered by his master rather in the light of a confidant than an ordinary serving-man. He entered the tent with a smile on his countenance, which was speedily dispelled, as he observed that of his master overcast with a look of unusual sadness. Without paying much attention to the old man, who had now intruded himself into his presence, Glengorloch continued his perambulations, engaged in the same gloomy reverie as previously to Dugald’s appearance. By this time daylight had advanced so far as to render the torch, which continued to blaze upon the heathy floor of the apartment, altogether superfluous. This quickly attracted Dugald’s notice, who remarked, as he extinguished the blazing faggot, that it was “neither mair nor less than sinnin’ ains mercies to use

baith day an' torch light at the same time ;" and this he did in a louder tone of voice than usual, chiefly with a view of arousing his master from his reveries, that he might ascertain what had given rise to the painful reflections, which, from long experience of his habits, he readily saw were passing in the chieftain's mind. The latter, at the loud exclamation of Dugald, turned hastily round, and, speedily assuming his wonted smile, said to the venerable valet—"So, Dugald, you are early a-foot—you, for one, seem determined not to be backward in the fight. How goes the time, Dugald? is the prince a-start yet? and how are our English friends looking this morning?"

"Please your honour," replied Dugald, bowing respectfully, "the sun is just beginning to keek out frae the clouds owre Berwick law: an', as for the prince, he's been runnin' frae ae tent to anither this half hour, an' I doubt na will be wi' your grace i' the crack o' a nut-shell; an' when I cam' ben the Southrons were puttin' out their fires, and seemed to be in an unco flurry. But, i' the name o' the Holy Virgin, what's makin' you look so pale an' fearsome?—I declare your cheeks are as white as a snaw-ba', or a sliced turnip. It canna be that your honour's fear'd for the day's wark; but aiblins you may find yoursel' owre weak to fight at your time o' life, an' nae wonder?"

"Fear hath ever been a stranger to the heart of our race, Dugald," rejoined the chieftain, reassuming the thoughtful look which had been dispelled by the ap-

pearance of his attendant, "and at no period during my long life did I feel myself more able or willing to wield my sword manfully than to-day. But, if my face be, as you say, paler than usual, it is owing neither to fear nor weakness:—other and weightier causes are required to drive the colour from my cheeks, and, alas! there have been sent enough to curdle every drop of blood in my veins. But thou knowest them not, Dugald, and it is better thou shouldst not, for thine old eyes will mayhap have closed in death ere the last event come to pass."

"By the holy St. Peter," said the old man, with a look of the most serious alarm, "am I to believe my ears, or has your honour been dreamin'? My dear maister, if you care ae strae for your puir servant, tell him what it is that's makin' you speak i' that fashion. Before I left you last nicht, you were in the greatest spirits, an' now you're lookin' as white as a corp, an' talkin' i' that fearsome manner, just when ye're on the point o' bein' restored to a' your ancient honours and dignities. O! my dear maister, tell me gin ony danger's like to happen to thee or thine, an' auld Dugald Glen'll no grudge the best drap o' bluid in his body to keep you frae scaith"—and here the tears rolled down the old man's face, as he fell to the ground and grasped his master's knees.

"Poor old man!" said the chieftain, a tear at the same time glistening in his eye, "last night I thought, as thou dost even now, that honour and power were

about once more to smile upon our ill-starred house; but the fates have otherwise determined. However, my kind old man, enough hath been left from the wreck, to enable thee to spend the remainder of thy days in peace and comfort. Take this, Dugald," holding out to the old man his purse, at which, however, he gazed without offering to accept it; "this is all I shall be able to leave thee for thy long and faithful services, but I will speak to the prince in thy behalf, and he, I doubt not, will not see our old servant want. One thing," added Glengorloch, hurriedly, "one thing let me beseech you to do in the event of evil betiding thy master; give this ring to Helen, as a memorial from her father."

"My honoured maister!" exclaimed the poor old man, after many ineffectual efforts to speak, and in a voice quivering with emotion, "wae's me that my auld een should hae seen this day! Auld Dugald Glen should hae been langsyne lyin wi' his forbears in Auchtermuchty Kirk-yard. O my puir maister! But what did the bogle say was to befa' Leddy Helen?"

"Ask me not farther, Dugald: what I have alluded to has been foretold for the last time by the being who presides over the destinies of our race. Take the money, Dugald; you will find it useful when you are once more obliged to shift for yourself; and keep this for Helen."

"O my puir maister! an' is it so you think my affections are to be got and brokin' off? Do you think

auld Dugald Glen can live after his first and only maister has perished? No, no, my lord; the same hour that shall end the race of Glengorloch shall lay auld Dugald i' the dust. I need na therefore the money, my lord, an' the ring you maun consign to other hands, to gie puir Leddy Helen. O my puir maister! wae's me I should hae lived to see this day!"

"Thou art wrong," said Glengorloch, struggling to conceal his emotion; "thou art wrong, my kind, old man — thou mayest yet live to see many a happy day; and it were folly to betake thyself to the field, resolved to follow the fate of thy unhappy master, particularly when thou couldst be so well employed in conveying to poor Helen this last token of her father's love."

Any further controversy on this distressing subject was arrested by a slight tap at the door, at which, almost instantly, Prince Charles entered, between two Highlanders, who placed themselves by its side. He wore a blue velvet bonnet, surmounted by the famous "white cockade," and a tartan coat, with the star of St. Andrew on its breast. A blue sash, embroidered with gold, hung gracefully over his shoulder; while at his side dangled a massy silver-hilted broadsword. His countenance was lightened up with a smile; and immediately he began to discourse with the chieftain respecting the approaching contest. During this interview, the latter seemed to have regained his former spirits, smiling, and even laughing, at the humorous remarks with which the Prince's conversation, as

usual, abounded. Ere long, they sallied out together, joined the rest of the officers, held a council of war, and resolved to attack the enemy immediately.

The mist, hovering in dense clouds over the intervening morass, prevented either army from distinctly observing the movements of the other; so that, by the aid of a person well acquainted with the ground, the troops of Prince Charles were enabled to cross the marsh without observation, and to draw themselves up in order of battle. A scene of bustle and confusion pervaded the royal army, when the terrific yell, whereby the Highlanders commenced the attack, too truly proved that the hedge which they fancied they saw before them, gradually becoming more and more conspicuous as the day approached, was none other than the armed host of the enemy. Short but decisive was the conflict that followed. The hardy Highlanders, with the fury of a winter's torrent, rushing down their mountain glens, fiercely assaulted the troops of the foe, and, in five or six minutes, routed and put them to flight. Then, amid the groans of the dying warriors, rose the joyful shout of "God save King James! the Stuart for ever!"

After the battle, the field presented, as might have been expected, a most melancholy and disgusting spectacle—strewed with the mangled bodies of the slain, who had fallen under the tremendous broadsword. The few surviving retainers of Glengorloch sought out from the lifeless bodies of their clansmen

that of their venerated master, which was pierced with many a wound. During the engagement, he had fought bravely at the head of his own undisciplined group of mountaineers. The last charge was made. Glengorloch rejoiced in the expectation of victory, and the prophecy of Dhorach seemed unlikely to be realized. And victory came—but the chieftain was pierced with a bullet which stretched him on the plain—and on that now-cultured spot where he fell, a stately hawthorn tree, that has braved the storms of upwards of ninety winters, points out to the passing traveller the place where in peace he rests from his warfare: a solitary mound near it marks the lowly sepulchre of his faithful domestic, Dugald Glen, and the greater part of the ill-fated clan of Glengorloch.

On the evening of that day whose morn had proved so fatal to her parent, did the fair Helen leave the tower of Glengorloch, with the intention of visiting the hamlet, to ascertain if any intelligence had arrived of the proceedings of the Prince: but so occupied was her mind with forebodings relative to the success of the enterprize wherein her father had embarked his life and fortunes, that she strayed in a different direction, through a wild and trackless ravine, utterlyunconscious, or at any rate heedless, whither she wandered.

Over this rugged path did she continue her course, notwithstanding the many obstacles which impeded her progress, till her farther advance was stayed by her arrival on the margin of the deep lake of Gorloch,

whose placid bosom was then illumined by the pale rays of the moon. As she gazed on its tranquil waters, slumbering in all the beauty of an autumn eve, the anxious feelings which previously harassed her mind became gradually subdued. Regardless of the hour and the solitude of the spot, she seated herself on a fragment of rock, which lay on the margin of the lake, and continued, if not to admire, at least to be soothed by, the calm scene before her.

At length, however, her attention was irresistibly distracted from the subject that had given rise to her moonlight excursion, on observing, at about sixty or seventy yards from her, a sudden burst of flame arise from a small island, whereon mouldered the ruins of a chapel within whose vaults had been deposited, for ages, the ashes of the chieftains of Glengorloch.

Utterly at a loss to account for so strange a circumstance, and possessed of a mind impressed from her earliest childhood by the wild legends and superstitions which then had, as they still have, a powerful sway over the feelings of the Highlanders, it will not be wondered at that a sort of dread overcame her at the sight. It increased, as the moon became once more obscured by a dense mass of clouds; the dark interval being rendered yet more dismal by the terrific glare in which the whole of the trees upon the island were speedily enveloped. Motionless, she sat with her eyes fixed, in fearful gaze, upon the towering conflagration, which appeared to be fast consuming the spot that had

ever been held sacred by the natives of that wild region, till the lake, and the hills in whose bosom it reclined, became once more irradiated by the more genial light of the moon.

No sooner had the clouds floated from before her round disk than the pale Helen descried a form, apparently of mortal mould, gliding upon the surface of the water, and nearing the spot where she sat. She had just time to observe that neither boat nor oars were required to carry this mysterious intruder on her solitude to the shore, and to infer that none other than Dhorach nan Dhu, of whom she had heard much, but whom she had never before seen, was approaching, before terror overcame her, and she swooned.

On arriving within a few yards of the damsel, he halted; and, looking long and stedfastly on her pale features, his withered countenance assumed a look of pity, as he uttered to himself in Gaelic, "And has it at length fallen upon Dhorach nan Dhu to pronounce to the fairest maiden of these mountains the fate which has long been hovering over her father's race? Now is my father's son the most wretched of beings. Oh! blame me not, lady; for even now methinks I see an upbraiding look distort thy most beautiful of countenances."

Thus far had his soliloquy proceeded; when the object to whom it related, probably startled by the loud tone of the speaker, or supernaturally influenced, raised her head from the position into which it had

fallen on the occurrence of the syncope, and, strange as it may appear, now looked with composure upon the being whose very approach had well nigh bereft her of life. A pause ensued, ascribable, probably, on the part of the one, to a certain incapability of utterance which has uniformly been supposed to overcome mortals when in the presence of beings of "more than human mould," (and of the etherial essence of Dhorach nan Dhu it may readily be supposed Lady Helen did not harbour the slightest doubt) — and, on the part of the other, to an unwillingness to perform the painful duty which devolved upon him as the seer who presided over the destinies of Glengorroch.

Turning, at length, half round, and pointing to the flaming pile in the midst of the lake, he continued, "Lady of Gorroch, seest thou yonder flame, in which is consuming the spot where the ashes of thy ancestors repose? Thy father and the clan whom thou sawest march forth from these glens shall need no such resting-place! They and he from whom thou art sprung have found a sepulchre on the battle-field of the Lowlander; and there in peace shall the last chieftain of Glengorroch rest from his warfare! The work of Dhorach nan Dhu is now at a close; and with yonder expiring flame," continued he, still pointing to the island, where the fire was now nearly extinguished, "shall perish the seer of thy father's clan!"

Having thus spoken, he plunged head-foremost into the lake, and the reverberation of one solitary shriek

among the surrounding caverns and glens rang the death-knell of Dhorach nan Dhu.

How or when, after the above awful meeting with Dhorach nan Dhu, Lady Helen reached the tower of Glengorroch, the tradition, from which we have derived the incidents of our tale, leaves us uninformed. Certain it is that from that period her health and beauty began to wane, notwithstanding all the efforts of those who lent their skill to effect a cure; and that, prior to her entering a foreign convent, not many months afterwards, such as were familiar with her traced, in the incoherence of her discourse, which always had reference to that fatal meeting, a lamentable failure in the faculties of her mind.

THE LAST EVENING PRIMROSE.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

Of all my loved Primroses
That wooed the evening hour,
One — one alone — its petals pale discloses,
The last left, lingering flower.

To every breeze, to every breath,
It feebly flits and trembles;
And my frail self resembles,
Just shivering into Death!

he
ark
of
red
er-
aty
ose
to
er-
the
der-
the

ose.



F. Stone, del.

Pub.^d by Ackermann & Co. London.

C. Rolis sculp.

THE CONFESSION.

BY L. E. L.

I pray thee, father, do not turn
That dark and angry brow on me—
How can I, father, bear a frown?
I never met but smiles from thee!

I pray thee pardon if my heart
Has owned another love than thine:
I pray thee for my mother's sake—
You often say her eyes are mine.

I have no memory of those eyes,
I never saw my mother's brow—
And yet I look to heaven and feel
That she is pleading for me now.

She loved you, father, as I love
The Earl whose name you will not hear—
A love that trembles while it owns
'That nought on earth can be so dear.

I'll tell you how it was we met :
'Twas when you waited on the king.
Of eighteen years that I have known
I never saw so sweet a spring.

I staid but little in our halls,
The woods around us were so fair ;
The young leaves seemed like flowers, so bright,
So fragrant, and so soft, they were.

The maiden-hair flung o'er the banks
Its long, green tresses, and beneath,
Hid in its little world of leaves,
The violet hung its purple wreath.

The hawthorn spread its perfumed boughs,
A very Araby of snow ;
And sunshine through the aspen flung
A trembling shower of gold below.

You know, my father, you first taught
My steps to love these wanderings wild ;
The leaf, the brook, the singing bird,
Were your first lessons to your child.

I've said how glad the murmuring rill —
How fair had every wild flower grown :
I longed to say how dear they were —
'Twas sad to wander there alone.

Like me he loved the green-wood side,
The opening leaf, the early flower :
Beside the old oak we grew friends —
My father, 'twas a happy hour.

And dearer every ancient oak,
And dearer every green path grew,
Now that their solitude was gone,
And that another loved them too.

He loved to hear me talk of thee,
Your tender kindness, and your care ;
And how it was beside your knee
I learnt to breathe my infant prayer.

Forget the past, the dreary past,
And let the present pity move —
Ah ! shall an ancient feud divide
Our deep, our young, our happy love ?

My father, is forgiveness near ?
I read it in your softening eye :
Think of your own youth's dearest dream —
My mother loved, and so do I.

My father, dost thou smile on me ?
My pleading has not been in vain
Bless me, my father, bless your child,
And take her to your heart again !

WOMAN'S GRIEF.

BY CAPTAIN CALDER CAMPBELL.

When he died —

He whom her passionate heart had loved so long —
Grief fell upon her, like the mist of night,
That wraps the lone lake in its sombre shroud :
That silent grief — the atrophy of spirit
Which sits upon the brows — an incubus,
Brewing dread phantoms in the dreary brain.

There were no shrieks

Parting the gentle air ; no maniac screams
Severed the roses of her ruby lips.
But there was darkness of the mind — decay
Of sentient vision for external things —
And in the dim recesses of her breast
Memory sat brooding (like some bird obscene
That cowering rests upon the loathsome egg,
Whose shell contains the deadly cockatrice) —
Over one only thought — the stunning thought
That *he* was dead who loved her long and well !
And in the spelled and fearful solitude
Of sorrow, that could find no vent in speech,
Her spirit maddened — withering 'neath the bane,
The venom dripping from those unwept tears,
That fly the eyes to curdle round the heart !

THE LION AND THE LAMB.

A NAVAL STORY.

BY THE OLD SAILOR,

AUTHOR OF "TOUGH YARNS," &c.

"O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys!"

CYMBELINE.

"THE first lieutenant says, sir, that the boat's waiting for you, sir; and if you don't bear ahand you'll have to get ashore upon the sheet-anchor, and take the best bower for a walking-stick"—was the exclamation of an old quarter-master in the cockpit of the Darling frigate, then lying dismantled in Sheerness harbour, to a youthful midshipman, who was taking one last, lingering look at the solitary birth that had been his home for a period of three years: for, after having braved "the battle and the breeze," till rendered unserviceable, the gallant old Darling was paid off to be laid up in ordinary, and all the officers and crew (except the gunner, boatswain, carpenter, and cook, who were considered, according to the regulations of the service, as *timber* heads) were at that moment quitting her, to be separated perhaps for ever.

The youngster had recollected stowing away some precious relic in one of the lockers, and he had slyly slipped down below to recover the missing prize. "I'll be on deck directly, Phillips," replied the young officer; "tell the first lieutenant I'm off, there's a good old soul — do!"

"Ay, ay, Mr. Lewis," returned the veteran, looking rather ruefully along the deserted mess-deck, so lately teeming with life and animation, and where he had risen from a mizen-top man to hold his present rank of petty officer — "ay, ay, Mr. Lewis; but bear ahand, sir, and don't set Mr. Gilmour at his *prayers*, just as we are all about to be scattered, God knows where. Ah, there's the ould birth in which — but no matter — d — my tarry trowsers, I arn't agoing to turn croaker, Mr. Lewis — notwithstanding that, howsomever, I loved the little hooker — and now — Lord love you, Mr. Lewis, spring your luff — here's a squall coming, for I feel the breath of his voice."

"Cockpit there!" shouted the first lieutenant down the after-hatchway. "Mr. Lewis!" he again impatiently sung out.

"He's in the cutter, alongside, sir," replied the quarter-master up the same aperture, and then addressing the midshipman in an under-tone, "Now, Lord love you, Mr. Lewis, I've bolted that ere lie for you — start on end up the ladder and through the port — There's no guns in 'em now," added he, sorrowfully; "and wheresomever you go, Mr. Lewis, give a thought

now and then to ould Phillips. He's off!" ruminated the tar — "God bless him, for he's a kind-hearted lad — and now, my gallant hooker —"

"Below there!" again shouted Mr. Gilmour. "Phillips, you old dog-fish, why are you not in the boat? By —, sir, if I have to call you again you shall find me alongside of you, and at the same time be convinced that all the inch and a half's not out of the ship! The pennant's not down yet, sir, and my commission holds good to the last."

The first lieutenant might have spared part of his address; for the quarter-master, knowing the fiery impetuosity of his officer, had hastily followed his young friend through the port, and, a voice alongside exclaiming, "All ready with the cutter, sir," she was directed to "shove off."

It was a bright summer day — now I am no hand at the pathetic or the sympathetic, nor am I much gifted with the powers of description in the aërial, celestial, or linear way; besides, the light, silvery clouds — the warm breathings of the balmy breeze — the azure vault of heaven, &c., &c. — are terms so hackneyed, that I shall content myself with saying that it was a bright summer day — the hills looked beautiful, covered with the growing staff of life in all the richness of its green colouring, so refreshing to the eye to look upon; and the waters, like the cheeks of a coy maiden, were dimpling here and there, as the sportive wind in amorous play kissed their smooth surface.

The old Darling lay quietly reposing on the bosom of the stream, like a giant refreshing himself with sleep, whilst fourteen or fifteen large boats, completely crowded fore and aft with men and hammocks, lay off upon their oars on the larboard side, as the ship rode to the tide of ebb. The restraints of strict discipline were for the moment relaxed: the brave fellows had fought together; had shared danger, privation, and toil, and now, after several years of such strong brotherhood, they were to be divided hither and thither, away from each other, and what to several was still more distressing, they were quitting the craft that had borne them through all — the creature almost of their own creation, and that had been the object of their fond regard and care. Still, with the daring recklessness of British tars, the hearty laugh and the merry joke resounded as efforts to stifle the regrets that were struggling in the breast; and Jammie Welsh, the ship's fiddler, stuck up in the bows of the Namur's launch, was scraping away on the catgut the tune of "Jack's the lad."

Suddenly the noise ceased, and a deathlike silence prevailed — indeed, it seemed as if a sudden gust of wind had swept away the sounds of mirth to leave a melancholy gloom. The uninitiated and the stranger would have been struck with astonishment at the instantaneous cessation of boisterous revelry; but had they looked at the larboard gangway of the frigate, the cause would have been immediately explained: for

there stood the veteran Captain Denton, the almost worshipped of his men. His head was uncovered; his white, fleecy hair wantoned in the breeze, whilst the muscles of his face, which had remained rigid and unmoved amidst the struggles of the battle or the howlings of the storm, were now quivering with emotion; and the voice that had so loudly cheered the boarders, or had been heard above the roaring of the tempest, was low and tremulous. But, with a sudden impulse, he waved his hat, as he exclaimed, "Good bye, lads!—God bless you all!—Always do your duty to your King and Country, and let your future conduct be as good as the past. Farewell, old Darlings!—farewell!"

For a few seconds stillness reigned profound. The old man again waved his hat, and was turning away, with a tear trembling in his eye, when there arose a loud, a long, an impetuous shout, and three real British cheers resounded from upwards of three hundred men. Captain Denton, his first lieutenant, and the warrant officers, returned it—one cheer more ascended from the parting seamen in answer, and the boats were put in motion with the several drafts for their respective ships.

The Darlings had been a happy and an excellent crew, and the strongest attachment prevailed amongst them. Captain Denton was a kind, indulgent man, and though the first lieutenant, Mr. Gilmour, was a most rigid disciplinarian, yet he did not harass the

people by unnecessary labour; and, though no polished bolts or shining stanchions met the eye, the frigate was always ready for instantaneous service. But the craft they all loved — she that had stood under them in many an hour of peril — would no more breast the foaming surge, nor echo to the noise of broadsides. The boats moved away, and

“They left her alone in her glory!”

A launch and a cutter pulled down with the ebb, and, giving the Garrison Point a wide birth, made their course towards the Great Nore, where lay that well-known veteran of the ocean, “the old Namur.” In the cutter was the midshipman whom I have already noticed by the name of Lewis, with two or three of his messmates, for whom ships had not been provided.

“Were you ever on board a guard-ship, Lewis?” inquired one of the midshipmen. “By George! you’ll have to cut a hole in your blankets and reeve your head through them all night, to keep some *kind, honest* rascal from *borrowing* them. I was in the Royal Billy once, and some fellow actually stole a loose tooth out of my mouth.”

“Tell that to the marines, Caswell,” said a tall, thin young man, with red hair and laughing features. “Don’t mind what he says, Lewis; never fear but we’ll weather it out; and though they do call you ‘My Lady,’ I’ll stand your friend, my old girl, in spite of all the guardoes in the service.”

"You have always been very good to me, Jay," replied the youngster, "but I really do not feel any very great degree of alarm. I suppose I must do my duty, and it matters but little where it is done."

"Duty!" exclaimed Jay—"nonsense, boy! Supernumeraries—unless they are quite raw—never do any duty in guard-ships: they can hardly get through the lots of skylarking that's done in a day. I was once in yon' old hooker for two months—it was before I joined the Darling—and I left a long arrear of mischief and devilry to make up: so keep in my wake, Lewis; I'll soon make an old guardo of you, though positively you must try and get a little colour to relieve the milk and water in your face."

"And, Betty, give this cheek a little red!" quoted Caswell; and then, turning to a master's mate by his side, he continued, "But what do you say, Jemmy the Barber? I'm told you've passed your examination in the cockpit of every guardship in the service, from the Thisbe at Greenwich to the old Salvador at Plymouth. Perhaps you can give 'My Lady' a little insight into the mysteries."

"You may say that," replied the person addressed, a full-featured, heavy-eyed, bloated-faced young man, who at that very moment manifested indications of a besetting sin, having indulged too freely in his potations previously to quitting the frigate—"you may say that, Caswell, any how. I generally, however, contrived to chime in with some old shipmate or other,

so I never found much to care about; but certainly them guard-ships are bad enough for youngsters, any how. I remember an acting doctor's mate coming aboard the *Namur*: poor devil! he had just served his time to an apothecary in some inland town — but any thing did for pill-builders in them days — and so some middies got hold of him at Sheerness; and, finding that he had a good six-months' store of self-conceit aboard, they took him under their *marciful protection*, and it warn't long before he was rigged out in a full surgeon's coat, with the addition of a banging pair of gold swabs, white pantaloons, top-boots and spurs, a regular nor-west fore-and-after, with a full-bottomed, well-powdered wig under it, and a captain's long regulation-sword. So alongside he comes, and old R——, twigging the epaulettes, the boatswain pipes the side; the best ropes were shipped, and the guard of marines turned out. Well, when he got upon the quarter-deck of the first ship he had ever boarded, he walked up to old R——, and, with a grand salaam, as the marines presented arms, he gave orders to get the old *Guardo* under way to take him up the river to Surgeons' Hall. My eyes! if you had seen old R——, as he scrutinized the uniform and listened to the order! At last, giving him one of his *impressive* looks, he asked, 'And pray, sir, who the devil may you be?' 'I am acting assistant-surgeon, in his Britannic Majesty's service, sir,' replied the dupe, 'and here is my etter of introduction; but I am desirous of getting up

to Surgeons' Hall to pass my examination, and the sooner we sail the better.' 'Indeed!' said old R——, with a roguish sneer, as he took the letter — and by this time all the reefers, great and small, had mustered round him, seeing there was some fun going on. Old R—— read the chit, drew up the corners of his mouth in a sort of half grin between anger and mirth, winked his nose, and then read aloud from the written paper, 'This is to certify that —— is the most arrant coxcomb and puppy that ever aspired to the honour of cracking the king's biscuit. He wishes to be a doctor's mate, and having carefully examined his qualifications, we hereby declare that he is fully competent to bleed a calf, physic a dead marine—' 'My God!' ejaculated the astonished gambooge-grinder, 'what can all this mean?' But old R—— went on — 'physic a dead marine, set a wooden leg, and, as a *dresser*, we must refer to his own peculiar style in *propria personâ*. Trusting he will meet with the reception due to his merit and this our recommendation, we hereunto set our hands and seals.—Charles Bothergill, Captain 1st Batallion Marine Dragoons; Timothy Splitwhistle, Bum-boat Master of H. M. S. Huffy; Geoffrey Fiferail, 1st Lieutenant of the Royal Rotem; Peter Pulvis Antimonialis, M.D., Physician Extraordinary to Admiral Bottlenose.' ”

A hearty laugh, in which the seamen joined, shook the boat as she flew through the yielding element, to the great delight of the master's mate, who had caused it.

“Heave ahead, Jemmy,” exclaimed Caswell, when the joyous cachinnation had somewhat subsided — “Heave ahead, my boy ; you ’ll beat Tom Pepper yet — it is a capital yarn, however.”

“It’s true enough,” replied the person addressed ; “for I saw and heard it myself. So when old R—— had finished reading, you may just calculate there war n’t a small burst of merriment among the middies, and no little consternation in the unfortunate mortar-pounder. However, old R—— smoked the trick (which had been played by some reefers of the Indefatigable), and, turning round to us, said, ‘Young gentlemen, I entrust this *distinguished* officer to your care — take him below and show him the midshipmen’s birth.’ Poor devil ! we waited upon him in procession down the ladder, and I shall never forget his horror when the canvass screen was put aside, and we ushered him in in state. There were a couple of purser’s dips, ninety to the pound, just making darkness visible — it was the supernumeraries’ birth on the starboard side — and ten or twelve youngsters were diverting themselves with a good round game at able-whackit,* making no trifle of noise, you may be sure. Well, the doctor was formally introduced ; some grog was set abroach, and, to show good fellowship, he took to it as kindly as we

* The game of “Able Whackit” is well known in the midshipmen’s birth, and, indeed, amongst seamen generally. The play is with cards, something like three-card loo. The place of playing is styled “the Church” — the table, “the Board of Green Cloth” — the cards, “good books ;” besides many other whimsical appellations. On any

could wish; so that in about an hour he was quite comfortable. A seuffle, however, took place amongst some of the reefers, and the doctor's wig got disarranged; so Moriarty and Sherer would carry it, as they said, to the ship's barber to have it re-dressed. They dipped it, however, in a bowl of molasses, and then, having sprinkled it well with flour, they brought it back and placed it upon the head of the conceited young man, who, unconscious of the mischief, thanked them very cordially for their kindness. By and by the molasses came trickling down his face, and this was the signal for general confusion. The wig flew about the cockpit, first at one and then at another, till Neptune, Captain A——'s beautiful Newfoundland dog, joined the sport, and eventually bore off the wig in triumph up the ladder to the quarter-deck, where he laid it down at old R——'s feet. The first lieutenant turned it over and over, and had just made out what it was, when poor Pillgarlic himself appeared, in a most rueful condition, sweating treacle at every pore, and about three parts sprung. He swore 'he would inform his friend, the Member for ——, and have his case brought before Parliament;' and this let us into the secret that his entrance into the service

infringement of the rules, or the loss of the game, the culprit is severely punished with a blow from a hard-knotted handkerchief on his open hand from all the others playing — the handkerchief, called by some out-of-the-way name, which I do not now recollect, is on pain of punishment thrust into the breast of the last who used it, to be kept warm.

had been purchased at the poll-table. Old R—— was, or pretended to be, extremely angry. He sent for the supernumeraries, and examined them; but, *of course*, not a soul knew any thing about it, and all looked as innocent as sucking turkeys. The doctor, however, picked out Moriarty as the only one he could identify; but a *good and substantial alibi* was immediately proved by two of the seamen; and, a shore-boat being alongside, Signor Medico solicited and obtained permission to ‘go on leave.’ What became of him I don’t know: but he never returned for his wig.”

“Well hove and strong, Jemmy,” said Jay; “you’ve spun that yarn well. I remember when I was in the L—— frigate, we had a thorough dandy joined us of the name of E——. He had never been five fathoms from his mother’s petticoat-binding since the hour of his birth, and was heir to a princely fortune. What induced him to enter the service perhaps he didn’t know himself, unless it was the uniform; but a more perfect fop my eyes never beheld. Now I do most mortally detest a naval puppy, and E—— had been so accustomed to dandle after Mamma that he was ridiculously effeminate. The first day he came aboard, he talked very big, and tried to make himself loom large. He showed us a case of handsome duelling pistols, and overhauled a tolerable scope of slack as to what he could and would do with them, and he spoke of his titled relatives as if he had been a gentleman in disguise, going to sea to wear his old clothes out. At

night he went to his hammock, and soon after, his bed-posts parted, and down he came by the run—then a leak was discovered over his head, and the water poured upon him—next, his hammock-gear took wings, and whilst he was looking for his blankets his sheets disappeared. All this was done without hands—at least, nobody was seen: and the next day, when he complained to the first lieutenant, it was done in such an impertinent way, that Mr. O'Shaugnessy, who had climbed to his rank with about the same ease that a marine would shin up a greased topmast, paid no attention to it, but muttered to himself, 'A hopeful sprig of fashion, by my conscience! Small blame to the boys for ruffling his feathers; we've too many of such know-nothings in the sarvice!' E—went ashore for the day, but he returned at night, and found his sheets reefed, so that he was obliged to be content with his blankets, to which he fastened some ribbon and slung it round his neck, to keep all fast. About seven bells, the whole cockpit was in an uproar—there was such a shrieking and shouting. The quarter-master and the sentry ran down with their lanterns, and there was E—hung up to the beam by his great toes, and his head upon the deck. How he came so nobody could or would give any account; but they cut him down from his awkward position, and he sat upon the deck, vowing vengeance on the perpetrator of the mischief, if—he could catch him. The indignation of his titled and wealthy relatives

should stop the culprit's promotion and turn him out of the service in disgrace. The next morning, he made his toilette with much precision, putting on his white pantaloons and using lots of scented soap to wash him, as he was determined on going to the Admiralty to see one of the Lords and narrate his grievances. 'Every mid in the frigate was to be disgrated, and Mr. O'Shaugnessy deprived of his commission!' He would have got a thrashing; but then that you know would have fixed the affair on Somebody, and, as it was, Nobody had the blame. At length he was full toggged, all but his handsome Hessian boots, and on he drew the first. Ye gods and little apples!—squash went his foot into a pint of tar: but he said nothing, though he drew a tremendous long breath, and pulled a face something shorter than my arm. On went the other boot, and then squash the second. He rushed up the ladder in a state of desperation, hurried ashore, and a day or two afterwards his traps followed him. We never heard any more of the matter, as the ship sailed shortly after; but about two years subsequent I fell in with the gentleman, a cornet in the 10th Hussars."

This narrative did not excite so much mirth as the other; and poor Lewis, a delicate and handsome youth, whose fair complexion and gentle manners had acquired for him the title of "My Lady," felt more uneasy than he liked to express at the thoughts of being drafted to the Namur; but he had a noble and intrepid mind, that could endure hardships, however

much he suffered from them, without venting complaints. Jay had on most occasions stood his friend, when any of the oldsters wished to impose upon or oppress him; and Lewis's amiable disposition had so won upon Jay's rugged nature, that they loved each other like brothers — indeed, their friendship was so well understood that they were known amongst the seamen of the *Darling* by the names of the “LION and the LAMB.”

“I wonder what craft we shall hail for next!” said a young tar of the main-top to a veteran boatswain's mate, as they sat together in the bows of the boat. “I'm afeard we shan't find many such skippers as Captain Denton; and though Mr. Gilmour was strict, yet he made every soul, fore and aft, do his duty like a man — and that's what I call being ship-shape.”

“Why, in the regard o' the matter of that 'ere, Jem,” replied the boatswain's mate, “it's just setting a case as this here — 'cause why? — a man who knows his duty and does it to the best of his billity, oughtn't to be bamboozled and flabbergasted by his officers, not by no manner o' means whatsoever. But you know, Jem, as well as I do, that it often happened after sarving under a good captain — one as knew the trim of his ship and the oddments of a tar — why the skipper was superseded, and some stray slip of know-nothingness was appointed — as full of lavender and pomatum as a sarjeant of jollies is of pipe-clay. And what was the upshot of the thing? Why, setting another case,

it was just as this here —'cause why? The compass I may say is, like the ship's bible, to show her right course from one port to another, and the binnacle-lamp is like what the clergyman used to call 'a divine light upon the understanding;' so that, when it is dark night and the wind is whistling through the blocks —as the Dutchman said, when he'd only half a sheave at his mast-head —it may still shine upon the face of our best guide so as to keep her steady when going free, and show how she heads, when full-and-by, upon a hand-taut bowline. Now, messmate, if so be there's no lamp lighted, why then it stands to reason, the man what's got the trick at the helm carn't see the card, and knows no more where he's running to than nothing at all; so that there's a Flemish account in the log, and by and by a false reckoning bumps her slap ashore. Well, d'ye mind, just so it was with some o' your young sky-scraper captains —they'd no binnacle-lamp to glimmer on their hearts, so as to direct them how to treat a poor fellow like an unlarned seaman that hadn't much of edication to show him which way exactly to shape the course of his manners, and if, instead of taking off his hat every time he was hailed, he ounly touched it with his hand —why it was considered a *fore paw*, and there was a long yarn about respect to superiors —the gratings were rigged at the gangway —a telegraph was read out o' the articles of war, and Boasun's mate give him a couple o' dozen! Them are hard lines, messmate, and oh! how different

to our warthy ould skipper, from whom we have just parted! Not but I'm sartin it's the best for all hands in the end to carry a pretty taut strain upon discipline—and setting a case, cause why?—it makes every man know his station in doing the ship's duty, and there's no skulkers in the black list. To my thinking, Jem, a craft that is all gingerbread in her upper works, with a worm-eaten bottom, is not the craft to weather a gale o' wind—she may look pretty and keep afloat in a tide-way, but will have bright pump-bolts in any thing of a sea-way. Mayhap, I may n't make myself altogether understood, Jem; but it's all as clear to me as Beachy Head in a fog."

"Why, Bill," returned the main-topman, "it ar n't for a man without edecation or larning to hoist in all the palaver he hears, without carrying a taut strain upon the laniards of his conscience; but howsomever, bending to your better experience, my ideas is just as this here, and it does n't need the wit or cunning of a lawyer to follow in the wake of your argument, which I take to be no more nor less than to mean that a good captain's a good captain, and a bad captain's a bad captain."

"You're right, Jem, to an amagraphy," said the boatswain's mate, "and setting a case, 'cause why?—it's as plain as the lubber's point in the compass-box; and I can tell you, Jem, in the regard o' the matter o' that, I was once in the ould —— 98, and the skipper was as kind-hearted an officer as ever had a command

—he was strict, too, Jem—but the long and the short of it is, he was just after my own heart. 'I was young then, Jem, and had been pressed out of a marchant-man, where I was doing duty as second mate; and, being a smart, likely fellow, they puts me into the fore-top in the three-decker. Well, in course I tried to get my discharge, 'cause why?—I had a little wife as I loved most dearly, and she had a young un on the stocks, as was almost ready for launching. But I could n't get clear, Jem, so I resolved to do my duty, as in honour bound, to my King and Country.

“Now, the skipper had a fine lad aboard—his only son; and one day, when the young gentlemen were skylarking, the youngster tripped over the combings of the after-hatchway, and down he came by the long run. Well, d'ye mind, it so happened that I was standing just in the square of the hatchway, and, seeing him coming with his arms outspread, I rigged out both mine, like a couple of studd'n-sel-booms, and so I catches him all snug—just as I'd catch a ball o' spun yarn—and some'ut puts it into my head to shin up the after-ladder with him. Well, messmate, I did so; and I met the skipper on the middle deck, coming down at a rattling rate, and he sees me bringing up the boy safe and sound, except a little shook in his timbers. So, in the regard o' that, he laughed and wept for joy—cause why, Jem—cause why?—it was his child, his own flesh and blood, Jem, and he'd a father's love in his breast. None can tell what that is, messmate, but

them as has felt it — and the captain expected to see the pretty lad disfigured, and mangled, and dead; but when he snatched him from me, and heard his voice, as he sung out, ‘Father, I arn’t hurt; Bill Buntline saved me!’ — then, Jem, as I say, he laughed and wept for joy; and he fumbles in his pockets, but could find nothing; and so he pulls out a gould watch from his fob, and hands it over to me, as I thought, to see how many bells it was, so as he might log it down correctly. ‘It’s just five bells, sir,’ says I, offering the turnip back again. But he sings out, ‘Keep it, my man; keep it:’ and he started off up the ladder with the boy, and away into his cabin. ‘Well,’ thinks I to myself, ‘whatsomever am I to do with this here consarn! Bill Buntline with a gould watch as big as the drum-head o’ the capstan! — but I won’t have it!’

“So I axed permission to speak to the skipper, and the steward took me into his presence. ‘God bless your honour!’ says I, ‘I arn’t got nò manner o’ use whatsomever for the turnip — ’cause why? — I can hear the bell strike, and knows when they pipe to grub; so, if your honour pleases, I’d rather not have it!’ ‘Well, my man,’ says he, ‘your wish shall be complied with; but is there any thing short of your discharge that I can do for you?’ ‘God bless your honour,’ says I, ‘but I’m almost afeard to ax you; for setting a case as this here, it’s hard lines, your honour, to be parted just now — ’cause why? — she’s near the hour of natur’s trouble, and it would be like caudle to

her heart, if so be as I could be within hailing distance.' 'What do you mean, my man?' says the skipper, quite constreperously, as if he was speaking to his equals. So I up and tells him all about it, and then I axes for a week's leave. But he looked rather dubersome, and I thought he was only meaning to sham me off, and I felt hurt at it, Jem; for he had offered fairly, and I took his offer freely. 'I would do it, my man,' says he, 'but there's one thing you must promise.' 'God bless your honour,' says I—for it just came that moment into my head what he was arter—'God bless your honour!' says I, 'you don't like to give me leave—'cause why?—you think I shall run. But no, your honour, in the regard o' the matter o' that, I scorn to take advantage of good natur. Tell me when to be aboard again, and you shall have no reason to say black's the white o' my eye!'

"Well, Jem, the upshot of it was I got the week's leave, and saw the little, smiling face of my own offspring. I never shall forget that moment, Jem; it seemed to change all the natur in my heart, like as shifting ould running gear for new. Well, I got aboard again exactly to my time, and the captain gave me money to send to my wife. The fleet sailed, and we were absent about two months; and when we returned into port, poor Jane—that's my wife, Jem—came aboard, and the skipper, God bless him! allowed her to go to sea with us, and we had a snug birth skreened in, in the fore cockpit, and we were both as happy as a king and queen——"

"I've heard, Bill," said the main-topman, interrupting his shipmate rather unceremoniously—"I've heard that them crowned heads are generally oneasy from the great weight they have upon them."

"Why, in the regard o' the matter o' that, Jem," returned the boatswain's mate, interrupting in his turn, "it may be all very true—'cause why?—there's an ould saying, 'Nobody can tell where the shoe pinches but them as wears it:' and so it is, as I take it, all the same with the crown. Howsomever, this I do know, Jane and I were happy; and when it was my watch below, I took to nursing the picaninny, and it grew and grew, and the sight of its pretty, little, laughing cherub's face gladdened my heart, Jem. For the matter o' that, the infant didn't want for nurses; and though some on 'em was just as handy as a bear in a punt, yet all did their best, and nobody can do more. Them were joyous times, messmate, and the remembrance of them comes over my mind like the deep, fresh waters of a running stream to the fevered patient. But for the matter o' that, I've thought of 'em so often, Jem, that every scene is as familiar to my memory as the face of the starry heavens or the bosom of the ocean depths is to my nat'ral eyesight. 'Cause why? The cable of affection was double-bitted round my heart!"

"Mayhap so, Bill—mayhap so," assented his friend of the main-top; "but, as for the matter o' what your 'long-shore folks calls love, I never was in the latitude

or longitude of the thing, and so I never worked the traverse. Still, Bill, I can believe you was happy."

"I was, Jem! I was!" returned the boatswain's mate, "but it did n't last long—cause why? the ould hooker was paid off, and the ship's company was drafted amongst the fleet, all the same as we've been to-day. It was a heavy parting for us all, and when I looked at Jane and the babby, and observationed the horizon of the future, my bridle-ports shipp'd a spray or two: though for the matter o' that, there's no manner o' use whatsoever in grieving; but then, Jem, I was d——bly jammed in a clinch, and never a knife to cut the seizing; for I was drafted into the —— 74, commanded by a man as was well known through the sarvice by the nicknomer of 'Flogging Jack;' and I've mostly found, messmate, that in them craft where there's tyranny in the captain, the rest of the officers are pretty well tarred with the same brush: for, setting a case, Jem, it's just as this here—'like loves like,' and 'needs must when the devil drives'—nevertheless, I was detarmined to do my duty, and keep a bright eye to windward to look out for squalls. I was still stationed as a foretop-man in the new craft, and whilst we were in port, it was plain sailing enough, and every thing went pretty smooth; but at last, up went blue peter, and all the women were ordered ashore: so, in course, I was obligated to part company with poor Jane and the babby. But I bore it like a Briton, messmate—'cause why? I knew it was in the regu-

lations, and the captain was shaping his course according to the strict letter of the articles of war, and so d'ye mind, I'd the true bearings and distance of the thing. Yet, messmate, when I looked upon the pale face of my wife, and saw the tears standing upon the port-sills of her daylights, and then obsarved the infant crowing and laughing in its joyous ignorance, there was a stark calm in my heart, and the sails of hope hung flapping against the mast. Howsomever, we weathered that bout; but somehow I did not feel like the same man, without the child: it seemed as if one of my own timbers had been badly sprung, and I warn't so strong as before; or like as if a butt-end had started in my heart, and carried away my breast-work with it.

“Well, Jem, during the cruise I did my best on all occasions. But we had some lubbers in the top as loved to skulk—some o' your Tom Coxe's traverse gentry—and one arternoon, whilst reefing topsails in a bit of a breeze, we disparaged the skipper in the regard of being a minute behind the main-topmen, and so he calls us all down off the yard, and, without discrimmaging into the right and the wrong of the thing, or overhauling the calculus, as I may say, between the good man and the bad, he turns it all into his own conscience as easy as I'd turn in a dead-eye, and orders us a couple o' dozen apiece. Now, messmate, I'd never had a lick o' the cat's tails in my life, nor never a hand had been raised again me, barring when I war n't higher than a tin pannikin, and then, mayhap,

a clout o' the head, or a set in the starn, freshened my way, and the ship's duty was all the better done for it: but now I felt as if a hot wind was rioting in my heart, and scalding blood was running through my veins, and the steam and the heat got into my head, and was shrivelling and scorching up my brains — 'cause why? — I knew I'd done my best, Jem, and where's the seaman that can do more? — and the conviction of it, with the prospect of being seized up at the gangway, maddened me. Nor was that all, messmate — I was a husband; and how could I again look upon the face of my wife with the marks of disgrace eternally logged upon my back? I was a father, and, Jem, the little bright eyes of the picaninny seemed to my fancy to be witnessing the debasement, as I stood amongst the topmen, till it came to my turn '*to strip.*' Six dozen had been shared out among three on 'em, and though I had seen punishment many times before, yet, messmate, I never shuddered at it so much as now — 'cause why? — it was close aboard o' my own shoulders. At last my name was called out, and the master-at-arms led me to the gratings and began bousing away at the collar o' my shirt; and then I pushed him back, and says I, 'Captain B——, I've always done my duty like a man since I was pressed into the sarvice, and there's never an officer can say a word again me. It was no fault o' mine, sir, that the main-topmen headed us — I tried my best, sir, and I hope you'll make some discrimmagement,

for I've never yet had a blow or an angry threat since I came aboard a man-o'-war.' 'Haven't you, my man?' says the skipper, for all the world as cool as a breeze off the coast of Greenland — 'haven't you, my man?' says he: 'then a taste of the cat will stretch your hide a bit and make you more active in future. Seize him up, and, boasun's mate, give him a couple o' dozen.' Well, Jem, his words ran like a flash o' lightning through me; there was a red flame dancing afore my eyes, and a fire raging all over my hull; so when the master-at-arms comes to me again, I falls slap aboard of him with my grappling-hooks, and dowsed him like a widow's pig, and the next moment I was upon the hammock-nettings to throw myself overboard; but the boasun and a jolly catches hold o' me by the slack o' my trousers, and I was once more a prisoner. Well, messmate, they seized me up, and now I made no resistance, and I took the two dozen without a wry face or a groan, and when I was cast off they put me both legs in irons, to be tried by a court-martial for striking my superior officer: and there I was, for many a long day, bowed down in spirit and almost broken-hearted — for, setting a case, Jem — 'cause why? — I knew I had done wrong in striking ould Belzebub — and, if ever a fellow was first cousin to Davy Jones, it was just that ould master-at-arms — nevertheless, as I was a-saying, I had no right to run foul of him, seeing that he was only obeying orders, and the thoughts o' the matter made me feel ashamed

and guilty. Though in the regard o' that, Jem, just setting a case, I'll ax any man whether it ar n't the match that flashes the priming before the shot makes headway out o' the muzzle: and so, messmate, the skipper's words fired me all over, and that was the first and foremost cause of the misery I was suffering.

“Well, Jem, at last we runs in for Spithead, and I thought it best not to telegraph poor Jane about the matter o' the court-martial till it was over, and I had received sentence, for there war n't a man fore and aft but felt morally sartain there would be a yard-rope rove soon arter, and poor Bill would be swinging aloft like a jewel-block; and, as a fellow can die but once, you know, why I made up my mind that the cruise of life was nearly out, and even my only hope of escape from execution was most d——bly chafed in the clinch—cause why?—I trusted to the humanity of the court, and that, where discipline is stranded, is just no more than houlding on by the eyelids. Well, Jem, a day or two arter our mooring ship at Spithead, the skipper and first lertenant being ashore, the commanding officer gave me leave to walk the folksle to ease my timbers a bit—it was kind of him, Jem, and it sarved him a good turn arterwards. So as I was a-stretching out and enjoying the fresh breeze—for it was pretty squally, messmate, and the scud was flying afore it—one of my ould shipmates, who was quarter-master of the deck, comes up to me to overhaul a few words by the way of convarsing. ‘What cheer, Bill?’ says he in

a whisper: 'keep your weather eye up, my boy, and it'll go d—— hard if we don't luff you out o' this scrape yet.' I shook my head, Jem — 'cause why? — hope had foundered in my breast, and I'd no tackle to raise the hull — no, not so much as the matter of an inch. Howsomever, there was an earnestness in his manner that for the moment gave a surge round my heart, for I thought of poor Jane and the babby.

"Well, d'ye see, the wind was blowing slap into the harbour, and so my shipmate claps his glass upon the hammock-rail and looks at a shore-boat that was working out in a lubberly fashion, sometimes luffing, till every sail shook like a lascar in a snow-storm, and then running off with his sheets dead aft, and pressing her gunnel down in the water. 'Look ee, Bill,' says my shipmate, 'if that waterman ar n't 'tosticated, and there's a woman in the boat with an infant in her arms.' I don't know how it was, Jem, but my heart sunk like a dipsy lead — 'That fellow'll capsize his wherry,' says my shipmate, 'and the poor woman seems aware she's in danger. I'm blest if he ar n't over now — no, there he rises again, and is shoving her nose right into the wind's eye — there's a smart squall sweeping in from St. Helen's.' He ran aft, and told the officer of the watch, who in course informed the second lertenant, and he immediately ordered the small cutter away to render assistance. Well, messmate, she shoved off, and the lads up sail to run down; but the squall was faster than the cutter, and it came

raging along thickly and heavily, and for a minute or two the boats were shrouded in the gloom. When it cleared, messmate, the cutter was lying on her oars, but there was no other boat to be seen; and says my shipmate, as he looked through his glass, 'Mr. Losack is missing, sir — no, I see him now; he is overboard, sir.' 'No fear of him,' says the lertenant, 'he can swim like a fish.' 'Well, I'm blest,' says my shipmate again, 'but he's handing the babby up to the coxson, and now down he dives arter somebody else.' 'He's a noble fellow,' says the officer. And when I heard about the infant, I felt as if something was rising in my throat to choak me, for I thought of my own wife and child: and though I was never any way gifted with ideas how to shape my manners, or flemish-fake my speech, in addressing the GREAT BEING whose voice I had so often heard upon the ocean, yet I mustered a bit of a prayer for their happiness and safety, and the choking went down again. By this time the ports and nettings were crowded, and boats were shoving off from the other ships. 'There he rises, sir,' said my shipmate, 'just under the cutter's bows; and now they're helping him in-board — he's got nothing else, sir — and now they're pulling for the ship.' Well, messmate, the boat came alongside, and, forgetting I was a prisoner, I walked aft to the gangway, and the jolly that had me in charge, being curious to overhaul the affair, made no objections, and so we saw the babby handed up the side, and, being close to the

sentry, it was put into my arms. Oh, Jem, that moment was a dreadful one — I looked at the innocent as it gasped for breath. I knew the small locket that was hung round its neck — the memory of its features rushed upon me — my heart was bursting in my breast — Jem, it was my own babby."

Here the tar paused for a moment to give vent to the sudden overflow of his emotion, and his companion, covering his face with his hands, coughed loudly to keep down the hysteric risings which the annunciation had caused. "Poor Bill!" said he as soon as he could master utterance — "poor Bill, them are hard lines, indeed!"

"Well, Jem," continued the boatswain's mate, "I made sail down to the sick-bay, and one o' the doctor's mates took the infant, whilst I stood and looked on, dumbfounded and heart-broken; and the marine comes and orders me below to be once more clapped in the darbies: 'But no,' says I, 'you will not — you cannot. Do, doctor, stand my friend — they would take the father from his dying child.' Well, Jem, my ould shipmate, the quarter-master, had found out the latitude and longitude of the consarn, and so he tells the commanding officer, and the commanding officer orders the marine away; and I stayed with the little cherub till God Almighty pleased to make it his own. And oh, messmate, I can't tell you what I suffered — wife and child both gone, and I a prisoner expecting death. Poor Jane's body was picked up a day or two

arterwards, upon South-sea Beach, near the castle; and taken to the town. One of the carpenter's crew knocked a few bits o' deal together for the babby—I gave its pale cheek a last kiss—the coffin was lashed up, and I stowed it in the starn sheets of the boat. It was raining, messmate, at the time, and somehow or other I couldn't bear the thought that the little creatur that I had so often warmed in my own breast should be exposed to the chill showers; so I wrapped the coffin in my pea-jacket, and my ould shipmate, the quarter-master, axed leave to go ashore and 'tend the funeral; for you know, Jem, I was waiting for my court-martial, and the captain would n't let me go out of the ship—and when the second lertenant axed him, he d——d me for a mutinous dog, and refused. Poor Jane I never saw at all. Well, the next day I was to be tried, and now I felt quite resignationed to whatever might come; for, Jem, I was heart-broken—I was, indeed. When my ould shipmate returned aboard again, he came down in the cockpit, where I was both legs in irons, and he squeezed my hand, but never opened his lips—and the captain abused him for showing marcy to me in the regard o' burying my wife. Well, Jem, I slept but little that night, and there seemed to be a sort o' commothering among the petty officers; and when the hands were turned up cross to'-gall'nt-yards at eight o'clock in the morning, I heard the most desperut shouts, and it seemed to roll from ship to ship like the rolling of thunder, and then I re-

membered my ould shipmate's saying about 'luffing out o' the scrape,' and it struck me at once there was a mutiny—and so it was, Jem: it was the mutiny at Spithead, and I was soon out of the bilboes, and—. But it's no use overhauling much upon that consarn now. Captain B—— was towed ashore upon a grating, and the court-martial in course was at an end—'cause why?—they'd other matters to attend to. But, messmate, it was many years before I got over it, and always, when we goes to Spithead or Portsmouth, I pass the turn of a glass or two at the grave of poor Jane and the babby."

The veteran ceased just as the boat was sweeping round with a broad sheer alongside the *Namur*. The young officers ascended to the quarter-deck, where they were accosted by a lieutenant, with a florid complexion, wrinkled features, a shabby cocked hat, athwart-ship, upon his head, a well-worn coat buttoned up *à la militaire*, a black stock round his neck, under which peeped what had once been a red silk handkerchief, but without displaying the slightest vestige of a shirt. "Where are you from, young gentlemen?" inquired he.

"From the *Darling*, sir," replied Jay, touching his hat. "The ship is paid off, and the men have all been drafted to-day, sir —"

"And the refuse has been sent out here, I suppose," remarked the lieutenant, eyeing the master's mate, mentioned as "Jemmy the Barber," with a keen, scru-

tinizing eye. "But you are too late to be victualled on the books to-day.—Have you brought any grub with you?"

"I believe not, sir," replied Jay, with the usual salute; "but I dare say we shall be able to make out till to-morrow."

"Take some hands and get your traps on board as quick as possible—and mind me, look sharp after them." This was uttered in a voice of harsh authority by the lieutenant, who was turning away; but, catching sight of Lewis, he inquired, in a tone and manner of considerable feeling and kindness, "Are you ill, young gentleman?"

"No, sir," replied the youth, with some degree of agitation.

"It's the nature of the —— I beg pardon—I mean, sir, 't is the lad's natural complexion," said Jay, who was well known to Lieutenant R——. "They served out nothing but white paint in the dock-yard where he was built, sir."

"As graceless as ever, Mr. Jay," ejaculated the lieutenant. "I hope you have the prospect of joining a ship soon; for, rely upon it, I shall have no more of your skylarking and nonsense about the decks, nor any of the games you carried on when you was last borne upon the books."

"I have no prospects at present, sir," returned Jay, demurely. "I am going to pass, sir, in a week or two, and I anticipate their lordships won't let a young man

of my merit be long without a commission. I'm sure, Mr. R——, I shall have your good word."

"You shall, if they ask it," smartly rejoined the other, "for the most mischievous skylarking monkey that ever first lieutenant was plagued with. However, if you remain in the *Namur*, sir, I shall keep a taut hand upon you."

"Perhaps, sir, you'd be good enough to give me a fortnight's leave, sir," said Jay, inquiringly, and assuming a countenance of perfect simplicity and innocence.

"You have the same stock of assurance, I perceive," exclaimed Mr. R——, rather harshly, whilst his eyes twinkled with secret pleasure at the bold bearing of the young man; for it has been generally found that old officers love to see a smart spirit in the aspirant for naval honours. "But," continued he, again looking kindly at Lewis, "keep a bright eye upon your young friend — there's some rough hands below — perhaps he had better go into Mr. Clarke's mess."

"I'll nurse him well, sir," said Jay, catching hold of Lewis by the arm. "I'll be as busy as a hen with one chick, sir;" and away he started with his young companion.

The cockpit of the *Namur* was in utter, ay, almost palpable, darkness; for even the purser's steward had closed his half-hatch door, so as entirely to eclipse the rays from his rat-gnawed candle. Jay and his brother mid put out their feelers, and were yawing, and rolling,

and pitching about, amongst huge chests and trunks, hammocks rolled up, &c., till a dim, indescribable shining through the gloom, somewhat resembling the mysterious beam of light that first gleamed through the dusky haze at the breaking-up of chaos, attracted their attention as a beacon, whilst a noise, which might well be compared to the confusion of tongues, proclaimed that they were nearing the supernumeraries' birth.

"Now, Lewis," said Jay, "pipe all your courage to muster, and stand by your guns, my boy." He pushed aside the canvass skreen, and Lewis caught a sort of phantasmagorial view of the vision within — it showed upwards of twenty "young gentlemen," at a long table that might have excited many classical recollections, from the relics of *grease* upon its surface. There was a purser's dip at each extreme; and at the far end a battle-royal was going on between five or six, who sat near the candle, and those who occupied the middle of the table at cards, and who claimed their right to a full share of the glim, the *midshipmen* maintaining that "every church ought to stand in the centre of the parish." Close to the entrance were four or five youngsters, with tin japanned cups before them, taking their grog (obtained upon the sly), and singing to the *music* of as strange a band as could be well collected together. Screwed to the timbers in the wing were six door-knockers (that had been borrowed from their rightful occupation in some spree ashore), arranged

according to their tones approaching to the notes of the gamut, and these were played like the keys of a piano, except that they were lifted up instead of being pressed down; a flute, an octave, two pocket-combs covered with paper, and placed between the lips like a jew's harp; an empty quadrant-case for a drum, with the handles of a couple of dirks for drum-sticks; a tin funnel for a trumpet; and a marine's ramrod, slung by a rope-yarn, and struck with a table-knife, for triangles—composed the orchestra. Poor Lewis shrunk back from the spectacle, though his friend held a firm grip of his arm; but Jay pushed boldly in, and, elevating his voice above the medley of discords, he shouted out, "Yo hoy! reefers!" and, snatching up one of the tin cups of grog, and handing another to Lewis, with the admonition, "Do as I do, and obey signals," he again bellowed forth, "Yo hoy, reefers!—here's all the skin off your noses!" and away went the mixture down his throat. Lewis attempted to follow the example; but the youngster, who had been thus uncere- moniously deprived of his beverage, sprang up, and grappled him by the throat.

"Mutiny! rank mutiny!" exclaimed Jay, by a sudden jerk releasing his messmate, and, throwing his opponent off his balance, he sent him flat upon the deck. "That's duty," he continued; "humble yourself before your superior officer—take off your grog, 'My Lady;'" and then, in an under-tone, "do n't hesitate, for your life."

Lewis drank the grog, whilst a general laugh burst forth from all who witnessed the downright impudence of the thing. In an instant the noise ceased, and several of the middies gathered round the aggressor, whom they welcomed with delighted warmth, as their well-known leader and doughty champion in many a midnight spree ashore, and as the gallant young officer who had more than once or twice sealed his devotion to the service with his blood. Jay was instantly at home, and installed captain of the birth; and the first orders that he issued, in a tone and manner which plainly indicated that he would be obeyed, were that "every possible respect and attention should be paid to 'her Ladyship,' under pain of his displeasure," which, in other words, meant, "a good thrashing."

Every thing went on swimmingly for some time: Jay passed his examination for a lieutenancy in triumph, and Lewis found nothing to complain of; when an unfortunate occurrence, arising from Jay's propensity to fun, bade fair to annihilate the future prospects of the latter. The ward-room dinner was over, and the first lieutenant, according to his invariable custom, had turned his face from the table, and was leaning over the back of his chair, when Captain A—— sent for him into the cabin on duty. The lieutenants being all below, and the people at their supper, Jay and several of the middies had found "Jemmy the barber," (whose real name was James Wright, and in that circumstance originated his cognomen), fast asleep from over-indul-

gence in his favourite drink. To black his face and play him other tricks was the work of a few moments, and he was aroused from his slumbers by the smart stroke from the flat of a bootjack on his nether end. Starting up with the pain, Jemmy immediately gave chase to his tormentors, who rushed up the ladders and eventually on to the quarter-deck, where their pursuer followed, grasping a broken oar that he had picked up in his progress. The chase continued round the gangways, and Jay in his retreat snatched up a boat's mop, well saturated, which he thrust into Jemmy's face, thereby rendering him more eager and desperate. Round the quarter-deck they came again, just as Mr. R—— was coming up the companion, and Jay, whilst aiming a smart blow at his opponent, sent the wet mop slap in the first lieutenant's face. For an instant the reckless young man shook with laughter at the rueful countenance of the veteran officer; but the sense of the awkward predicament in which he had placed himself rushed upon his mind, and he stood for a moment like a statue, unnerved and speechless, and then rushed forward and down the main-hatchway before the lieutenant had recovered the use of his visual organs. No one had witnessed the transaction but Wright and Lewis, who was accidentally close to the spot where Jay stood; and, as the former immediately got out of the way, the only person the lieutenant saw was poor Lewis, who had picked up the mop which Jay had thrown down in his hasty retreat. Mr. R—— looked

at the youngster for a moment, and pity seemed to be struggling with mortified pride and indignation, when Captain A—— himself issued from the cabin, and with astonishment and anger saw the bleeding and soiled face of his chief officer. “How, Mr. R——; what is this, sir?—who has dared to use you in that manner?”

“There stands the culprit, sir,” replied the lieutenant, with energy, pointing to Lewis, who trembled with apprehension, but determined not to betray his friend—“it was yon milk-sop boy that struck me, though”—and his voice was softened as he looked upon the pale face of the youth—“I do not think it was done designedly.”

“Designedly or not, sir, he shall be well punished for it,” exclaimed the captain, in anger. “Here, messenger, call the master-at-arms and a boatsun’s mate—yet, no, I will not do things in a passion—send him into the gun-room, Mr. R——; put him in irons, and a sentry over him.”

Lewis made no excuse: he remained silent, and was conducted to the gun-room, (which was used as a school for the boys of the ship), where he was seated on the deck, the shackles were placed round his legs, and the bolt held him fast in this debasing and degrading situation; but still his noble spirit gained an accession of strength as he contemplated the probability of saving his friend.

Now the cabin on the larboard side abaft was occupied by the second lieutenant and his wife and children,

and the kind, affectionate-hearted lady could not refrain from shedding tears when she saw the poor youth thus manacled, and with earnest solicitude she inquired into the cause of such harsh treatment. Poor Lewis narrated the circumstance, substituting his own name for that of Jay, and attributing the occurrence to pure accident, though certainly originating in a gross breach of discipline. From Mrs. H—— he received that soothing sympathy which women know so well how to bestow. In about a couple of hours he was summoned to the captain's cabin, and Mrs. H—— sought a private interview with the wife of the commander, to plead for the interesting lad. But there was another also who was not idle—Jay, though perplexed and confused at first, had too high a sense of honour to submit to witness the punishment of another for his fault, and, calling the school-master (a young man of colour) to his aid, he penned a penitential letter, exonerating Lewis, and announcing himself as the sole aggressor—at the same time expressing deep contrition for what had taken place, and, throwing himself upon the mercy of the captain and Mr. R——, entreating them not to blast his hopes of retrieving the past by stopping his prospects of promotion, and breaking the heart of an indulgent father.

Lewis entered the cabin with downcast looks, and stood before the captain, who sat at his table eyeing the youth with a searching look. “And, pray, sir, how did this breach of every necessary duty occur?

You look incapable of malice, Mr. R—— has spoken in your favour, and you come with an excellent character from Captain Denton — how is it, sir, that you have thus forgot yourself?”

The youth spoke feebly of its being accidental, but earnestly begged for pardon of Mr. R——, though he admitted that he merited punishment for the offence which caused it.

“And punishment you shall have, young gentleman, be assured,” exclaimed the captain; “though, from the respect I bear to Captain Denton and your previous good conduct, I will neither destroy your future expectations nor disgrace you in public. Here, quartermaster, seize him up to that gun, and, Boasun’s mate, take five tails of the cat.”

Lewis suffered himself passively to be led to the gun, but his heart sunk within him when he saw in the person of the boatswain’s mate one of the old Darlings—even our friend Bill Buntline, who was hitching up his trowsers—fumbling with the cat—scratching his head—biting his quid—and seemingly doing any thing but obeying orders. Lewis was seized up, his person exposed—not a murmur escaped him, though the perspiration was rushing out at every pore. “Boasun’s mate, give him a dozen,” said the captain.

Bill slued round—felt the seizings—took his station—raised the cat—flourished it over his head—but, suddenly letting the tails fall by his side, he muttered—“If I can, then may I be d——!”

"Do your duty, boasun's mate," exclaimed the captain, in a voice of anger, "or, by the living ——, I'll have *you* seized up!"

"Captain A——," returned the veteran, "will your honour allow me in all humblification to say a few words—for, setting a case—'cause why, your honour? you are a father, and I have loved this youth as if he wur my own." The captain gazed earnestly upon the speaker, and seemed to be recalling some past event to his memory. "God bless your honour," continued the tar, "I'm sartin sure there's some mistake, and mayhap your honour will remember Bill Buntline, though it's many years since I was under your honour's orders in the ould ——."

The captain jumped up. "I do remember you, my man," said he; "you saved my child from death; but I cannot spare this boy, even at your intercession—he must suffer punishment, that it may make him the better officer, should he ever hold a responsible rank. You shall not, however, inflict it. Quarter-master, fetch another boasun's mate."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the quarter-master, retreating; but Bill was again pleading—"God bless your honour, I don't know much o' the matter of 'cessions' or 'sponsibles' —'cause why? I never had any larning; but I'll stake my ould life that this lad is innocent, if your honour will but overhaul the consarn, and try for the right transmogrification of the thing."

"It is impossible," said Captain A——; "he does

not deny it — nay, was caught in the fact ; but, you may retire, my man ; here is another boason's mate."

A grim-visaged, surly-looking fellow entered the cabin, and advanced to old Bill to receive the implement of flagellation, which the other however held fast, and poor Lewis, in an agony of suspense and agitation, was fast sinking into imbecility from delay. At this moment Mr. R—— hurriedly entered the cabin, without any announcement, and was instantly followed by Jay, who, stripping off his coat, ran and threw it over the bare part of his young friend, and then for a moment stood and sobbed like a child.

"Captain A——," said the lieutenant, a tear starting to his eye, "we were unintentionally and ignorantly about to commit an act of injustice—that noble-spirited lad is innocent—there is the real culprit," pointing to Jay ; "he has confessed the whole, after writing this letter to you, which he intended to forward ; but, hearing of what was taking place, he hastened to me and informed me of the whole."

"I knew it," exclaimed Bill Buntline, snatching the cat away from his brother mate — "I was sartin of it, your honour, though, for the matter o' that, Mr. Jay's as good an officer as ever breathed, barring a bit o' the monkey — and he once saved my life, your honour, in a cutting out consarn, under Hellygoland."

"What you say is indeed strange," said Captain A——, addressing the first lieutenant ; "cast the lad loose — but, avast, let me first read this letter." The

letter was read: Jay was questioned — he acknowledged all—and, ready to sink with shame that bowed down his daring mind, he declared himself resigned to the punishment intended for his young friend. “But how am I to account for the conduct of the youth, in so readily taking the guilt upon himself?” inquired the captain.

“God bless your honour,” exclaimed Bill Buntline, giving a tremendous knowing hitch to his trowsers, and taking a severe turn with his quid — “God bless your honour, them there young gentlemen were always friends to one another in the ould Darling, and every soul fore and aft respected them — they were like a couple o’ sister blocks, never apart, and we used to delight in seeing them, your honour—’cause why? they were called ‘THE LION AND THE LAMB.’”

“Cast the youngster loose,” said the captain, his voice faltering with emotion, and hurrying himself across the cabin to assist in executing his own orders. Poor Lewis arranged his dress, and, then seizing Jay’s hand, he earnestly implored the captain to spare his friend. Mr. R—— joined in the entreaty, (for Jay was a great favourite with him), and the two ladies entering from the after-cabin united their petitions. Jay was forgiven; and, after a serious admonition from Captain A——, he went below, a wiser and a better man.

A few days afterwards the young friends with several others of the Darlings were drafted into a

smart frigate, under the command of a nobleman, whose daring achievements were the pride and the boast of the British Navy ; and they were sent to cruise between the north coast of Spain and the south of France — a station requiring vigilance and activity, but which was amply rewarded by lots of prizes. Lord C—— was not long idle ; and, what with shore-work at the batteries upon the coast, and night-duty in the boats, the men were compelled to rest well when opportunity offered, and the slumber was sweet that proceeded from robust health and roughly exercised toil.

One afternoon, it was towards the close of autumn, the beautifully proportioned craft was dodging about snugly under her three top-sails, double-reefed, in a fresh breeze, but smooth water—the hammocks had been piped down for the men to repose, or, as the seamen termed it, “to bottle off a little sleep”—as it was known to be his lordship’s intention to stand in for the mouth of the Garonne as soon as it was dark, and the boats were all in readiness for cutting out several armed vessels and *chasse-marées* that were lying at anchor near Royan. The two friends had the watch—Jay took his proper station on the forecastle—and Lewis stealthily quitted the lee-side of the quarter-deck to join his cheerful messmate.

“You are to have the pinnace to night, Jay,” said Lewis ; “how I do wish I was going with you !”

“Do you, indeed,” returned Jay, laughing ; “why, that pale face of your’s, My Lady, would make the

Frenchmen believe we feed you on pipe-clay. They would find no chicken-heart, however, for you behaved very well in that affair down in the bight of the Bay, and I'm sure you're no coward. Go and ask the gunner for a little of the red paint he rubs round the tompions of the guns, and clap some upon your own muzzle, and then if you can stow yourself away in the bows of the boat, why all well and good, but, remember, I'm to know nothing about it. There'll be smart work for the eyes—as the monkey said when he caught the cat to shave her—and the doctor will get some good practice before it is over. You may take my pistols—those that I got from the French privateer—they've straight barrels, and go slap to the mark, considering they have smooth bores; and now listen to a piece of advice—when your Ladyship uses them keep a steady hand, and let fly either at the head or the heart, for there's no use in 'scotching a snake,' and it's best not to mangle a poor devil and let him linger in pain, when you can put him out of his misery at once. Why, Lewis, that look is more fit for the nursery than a king's ship—well, well, I know what you would say about humanity, but depend upon it I'm right—ask old Bill there if I'm not."

The veteran boatswain's mate, Will Buntline, who had heard the conversation without presuming to make any observations until spoken to by the young officers, now finding an appeal made to his judgment, slued round his quid, hitched up his trowsers, and "It's true enough, Mr. Lewis," said he; "Mr. Jay ounly

squares the thing by the lifts and braces—'cause why?—in the heat of a conflict, such as boarding and cutting out, there's no nice discrimmagement in picking out a fleshy limb, or telling by a random shot whether you disparage your opponent or not; but an eyelet-hole in the skull or an ounce ball in the heart puts the consarn beyond all dubification—besides, self-preservation teaches it like natral instinct, that in all them there sort of affairs it's either kill or be killed."

"I told you so, My Lady," said Jay; "but, by the piper of war, there's Mr. Jennings hailing you—bear ahand aft, old girl, or you'll get your neck twisted into grannies' knots."

Lewis obeyed, and, as soon as twilight began to spread its gloom, the frigate's head was hove round towards the land; the courses, top-gallant-sails, jib, and spanker, were set, and the majestic vessel launched proudly on her way. The night was fine and clear, and, after running through several intricate passages between the sands, (which however were well known to Lord C——), and having passed those ever-foaming waters that rage incessantly at the base of the Chaseron light-house, the sails were brought in graceful folds to the yards, and the gaskets twined round them; the anchor was let go with a spring upon the cable; the messenger was passed; and the capstan-bars were laid in readiness for weighing; whilst sharp axes were placed near the bitts, to cut, should necessity require it. The boats were hoisted out from the booms and lowered

down from the quarters ; to man them with crews well armed occupied but a few minutes ; and Lord C——, taking the lead in his long gig, was followed by the launch, the two pinnaces, and a couple of double-banked cutters, in a line astern, their oars muffled and cautiously plied ; and thus the flotilla proceeded noiselessly, like dark spirits of the deep, moving on the face of the troubled waters.

“I’m here, Jay,” whispered a voice close by the side of the young officer, who now perceived that the seat next him had just been occupied by Lewis who had crept aft from the bows. “I’m here, and I hope this night will bring you a commission ——.”

“Or death and glory, boy!” said Jay, in the same low tone, interrupting his companion, and giving his hand a friendly pressure. “I love such work as this, lad! Every thing favours us—we have the last quarter flood, with the wind dead down the river, and we’ve only to board and cut the cables to bring all the craft out into honest company.”

“But they will be well defended, Jay,” returned Lewis ; “they know *we* are on the coast.”

“Come, come, youngster, don’t run away so large in your talk,” remonstrated Jay ; “that *we* is a big word from a small mouth. No doubt they will be defended, and well defended, too ; but so much the better —there will be the greater credit in capturing them.”

“You know, Jay, I intended no allusion to myself when I said *we*,” rejoined Lewis. “I meant the frigate

and Lord C——: I'm not so presumptuous as to suppose my efforts can be of any use."

"Now, that's what I call lady-like modesty, Lewis," returned Jay, "and all very ship-shape and proper to your superior officer, and, by the piper that played before Moses in the woods, I'm as happy just now as if I carried a flag. Halloo, who have I got for a coxson—look out, keep in the wake of the launch, the gig is altering her course—mind your helm, boy—but who have I got at the tiller?"

"It's ould Bill, Mr. Jay," replied the veteran boat-swain's mate in an under-tone; "Jem was wounded in that last do, so I just axed the first lertenant to let me make one—'cause why? for the honour of the ould Darling and Captain Denton."

"Bravely done, old boy!" said Jay; "you shall be my tutelar saint, my sea-divinity, this blessed night, for I mean to win the white lapelles, and his lordship has given me a fair opportunity of doing so. You remember the brig we chased in the other day—she's a national-craft, mounting ten guns, and a crew of seventy men—she's to be our's, Lewis, before yon bright planet" (pointing to Jupiter), "gains his meridian altitude, and it wants scarce three quarters of an hour to the time. The king of the gods is rising—there's warlike Mars close at his heels—we've old Neptune to steer us"—Bill Buntline's iron visage relaxed—"and there's a whole shoal of Venuses awaiting their share of prize-money at Plymouth. What do you think of that, My Lady?"

"Is the brig to be attacked the first?" inquired Lewis.
"I thought they were going to make a slap at all."

"And so they are, my boy," returned Jay; "but the brig is for our boat's crew alone; and, in another hour old Bill shall be piping all hands to skylark, under the lee of the frigate. There'll be some black eyes and bloody noses, no doubt, and I think a fellow's arm looks rather graceful in a sling."

"I know one that thinks differently," said Lewis, in a low whisper, so as to be unheard by all except the individual to whom it was addressed; "and, oh, how her little heart would beat if she knew what we were engaged upon at this moment!"

"Hush, Harry! hush!" returned Jay, in the same suppressed tones, "you cannot think that I forget her, even with another mistress in view—glory, boy—glory. Should I fall, Harry, next to my country and the service, your sister shall claim the last throb of my existence. You already have my instructions, and I have your's. You should not have started the subject just now;" and then, in a somewhat louder tone, as if to banish unpleasant feelings from the mind, he continued, turning to the steersman, "Bill, you have an ensign in the boat?"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the veteran, "I brought both ensign and pennant—they're here in the locker—for setting a case—'cause why? we shall want to hoist 'em over Johnny Crapo's consarn."

The boats were now rapidly approaching their intended prey, and had closed nearer together. All was

still on shore, and the armed vessels and their convoy—now distinctly visible—seemed slumbering in tranquil repose. “They must be all asleep, and we shall make an easy conquest,” whispered Lewis.

“Not a bit of it, My Lady,” returned his friend, rising in the stern sheets, and carefully bending his earnest gaze to distinguish the object of his attack; “not a bit of it—they’re having the black fellows’ sleep, depend upon it—one eye shut and the other open. But, there she is, Bill—that’s the craft with the taut sticks and the t’-gallant yards crossed, that’s our prize, old boy—the moment I tell you, run us slap under the larboard fore-channels—do n’t stand to wind her, but have a boat-hook abaft here to hold on. Men,” he said in a louder voice, “we’re for the brig—are there many old Darlings in the pinnace?”

“They’re all Darlings, sir,” answered Bill Buntline, chuckling with pleasure. “I managed that, Mr. Jay—they’re all of the ould craft except the jollies, for, in the regard o’ the matter o’ that, I thought we might just take the shine off the boasting rascals, and I’m blest if we shan’t do it this very night of all others—’cause why? that ’ere brig’s as safe our’s as if she lay alongside the quay in the basin at Portsmouth dock-yard.”

“Harry,” said Jay, re-seating himself, and taking hold of the youngster’s hand, which he pressed with fervour—“Harry, my fine fellow, are your pistols ready?”

"Yes, Charles," replied the youth, returning the pressure of his friend; "I've just renewed the priming."

"That's right! remember the advice I gave you," continued Jay; "cover your man well. You know how to use the bayonet with your left hand, so that, as soon as you have done with the barking-irons, drop them, and grasp your cutlass firmly, keeping the bayonet ready either for defence or mischief. Bear in mind that we lead the old Darlings, and do n't get far from me in the struggle, Harry—now, do you understand?"

"I do, Charles, and God bless you!" said Lewis; "I'll follow your directions to the very letter—and, whatever happens, do n't forget Maria."

A silent squeeze of the hand was the only reply, for the boats were now close to the convoy, and Jay, standing up, was awaiting the signal from Lord C—to single out his opponent; before, however, it could be made, a tremendous shout arose from all the enemy's vessels: red flames and crashing reports issued from those that were armed, and the whole gave sufficient indications that the visiters were not unexpected or unlooked-for. Lord C—— rose in his gig; he waved his hat; a responsive shout was uttered; the boats separated, and Jay, with his brave band, ran alongside the brig. In an instant the fore-channels were filled with British seamen, but the lofty boarding nettings held the daring fellows in check. This, however, had been foreseen—sharp knives went to work, and an opening was made to two of the ports. The first man that en-

tered met his death, but the second, shoving the body in before him, made good his footing on the deck, just as the two friends, with old Bill Buntline and some others, had surmounted the barrier, and came dropping from the rigging. "The old Darling for ever!" shouted Jay; "the union jack, and down with the tricolour! Huzza, lads! huzza!"

The party hastily formed, and, with the two young officers leading, rushed aft in pursuit of the retreating Frenchmen. Desperate grew the conflict. "Hard up, and she cracks!" cried Bill, as his cutlass fell upon the head of a handsome French officer, who staggered a few paces from the blow: the blood ran streaming down his face; he clasped his hands to his forehead and fell a corpse; but at the same moment a musket ball pierced the breast of the old man, who had so sternly dealt out death to others. Still he pushed on after the young midshipmen, and the whole were soon involved in the confusion of the *melée* — a confusion that baffles all description. Nearly overpowered by numbers, the British were getting the worst of it — when loud cheers at no great distance smote on the ears of the French like the voice of succour to their assailants. Jay had fought his way to the taffarel, and Lewis was at his side, whilst old Bill, with undaunted courage — though a bayonet wound in the side had opened a passage for the red stream of life, and he was otherwise much mangled — old Bill still did his work with destructive execution. Again the British charged

the enemy, who gave way before them, and again were Jay and his gallant fellows driven back abaft. But the veteran boatswain's mate was now exhausted, and, mustering his last feeble effort, he gave a shout, and crawled between two guns. A French marine approached him, poising his musket high to give the wounded hero the full force of the bayonet. "Ah, do, you lubber!" said the old man, without attempting defence; but Jay saw it, and the next moment the marine lay prostrate, but not till the murderous weapon had entered the body of the veteran tar. The comrade of the fallen Frenchman rushed to avenge him on his adversary: he was in the rear of the young officer; his bayonet was at the charge; he pushed desperately forward. Jay was unaware of his approach, and in another instant the cold steel would have passed through his heart, but some one threw himself between — the blood-stained instrument was foiled of its victim, though the generous fellow who had thus saved the British officer quivered for a moment in one last convulsive struggling death-pang; Jay turned sharply round, and poor Lewis dropped lifeless into his arms. He laid him on the deck, for mad revenge had stirred up all his vital energies, and, as he was cheering on the men to a renewed attack, he became sensible that a mightier than he now ruled their destiny. A cocked hat was waved high in the air, and the voice of Lord C—— was heard above the tumult, as he led on the crew of his gig. Inspired by succour, the British joined the

cheer, the Frenchmen were driven below, and the red cross of St. George surmounted the tricolour.

Jay looked for his commander, to surrender the sword of the *lieutenant de vaisseau*, but he was gone, and the gig was seen pulling to another craft where the struggle still continued. The hatches of the brig were secured; her cables cut; the sails one after the other fell from the yards; and she was walking out to join the frigate, under a smart fire from the batteries ashore. Some of the *chasse-marées* had already taken their departure, and the whole eventually were brought off.

As soon as duty would permit, Jay hastened to the spot where he had left the dead body of his young friend. Old Bill was yet alive, and the assistant-surgeon was bending over him to examine his wounds. The veteran had placed the head of the dead youth in his lap, as he sat supporting himself against the side, and had firmly grasped one of the hands of the corpse between his own. "In the regard o' the matter o' life and death, Mr. —," said the expiring seaman, "I know it's all over with me; so, if it makes no difference to you, doctor, I'll thank you to leave off overhauling me — 'cause why? — it's of no manner o' use whatsoever, and there are others upon their beam-ends that you may set upright again. Ha, Mr. Jay," he smilingly continued, as the youth approached — "you'll be my certificate that I have done my duty, and, as for that lubberly French jolly, whose spoon you stuck in the wall — but I arn't got time to waste upon 'em now —

'cause why? I'm outward bound, Mr. Jay, and death is bringing my anchor home like a sou-wester in the Downs. Look here, Mr. Jay," he continued, mournfully, and with his wasting strength raising the yet warm hand of poor Lewis, "the tyrant has grabb'd him — he received the thrust that was meant for you, and lost his own life in saving your's."

The young officer knelt down, and was about to take the hand which was still retained by the veteran. "No, no, Mr. Jay," said he, "not that hand, if you please. I can't spare it you, for, though the boy—and I loved him as my own flesh and blood, Mr. Jay—but, as I was a saying, though he's got the start o' me, by token that his cable was cut in a moment, yet I feel the moorings of life are slipping fast from me, and — I shall soon — be in his wake."

"My excellent old friend," said Jay, (taking the other hand of the dead youth), whilst the tears were streaming from his eyes, "have you any wish to express — any thing to communicate?—I will hold your requests most sacred."

"I know you wull, I know you wull," replied the wasting veteran, "and, therefore, first, let me have a seaman's grave—I did hope—" and his voice faltered, so as to be almost inarticulate, but, rallying again, he added, "now, may the God of my country be my strength, and keep me from slipping my manhood afore a conquered enemy! A seaman's grave, Mr. Jay, and mayhap this fair-haired boy will keep me company."

“Have you no relatives, no friends?” inquired Jay.

“None, sir — none,” returned the tar; “but there’s a small matter o’ prize-money due to me, besides what will come for the present do—and I meant to have the consarn rigged out the next time we moored at Spithead. Mayhap you would n’t think it a trouble, Mr. Jay.” The young officer assured him that his requests should be complied with. “Well, then, you know the spot where the mutineers were buried—do n’t interrupt me, for my ground-tackle is loosing fast ——. Close by there—is—a small grave with a wooden post—a post at the head—carved with a foul anchor and a brace of Js, for the babby was named arter —-arter its mother—I’m going—I feel I’m — but d’ye mind me, Mr. Jay—there’s a bit o’ paper on my larboard bulwark—near my heart as will ’splain it all”—He rallied again: “I know you will do it—’cause why? just to the memory of ould Bill. Put a head-stone to the grave, and join two Bs to the other letters, with a timber-hitch round ’em, and mayhap, Mr. Jay, if you was to log the memorial of your young messmate upon the same stone—it would please me, and would n’t — no, I’m thinking it would n’t be much disparagement to have his name entered by the side of ould Will’s, seeing we died—yes, both on us died in the same cause. Ha,” he started convulsively, “they’re bowsing a taut strain—but you’ll do it, Mr. Jay—mind, over Jane and the babby. God bless you, sir! Just tell the boasun there’s a bad chafe in the—ay, in the fore cat-harpins, and the buoy of the best

bower—the buoy wants a spile driv in it—my anchor's away, Mr. Jay—I'm paying round off—" then, making one last effort, he raised himself for an instant, "Hurrah!" he shouted; "hurrah! shipmates, HERE LIES THE SLAUGHTERED LAMB—MAY THE BRITISH LION LIVE—LIVE FOR EVER!"—he fell back, and his noble spirit reluctantly quitted its strong tenement.

Jay got his commission, married the sister of his devoted friend, and the head-stone, I believe, stands to this day, unless modern improvements have swept it away.

THE SIEGE OF WOMAN'S HEART.

BY C. J. DAVIDS, ESQ.

Woman's Heart long had stood
With invincible mood
All the shots of young Cupid's gay train;
When he told them, his will
Was to muster and drill
His troops for another campaign.

Wit, a smart young cadet,
Who was quite Cupid's pet,
Gaily sported his figures of speech;
But his grand *coup-de-main*
Proved a flash in the pan;
For it fail'd in effecting a breach.

'T was Folly's desire
By a brisk running fire
To storm the weak side of the town ;
But his guns only broke
Into smother and smoke ;
So they never could batter it down.

Reason's gait was so starch,
And so awkward his march,
By the mess he was voted a bore !
Such a figure he made
At review and parade,
That they had him drumm'd out of the corps !

But they found to their cost
What a friend they had lost ;
For Woman's Heart never would yield :—
Love, Folly, and Wit,
Seldom made a good hit,
When Reason was out of the field.

So the chivalrous friends
Made ample amends
To their comrade for all that was past ;
They united their force ;
Were triumphant, of course,
And the castle surrendered at last !



W. Fisk. pinx.

Pub.^d by Ackermann & Co. London.

L. Stocks. sculp.

CROMWELL & HIS DAUGHTER.

CROMWELL AND HIS DAUGHTER.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY THOMAS JAMES SERLE.

Mrs. Claypole. (reading). “But thou, O God of infinite mercies! forgive me that act of sinful compliance! * * Deliver me from blood-guiltiness.”

Strange and sad story of temptations! — Satan
Saileth above the powers of the earth,
With wings that fill the air, encompassing
His weak and trembling prey. “Reasons of state!”
As though the right were not the only reason!
We look upon this beauteous, natural world,
Whose every operation is a bounty,
Or giving life, or cherishing, or healing:
We feel to bar the sun’s light or the shower
Is to bring death — yet, in that higher plan,
As much more wondrous as immortal life
Surpasses all in this sweet land of promise;
In that great Providence of human actions,
The highest type and proof we have of God,
We interpose between him and his work,
And with our “reasons” dare to mock his justice!
O Rulers! learn of Nature! learn simplicity!

Learn in God's book wisdom 's an easy thing ;
'T is to scorn craft, and walk above deceit,
To take the straight path to the righteous end ;
At which the snail-paced cunning of the world
Stares like a pigmy at a giant's stride,
And creeps away to 'scape the ponderous tread.
And this bold, bad men know, who never deviate,
Till the avenging Justice blinds, confounds them,
And hurls them o'er the precipice they walk by.
But oh ! how cheerful is the good man's path !
The brave good man !—'mid thousand prayers and
blessings,

In company of thoughts deserving them,
SPEEDED by those whom he would wish to speed him,
The fellows of his heart, and best assured
By the foul scoffs and malice of the evil
That he errs not : they may beset his way,
'T is but to grace him with a victory ;
They may oppose him to the death, and he
May fall in the first onset of his chivalry ;
They burst the gates of glory for his entrance,
Ere he hath toil'd for it. Do right and fear not !
And for ourselves, we're safe behind His shield :
And for the public weal — shall he, who could not
Restore your butterfly a single plume,
Judge against Heaven to preserve Heaven's creatures ?
O Rulers ! if not wise, at least be humble !
And strive not as the angels strove to perish !
And this was Jeroboam's sin, who built

His altars to expediency, not God!
No stone of them is left — his monument
Is his own name — the one “who caused Israel
To sin.” Yet he was wiler than thou
Whose image is this book! Poor King! poor man!
Happy in thine adversities alone,
That show’d thee thine own heart!

Enter CROMWELL, unobserved.

Cromwell. What peace is here !
Ah, Peace be here still ! all its sweetest emblems
Seem gather'd round me ; the expiring shower,
That leaves rich fragrance to the breathing air ;
The soft and dewy light, in which the sun
Tempers his fires to beauty, we can gaze on ;
My daughter and her book — the silent image
Of thought embracing thought — the purity
On her high brow, without which peace dwells not.
How beautiful ! Why have I brought the world
Hither in thought ? — 't is an unseemly thing
In such a place as your poor gewgaw robe.
Can I not for one moment cast off greatness,
And be a happy, private man at home !

[*He stands musing.*]

Mrs. Claypole. If it be true the tree lies as it falls,
It is an awful thing to take a life,
So to determine by one fatal blow
Time and eternity! — 't is a terrible thing! —
And some part of the dead man's sins may light

On him who slew him — sure it must be so,
When poor expediency makes death a murder.
King, thou art gone to thine eternal audit,
Doom'd for thy weakness, as thy weakness doom'd.
And he who dealt the blow is my own father —
Mercy for him ! mercy for both ! for all !

Cromwell. She is moved ! how brief even her content !
My child !

Mrs. Claypole. You here ! dear father — I thought
of you —

Cromwell. Sadly ?
Your eyes to mine — sadly ?

Mrs. Claypole. Deep thoughts of love
Are often sad — there is so much to fear
For those we love.

Cromwell. Ay, you do love me, Bess,
But never had you a less cause for fear.
Your high affection may be proud, my daughter.
Your father, of the might of his own mind,
Unaided by the poor appliances,
Whose units make the sum of vulgar fortunes,
Wealth, birth, alliance, stands alone in Europe,
Unrivalled, unapproached — its ruling spirit.
You see how well I love you, when I boast,
As though my proud soul communed with itself,
And to itself alone vented its glories.

Mrs. Claypole. I joy me with you in an honest joy,
For such I feel is your's — there 's a bright frankness
That shines upon the smooth and cheerful features,

Telling the satisfaction of great deeds,
Which no one can mistake for petty glee,
Of selfish triumph.

Cromwell. I have vindicated
England — *my* England — mine against the world
Of lordly envyings and kingly malice,
Mine in despite of hate, old prejudice,
Received opinion, all the honour'd things
Time and experience have so long dishonour'd;
I have vindicated England — mine — my England!

Mrs. Claypole. A noble boast — and how?

Cromwell. I almost wonder
That I should glory in a deed so simple!
Being but the consequence of all my deeds.
I have let loose on all the unfetter'd might
Of this great commonwealth; the bravest hearts
Have led the brave — the ablest have controll'd
The trusting willingness of worthy followers.
I have left England to its natural strength,
Selecting from its noble elements
The noblest — I have won for it the empire
That Nature made a common property,
The mastery of the ocean — and in that
I have given it a sway as universal
As the great waters that engird the world,
With them I bind it to me. Why, I could
Almost despise myself that, having done this
In a mere act of common justice, I
Should glorify myself.

Mrs. Claypole.

What act, dear father?

Cromwell. Yet 'tis the seal, the token, and the proof,
The little trial of an unwatch'd strength,
Which, like the poisoning at one's finger's end
Of some slight weight, gives a full evidence
Of the whole body's force. I'll tell you all.—
Upon the Exchange a foolish brawl took place —
Some Portuguese talk'd o'er our state affairs
As wisely both in fact and reasoning
As foreigners are wont so to descant,
Misjudging custom, law, and national feeling;
An Englishman o'erheard them, and, instead
Of suffering and smiling at their folly,
Must show his understanding of their tongue,
By telling them the truth. This they resented —
Three of them fell upon him — stabbed him foully;
A citizen at much peril rescued him.
The poor malicious cowards left the place,
But the next day return'd with fifty followers,
To seek the rescuer, for whom in error
They maim'd another, and then wantonly
Shot dead an unoffending man — for this
The principal manslayer hath been tried,
Found guilty, and ere this, is executed.

Mrs. Claypole. A sad yet fit occasion for the law —
He was a murderer, and deserved his fate.

Cromwell. True — therefore hath he met it. You
have seen
The man.

Mrs. Claypole. I?

Cromwell. Yes — a gallant cavalier,
A knight of Malta — Don Pantaleon de Sa.

Mrs. Claypole. The brother of the Portuguese ambassador?

Cromwell. The same — why should that sway me?

Mrs. Claypole. It should not.

Cromwell. It did not. He first claimed the privilege
Of shielding in his house the offender — I
Commanded that by force he should be seized —
They yielded him — and, while the embassages
Of all the powers of Europe, half in pity
And half in angry pride, questioned my deed,
Tried was he and condemned, and then they sued —
Sued to me for his pardon, and I ordered
His instant execution.

Mrs. Claypole. And his brother?

Cromwell. He hath behaved most statesman-like and
nobly,

For, in the very hour the murderer died,
He sealed with me a treaty — once or twice
I saw a glistening in his eye — I traced
The wish to yield some slight thing for that life,
For which I could not traffic — and just then
His voice would quiver, and but once he sighed;
But well and sternly he pursued his task,
While the axe swung above his brother's head.

Mrs. Claypole. He honour'd more his office than his
nature.

Cromwell. It may be — yet I revered the man
That so could meet on equal terms the power
That sway'd his brother's fate. He hath done well.

Mrs. Claypole. 'T was a strange trial.

Cromwell. There are more than he
This deed hath tried — I've read in this the temper
Of every Minister and every Court —
The petulant pride of aristocracy
I've curb'd by fear of my republican power,
Turning the curl'd lip into a sad smile,
As I said, "No!" — I have check'd the incipient threat
By a threatening gesture — met the puling phrase,
" 'T would please the King, my master," with the
answer

"It would displease the commonwealth" — replied
To vauntings of the criminal's high rank,
The noble English proverb — equal law —
Told them, and showed them, that an English life,
Even of the meanest, is a sacred trust
Confided to the Lord Protector, who
Weighs it 'gainst war or any cause of state,
Maintaining justice. — One dared talk to me
Of my own insecurity, and hinted
The value of alliances.

Mrs. Claypole. And you?

Cromwell. I smiled, and asked him what alliances
Could match my firm alliance with the People?
Cringingly sullen, haughtily abject,
They left me one by one. I know 't is weakness

Thus to be lifted up—but I do feel
 Not Lord Protector now alone of England,
 But Regent of the World. Why is your smile,
 Kind though it be, so sad still?

Mrs. Claypole. My dear father,
 I do rejoice and share in all your honours;
 Yet were I happier that a private man
 You had lived content — and died in humble peace.
 I do not say this now to mar your joy,
 But of a jealous, anxious, fond distrust
 Of public cares, which make men great, indeed
 The wonder, even the honour, of their race,
 Yet leave them wretched.—Ah! how many sins
 Must great ones share, that lowly men escape!
 You ask'd me — I have told you.

Cromwell. You've forgotten
 The parable of the talents. You've been reading
 Some book of idle melancholy — How!
 Eikon Basilike! King Charles's book!
 Have you been puling o'er that dotard's thoughts?
 Bring me a taper — ho!

Enter an attendant; CROMWELL tears the book.

A taper, quickly!

The attendant goes for it, and returns.

Have you ta'en counsel with my enemies?
 You! (*He burns it, and casts it in the fire-place,
 watching it silently, till it is quite consumed.*)

Mrs. Claypole. Am I wrong?—I pray you, my dear
 father,

I pray you be not angered.

Cromwell.

It is burnt

To the last ember, and, as it expires,
 So does my wrath. Remember, my dear child,
 I am one forced to sternness — placed to meet
 The iron onset of a battling world :
 Oh ! let me have one place of rest and refuge !
 One heart with which my own heart may be tender,
 Glad, boastful, sad, in all things true ! I may be
 Ambitious, wrathful, cruel, but I love you.
 Do not weep, Bess — kiss me — I only ask
 That you will let me be in mine own home
 What you have wished — a happy, private man.

A WEDDING WISH.*

TO A YOUNG COUPLE.

The Cynosure of midnight skies
 Appears but *One* to Seamen's eyes,
 Yet *Twain* there are,
 And each a Star,
 Perhaps a Sun : —
 May you, my Friends, reverse the view,
 And, while on earth you look like *Two*,
 From heaven be seen as *One* ;
 And, like that polar symbol, be
 A Double Star of constancy !

J. MONTGOMERY.

Sheffield, 1833.

* The Polar Star, as it is called, when examined by a good telescope, is discovered to be double, or two minute stars blending their beams.

VESUVIUS.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms have been to me
An appetite.

WORDSWORTH.

I WAS at Naples in the month of June, 1831. I had lately returned from my travels, from Egypt and Damascus, from Greece and Constantinople. At Naples I wished to pause before I reached home, its habits seemed to me so nearly allied to English habits in comparison with those to which I had been lately used. In the East, I had worn the dress of the East, and it may seem folly, but, in exchanging it for a European dress, I thought that I had laid aside with it my dignity and importance, and, what was more, my good looks and all my wisdom. I cut off my beard, and had it made into a bracelet, and sent it to my sister. I am a great admirer of a long flowing beard, and never wondered at the distaste which Eleanor of Guynne took to Louis VII. when he cut off his beard, on his return from the Crusades. It ended in her obtain-

ing a divorce and making over her rich provinces to an English King—one of the many great political events which have sprung from petty causes.

But to return to Naples. I was seized with a fever, and a slow recovery made me sigh for the quiet of the country. The noise, the dust, the Corso, the glare, the cries of Naples—all the united evils of the metropolis in summer assailed me. I sought some quiet spot to retire to with an English friend of mine. My friend was an artist; I was a traveller and an idler; and we had many a taste and pursuit in common. While slowly recovering—a recovery retarded by vexatious letters and worry of mind—my friend went in quest of some habitation to please us. We fixed upon the villages immediately surrounding Vesuvius; and, having explored the neighbourhood of Portici, Ottograno, Afragola, and all the environs, he at last found an old palace of extensive dimensions and former magnificence. I went thither, and fell in love with it at first sight.

It was near the sea, between Torre del Greco and Portici. It had once been a convent of Jesuits, but, in the eruption and earthquake of 1794, half the building had been destroyed. Its gardens, once splendid in fountains and marbles, were buried in lava, from which orange and lemon trees here and there started up, or an aged stone-pine stood in solitary grandeur. The court-yard was still entire, and the great well, though dried up, had splendid armorial bearings sculptured on

its marble balustrade. The motley crew, who had a right from habit to lie day and night under its long and lofty arcades, had hung their rags from the irons of the well to the pillars of the colonnade. Some donkeys, also residents, were grazing upon the herbage that grew between the stones of the paved court. A fine staircase led to chambers, some of which had fallen in; others were open to the air; and some few that were entire had the marks of rich fresco paintings on the walls. From its grand terraces, the views of Naples and the Bay on one side, and of Vesuvius and its adjacent villages on the other, were enchanting.

We determined to make the ruined palace our home — house it could not be called — for the summer. The great difficulty was how to get rid of the herd of idle inhabitants: contrivance and money effected this. We made our first friend of the donkey-driver, our second of the *procacio* from Naples, our third of the barber of the town of Torre del Greco, and he was to insinuate our wishes to the priest, and the priest to his eminence, the archbishop. Having, according to the custom of this country, employed several persons where one would have sufficed in any other, permission was given us to reside in the ruined convent of Sant' Ignazio; and we, with our effects, were conveyed by water to the foot of the garden one moonlight night.

I found out that Göthe had taken up his abode in this convent on his first visit to Italy, and, with an

author-like veneration, I was much pleased in thinking of that great man enjoying the view of the same scene that I did, and here composing some of those productions which charmed all Europe. So well did the scenery agree with each line and word in the famous *Kennst du das Land*, that I pleased myself in following the poet's ideas in imitation. I thought that I had found in a covered *loggia* the very spot where Göthe must have composed those beautiful lines on Italy, which go to the heart of all true lovers of that country, and make them pine for it as they would for the sight of a dear friend. Line by line, word by word, I went over it; but the verses were so much more successfully imitated, though in English, by a foreign friend of mine, that I tore my own in disgust.

Know'st thou the land which lovers ought to choose?
Like blessings, there descend the sparkling dews;
In glittering streams the crystal rivers run;
The purple vintage clusters in the sun;
Odours of flowers perfume the balmy breeze,
Rich fruits hang light upon the verdant trees,
And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves
Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless loves:
Beloved, speed we from this sullen strand,
Until thy light foot press that green shore's yellow strand.

Look seaward thence, and nought shall meet thine eye
But fairy isles, like paintings on the sky;
And, flying fast and free before the gale,
The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail;
And waters glistening in the glare of noon,
As touched with silver by the stars and moon;
Or flecked with broken lines of crimson light,
When the far fisher's fire affronts the night.*

* The Lancciatori, in the Bay of Naples.

Lovely, as loved, towards that smiling shore
Bear we our household gods, to fix for evermore !

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
The seal of beauty, and the shrine of mirth ;
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's genius feminine and fair ;
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud ;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
Save where volcanoes send to heav'n their curl'd
And solemu smoke, like altars of the world.
Thrice beautiful, to that delightful spot
Carry our married hearts, and be all pains forgot !

There Art, too, shows, when Nature's beauty palls,
Her sculptured marbles and her pictured walls ;
And there are forms in which they both conspire
To whisper themes that knew not how to tire :
The speaking ruins in that gentle clime
Have but been hallow'd by the hand of Time,
And each can mutely prompt some thought of fame —
The meanest stone is not without a name.
Then come, beloved, hasten o'er the sea,
To build our happy home in blooming Italy !

The views from the terraces embraced all the different bays and creeks of Castellamare and Sorrento, and I could fancy Göthe gazing on the very house at Sorrento, which, prior to the occupation of the French, was inhabited by the descendants of Tasso, and, as he looked on the scenery, sketching or composing his favourite play of *Torquato Tasso*. I had full time for thinking over Göthe's compositions and reveries, for I continued ill for a long time and unable to move from the loggias and terraces of our great scrambling abode.

The only part of the building sun-proof or water-proof was a long line of cells, or small rooms, in which the monks had lived, and which opened into a long

corridor; and from these I could crawl out in the sultry nights, to look at the moon-lit bay or the starry firmament. Sunrise and sunset were to me epochs to look forward to; and when darkness came on, I read, by the lamp which burned bright in the still air, English books, of which it was long since I had any.

My family were much averse to my continuing longer abroad, to my taste for foreign residence, and for a rambling, idle life; and they were urgent in their solicitations that, now I had resumed my European dress, I should come and reside in England. But the most eloquent epistles had been hitherto addressed to me in vain. To my sister I was much attached, and, notwithstanding my roving habits, I had managed to keep up a regular correspondence with her. She believed that my religion was of the Mussulman fashion as well as my dress; and the present of the bracelet had been hailed as a sacrifice, and the return of the Prodigal Son anticipated with joy, having left his train of camels and dependents in the East.

My return to England was a subject that fully engrossed my mind. I imagined that I should there be enslaved and enchained. I was often feverish and ill, and sometimes awoke amidst a fearful dream of being in England, in chains or in prison. Once methought a heavy net was thrown over me and held down by my relations, so that I could not extricate myself from it; and sometimes I fancied that I should be married to some fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, whom my family

would talk me into making the mistress of my house and lands.

My youthful days had never known a happy home ; on the contrary, I had witnessed and partaken of many a scene of domestic misery. *That* was the real origin of all my journeyings, of my unsettled life, and of my wandering propensities. That wandering life once begun and enjoyed, you lose the taste for all other lives. I turned my mind to the past and to the future, to the past I will not say with regret, for I regretted nothing, and, though a traveller, “ experience had not made me sad ” — but I looked with anxiety to the future of my life. I was a great landed proprietor, and in England the question of foreign residence was much discussed. I often wished myself but a younger brother, with a bare competence to live on.

My friends and relations were pleased to say that England now wanted talents like mine, and that I failed in my duty by not returning. Their letters sometimes touched my vanity, sometimes my ambitious feelings. I did not rate my abilities so high as they did, and, though a good public speaker, I had no turn for politics or the management of *many* — a talent which the English politician ought to possess. London I had seen and known too much and too early in the beginning of life. I had possessed that bitter irony of speech called wit, which in a great town carries every thing before it, clips the wings of genius in an enemy, protects the faults and follies of a friend, and causes the society of

the possessor to be sought and feared — wit, which fools love, because it is a relief to the flatness and heaviness of their intellect, and which wise men fear, because its flash burns up and withers all that it comes near. Wit, in short, is a species of *charlatanerie*; and in London, in all lines of life, a *charlatan* will always succeed better for a time, until his play is detected, than any other character.

In those days of solitude and sickness, I read a great deal, and my mind became engrossed with the questions, of home education and home society—English manners and English politics—and the more enlarged doctrine of foreign travel and residence, taking in the religions and creeds of various countries. I arrived at that convenient and easy conclusion that all comes to the same in the end. That a man ought to see the world is a position in which all parties are pretty nearly agreed. “The human mind,” says Luther, “is like a drunken clown on horseback; as it rises on one side it sinks on the other.” In ten years it will come much to the same point whether a man has passed the ordeal of the English or of the foreign world. At home, Fashion so obscures the characters, the opinions, and the lives of the English, both men and women, that each imbibes the faults and the follies of his or her own set; and what they really *are* they as little know themselves as what they *might be*. Just as well should one suppose, to look at it, that the body of a monkey contains the soul of some great philosopher, or that a striped green

and red mackaw is the wit and beauty that is to reign over London society.

It is a sacrifice to the *dyed-in-grain* traveller to return home, because, if he is wise, he will return an Englishman, and not, like "some far-journeyed gentlemen who love to go in foreign apparel, so they will powder their talk over with a foreign language." The wise Lord Bacon says, "Let it appear that he doth not change his manners for those of foreign parts, but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country." An Englishman, from his natural gravity, his love of justice, and his love of discussion and argument, has nothing for it, if he does not intend to be a fool, but to be a philosopher. Once abroad, and his profession of philosophy gives him a great deal to do. He must go and see all the institutions that might benefit his own country, and learn much of the education and habits of the countries in which he lives. He must above all follow the counsel of Lord Essex, who advises his kinsman, Roger earl of Rutland, "rather to go a hundred miles to speak with one wise man than five miles to see a fair town." An Englishman should study the philosophy of happiness — for in England it must be, like every thing else, manufactured —

Happiness, by virtue specially to be achieved,

which Shakspeare sends Lucentio to study in the university of Padua. If he is too late for his own happiness,

which is more than probable, he must look to that of his children and his dependents.

All this passed through my head while I was recovering my health in the ruined convent. I was much interested during this time by a book which I met with on religious creeds, and a Life of Werner, the German poet. He was the author of many dramatic pieces of great genius, the tragedy of Luther, full of German mysticism, of the most romantic energy of description, and of faith in Luther's doctrines. His works are fraught with brilliant poetry, predestinarian doctrines, and an exaltation out of all reason.

Werner met with the celebrated Baroness Krudener, and from that time was under the complete influence of her doctrines. He went to Vienna, where he was followed, on account of his reputation as a poet, and where his dramas were frequently represented. He often strolled about the city composing verses, and he gives an account of his conversion, one night, to the Catholic faith. He was passing the cathedral of St. Stephen, when the doors were thrown open, and the priest, preceded by persons bearing lighted torches, came forth from the church to administer the extreme unction to a dying person. His imagination, he says, was powerfully struck, and he instantly resolved to be a Catholic. He went to Rome, and in St. Peter's he abjured the Lutheran faith, after which he passed two years in continual acts of penance in a convent near Vesuvius. During the Congress held at Vienna, he

returned to that capital, and preached in the churches ; and often the crowds that resorted to hear him in a morning preaching the doctrines of Catholicism went in the evening to the theatres, to listen to his tragedies filled with opposite opinions.*

I was curious to learn some particulars of the life of Werner during the two years of solitude which he passed in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius : when, therefore, I was sufficiently recovered, I visited all the convents near, but was unsuccessful in my researches, and concluded that he was there under an assumed name. So well, however, was I recompensed by the scenery and by other information, that I was glad that an object had led me to the inquiry.

One beautiful evening, at the end of August, I wound my way up to the Camaldoli della Torre, gloriously situated, immediately below the very crater of Vesuvius. The heat was abating when I began the ascent, which is rugged and fatiguing. A wild and solitary way, formed out of lava and bordered with aloes, leads to the bottom of the mountain ; and above this rude fore-ground are seen the convent and church spread out upon a high hill, and backed by woods, and the crater of Vesuvius seemingly threatening to pour its red-hot stones on the building itself. One is astonished at the temerity of the founder, who built his house upon the

* His dramatic works were thought to have too much religion in them, and his Sermons to be too full of poetry. In his Confessions, published in German, he owns to having been mad — and only mad — as an excuse for his numerous sins and follies.

sands of a burning volcano, and upon the site of an extinct one. On reaching the wood, the road winds round to the side on the north entrance. Stone-pine, oak, and ilex, grow thick enough to shut out all distant objects; and, on emerging from these woods, the most brilliant and extraordinary scene in the world opens before you. In the fore-ground is the Cross of Excommunication, erected for the purpose of warning women against approaching nearer to the convent, and its massy stones bear the following inscription:

LE DONNE NON POSSONO PASSAR
QUESTI TERMINI
SONO PENA DI SCOMMUNICA
LATE SENTENTE
ANNO DOM. M.D.CXVI.

Beyond, the towers and churches of the Camaldoli della Torre were partially seen through large trees; and the long cultivated plain that descends to the sea near Portici and Resina; the churches that border the shore, the royal palaces and villas, the orange-gardens near the sea, decorated in the old Italian taste, with statues and fountains; farther on, Naples, its harbour filled with shipping, a glow of heat surrounding its palaces, and St. Elmo and the Camaldoli di San Salvatore overtopping the white buildings of the city. At the extremity of Posilippo are the graceful islands, the castles of Baja and Procida, and the peak of Ischia.

The sun, gradually sinking into the sea, darted its golden rays on the objects near, and I gazed until it

was gone. It was, from its richness and splendour, so like a scene that Claude would have chosen,

melting down the splendid hues,
Making all Nature in her wide domain
A charm to soothe the spirit to repose —

that I gazed long.

When you contemplate a beautiful view in the North of Europe, you contemplate it with different feelings; you see it as you do a picture — you admire and gaze; but the cloud comes on, or the frosty spring or autumn evening, and you turn your thoughts inward, either to yourself, or to your friend, or to your fireside. In the south of Europe, Nature is your dearest and best friend, whose feelings are all but harmonious, and with whom you meditate beyond the walls of your dwelling. The south of Europe has its melancholy impressions too, with all its splendour. Where Man feels, he must think every where; but *there*, there is neither irritability nor discontent in his reflections. Life is every where full of chances, but to the lover of Nature life is softened down by harmonious sensations.

The shades of evening closed in: the moon rose, and, on looking back to the wood, a scene of a different kind presented itself. There is a deep ravine between the convent woods and gardens and the mountain, which rises perpendicularly from the plain; and, each time that the bright flame and smoke issued from the crater, a noise like a distant clap of thunder was heard. Nothing that I have seen is like the effect of this wild

scenery, or those deep and dark woods immediately under the rugged mountain steeps, and the steady flame of the volcano, apparently issuing from the heavy-topped pines and the oak woods on the left.

I was so charmed with this spot, that I frequently returned thither, and made acquaintance with the superior and some of the monks, and I often went to the convent to draw their likenesses, or to talk with these simple-minded, unsophisticated men. In their institutions, the Camaldolites are a mixture of the cenobite and the hermit. As cenobites, they lead retired, solitary lives, far from cities; as hermits, their occupations are rural and agricultural, and each serves in turn, without distinction of rank. They are charitable and hospitable, as far as their means permit. They are devoted to God, submissive to their king and governors, and zealous for the public good. Their time is thus filled up in prayer, and in the practice of the Christian virtues. Their convents are the refuge of the unfortunate and of persons disgusted with the world; and it is said that in them is really to be found that peace which the worldly and ambitious seek to destroy.

I was struck with the good countenances, the cheerful, honest, healthy look of those monks, and, generally speaking, of all Camaldolites, over the other religious Orders. The Benedictines, generally given up to scholastic pursuits, look unhealthy; and the diet of the Franciscans is in proportion to their holiness, as they religiously abstain from cutting their nails or combing

their hair. St. Francis is always represented by the old painters with the birds gathered round him to listen to his sermon, which is accounted for by the legend of the grasshoppers making their nest very comfortably in the hair of the saint.

The Camaldolites are the most picturesque monks of the Catholic religion. They wear long beards and flowing white robes. This kind of dress was adopted in consequence of a vision of the founder's. It was originally dark, but one night St. Romualdo saw in a dream a ladder which, like Jacob's, touched the earth and reached to heaven, and upon which the monks were ascending dressed in flowing robes. This vision Andrea Sacchi painted for the altar-piece of the Camaldoli at Frascati. When the French occupied Italy, the picture was deemed good enough to be conveyed to Paris; but it is now in the collection of pictures at the Vatican, a copy having supplied its place in the church. St. Romualdo and some monks are represented in the fore-ground contemplating the scene, or rather the Saint is describing to his disciples the vision which is supposed to be visible to him alone; and, by a judicious arrangement of the artist's, the light causes their robes to appear to be gradually turning white. In the little church of San Romualdo, near the Corso, at Rome, is a copy of this picture of Andrea Sacchi's.

Notwithstanding the rural habits of this Order, many learned men have belonged to it. The first translation of the Bible into Italian was made by a monk of the

Order of Camaldoli in 1471, and the present pope, Gregory XVI., was a monk of this Order.

The life of the founder, St. Romualdo, is a most poetical and adventurous history. The commencement of his career was very like that of the Prodigal Son. He was a person of dissipated habits and very fond of hunting; and it is mentioned in his life that, when in the depths of the forest, far away from the haunts of men, God touched his heart, and he sighed for the repose of a soul totally given up to Heaven — he determined, therefore, to renounce the world and all its temptations. His father had a duel with a relation, whom he killed on the spot; and Romualdo, who was present at the combat, conceived such horror for the act, that, according to the fashion of those days, he did voluntary penance for the crime of his parent. He retired to the monastery of Monte Cassico, where he performed a severe penance, we are told, of forty days. There he took the vows, and afterwards went with some monks, as hermits, into Spain. All the subsequent pilgrimages and austerities of St. Romualdo gave him a high reputation for sanctity. In 1012, he retired to a plain called Camaldoli, situated in the Apennines in Tuscany, and there founded the Order of the Camaldolites. Gifts of lands and money from the pious soon followed the institution, and the Order extended itself all over Europe.

In 1400, there was a chapel dedicated to the archangel Michael, on the site of an extinct crater of

Vesuvius; and, in 1601, the Fathers of Monte Corona di San Romualdo having, by the will of a noble of Messina, named Cesare Zafferano, power to found and erect a convent, chose this spot upon Vesuvius, and Spagnolo, a monk, began the edifice. In 1751 the building was repaired; at that time it stood as it does now; and, though a great eruption of the mountain took place only a mile and a half from it in 1760, it remained untouched both by that and by the shocks of an earthquake. The convent was again threatened by eruptions in 1804 and 1806, which laid waste the country around, but it again escaped.

In 1806, the Camaldoli della Torre was suppressed, but a priest was stationed there to perform the service of the church, and *gendarmes* were placed for his protection, as the neighbourhood of Vesuvius was infested by banditti; but those marauders found their way into the convent, and a severe encounter took place between them and the soldiers. About 1815, or 1816, the convent was restored by King Ferdinand on his return from Sicily.

A fine eruption of Vesuvius happened in September, 1831, on the side of the convent. There was a moon, and I went up with my friend, the artist, to try to prevail on one of the Fathers to accompany us up the side of the mountain. The long shades of evening fell as we issued from the woods, and we found several monks standing near the Cross, a quarter of a mile below the convent. As they stood there, in their

white flowing robes, gazing on the burning mountain, I thought that I had never beheld so picturesque a sight. Other monks, called Padri Chiusi, were looking at it from the convent walls, too pious to leave the precincts of the monastery.

While my friend was making a sketch of the Cross, and the scenery, and the monks, I asked one, whose fine countenance and figure I had often studied for a picture, if he would accompany us through the woods and the ravine, and up the mountain, and whether he was well acquainted with the pathways, and was sure that we should not be molested by banditti or *ladri*. To my numerous questions he answered in Italian; but it struck me that his answer was nearly in the very words of Milton, in *Comus* —

“I know each lane and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood:
And who would rob an hermit of his weeds,
His cowl, his beads, his book, his maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence!”

And so, after this satisfactory reply, we set out, accompanied by Father Francis, the monk, carrying a torch which glared upon his white robes, and lighted up the rocky pathway over which we scrambled on leaving the woods. This pathway commences through fields of lava, dotted here and there with mulberry and fig trees, with festoons of vines, loaded with grapes, crossing from one to another. We soon arrived at one of the barren eruptions of a century back, edged by

a vegetation of wild flowers equally beautiful and luxuriant. Pursuing our fatiguing and difficult course through lava, which gave way at every step that we took, we approached the running stream of lava of the present eruption. There we stopped to rest. The torch had been blown out by the wind; the shades of night now fell in deep obscurity; and we there awaited the return of our strength; while volumes of smoke from the crater surrounded the rapid torrents of fire which poured down the sides of the mountain.

The moon had now risen, and we turned aside from the quarter to which the wind blew the smoke. What a scene of calm splendour then met our view! The moon had risen above the Bay of Naples — risen in all its magnificence. The deep shadows of Capri were strongly reflected in the clear, calm sea. The whole coast was visible, and it had a look of ineffable repose and beauty. The lights of the city of Naples were faintly seen; the moon just touched with its white light the sides of the shipping in the harbour, and its tender shades seemed but half to conceal the glaring beauties of daylight. Every now and then we were totally enveloped in a dense, black smoke, which was blown from the mountain, and anon the air became calm again.

The monk lighted his torch at the lava, and we pursued our way, presently striking into other tracks, and meeting with persons either returning or going up the side of the mountain. When I contemplated the

ravages which each moment produced, the red stones thrown into the air, the noise of the explosion, and the dark though minute figures that had the appearance of demons, as each explosion threw its awful glare of crimson fire upon them, I was ready to adopt the belief of the lower classes that this is really the entrance of hell.

We continued to climb and often to fall in the rugged chasms of lava, till at last we reached the top of the mountain and looked down into the plain formed in the very mouth where the new crater had burst out. It was a magnificent sight, this entrance to the infernal regions. Every now and then, the smoke and darkness obscured the pale moon, and then came that horrible glare, that daylight of hell, which lit up every object. Here was the volcano that had depopulated such an extent of country, buried so many towns, ruined this fertile and thickly-peopled Paradise, and which at this moment threatens all — even the very city of Naples, where they are dancing, and singing, and looking at the volcano, much as they look at the representation of it in Paccini's Opera of the "*Ultimo Giorno di Pompeii*." So were the inhabitants of Herculaneum assembled in the theatres on that awful day, when showers of ashes descended and buried them with their town. The people of the adjacent villages of Bosco Tre Case and Torre del Greco are satisfied with having placed sentinels at different spots on the mountain, to give them notice of the approach of the streams of lava and warning when to flee.

What a fiery plain surrounds the burning furnace within the crater, which, with tremendous noise, sends forth storms of cinders! Liquid fire now runs in streams down the mountain's side. All around are seen millions of various-coloured sulphurs, yellow, green, red. All is darkness—and again bursts forth that vivid fire, which glares on the multitude come to gaze at it. The awe-struck eye cannot withdraw itself from the sight. There is a fascination in its splendour, and a grandeur which it is absolutely impossible to describe in words. No poetry, no painting, no imagination, can convey any adequate idea of this sight—this horrible, this sublime, this magnificent sight!—filling the mind of man with that awe which makes him feel that he is in power as the worm and as the creeping thing. Nature seems to have reserved for Man sights which exhibit the power of God: and the stormy ocean, the rising and setting of the sun, the eruption of a volcano, are sights which would awe an atheist into belief.

THE SEA-KING'S BRIDE.

BY C. J. DAVIDS, ESQ.

There's music and mirth in the lordly tow'r;
And the maidens are decking their lady's bow'r;
While the serfs in the castle-hall prepare
For the bridal of Ella with Orkney's heir:—
But Ella may wed no craven churl,
Though his lands are broad and his sire an earl;

The trusty brand at young Armoric's side
Has won the red gold, and shall win him a bride.

"Now, arm!" cried the warder in haste and in fear;
"Quick, summon our vassals—the foe-men are near!"
'Tis Armoric's galley that rides in the bay —
Her shallop is launch'd on the silvery spray: —
Short was the struggle, and well have they sped —
The bridegroom has vanish'd—the vassals are fled;
And the Sea-King bears from her father's tow'r
Proud Harfager's heiress, and Zetland's flow'r.

Away and away, o'er the bounding wave,
The barque speeds on with the fair and the brave;
Her gonfalon flies in the arctic wind,
And the Zetland shores are far behind.
"Away and away, on the feathery foam,
Gaily we seek our island-home.
We've gained the far billows—now follow who may
Our track on the waters — away, and away!"

'Tis the peaceful hour of the evening's fall,
And the guests are met in bold Armoric's hall;
The scald is there, and the minstrels sing
To the Runic lyre of the fitful string:
From horns of gold the bright mead they quaff;
Gay is the revel, and loud the laugh:
And this health resounds through the hall so wide—
"Joy to young Ella, the Sea-King's Bride!"

THE ACTRESS AT "THE DUKE'S."

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD,

AUTHOR OF "NELL GWYNNE," &c.

"AND shall we have fifty little angels hung upon strings?"

"At least fifty."

"And a dragon to spit fire? — and a sea in a storm? — and invisible machines to break the whole stage into bits?"

"With a view of chaos, and a battle by the elements."

Let not the reader hastily suspect a maiden who asks thus familiarly of mighty and terrible objects: let not the old man, who replies to each query, become, even for a minute, the victim of sudden prejudice. The girl is no daring neophyte, seeking knowledge of forbidden things; the man no bloodless wizard, teaching wicked sorcery. Though their discourse is of angels in a somewhat vulgar state of dependence — though a dragon mixes in their conversation, and chaos itself takes part in the colloquy — the speakers are persons of the gentlest manners, of the most innocent dispositions. They seek not, by evil incantations, to draw the moon from out her sphere — nay, if we may count dining as nought, they never had designs upon a single head of

cattle. In brief, we have introduced two simple children of this earth. The girl has no other magic than that of bright blue eyes—a complexion of the most delicate white and pink—a mouth that looks as though nothing but goodness can flow from it—and brown hair, falling in curled lumps about certainly the prettiest neck in the universe. The man has a mysterious visage; but, though a favourite black cat lies in a ball at his left foot, he is, we assure the reader, no conjurer.

Yet the reader must desire to learn the names and real conditions of the parties: we hasten to satisfy him. The maiden is known by the homely syllables of Peggy Simpson, the dutiful child of a poor widow: the man—will the obliging reader only imagine a flourish of trumpets as we walk our hero on the page?—the man is no other than John Downes!

"And who is John Downes?"

Falling in with the jest intended by the inquirer—receiving his assumed ignorance as an excellent whim—we will return the humour, by stating what he knows full well: namely, that John Downes is a man "long conversant with the plays and actors of the original company, under the patent of Sir William Davenant, at his theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, opened there in 1662. And, as bookkeeper and prompter, continued so, until October, 1706; he writing out all the parts in each play, and attending every morning to the actors' rehearsals, and their performances in the afternoons." Thus, tried by that vulgar test, his company, John

Downes stands forth illustrious. He was of the cabinet where Dryden had a seat, and Otway, and Wycherley, and Congreve. He "held the book" to Betterton, and gave the cue to Mrs. Barry.

At the precise time of our story, John Downes was busily employed writing out the parts of a new drama—a forthcoming wonder, that, in the belief of "the spirited proprietor," Sir William Davenant, was to set all London in a blaze; the great fire was to be nothing to it. Human passion, in the opinion of the indefatigable manager, becoming trite and powerless on an audience, he turned his back upon poets, and wisely made his lowest bow to the scene-painter. Mr. Betterton was very well; but Sir William had engaged (at an enormous expense) a dancing troop from Paris. Mr. Shakspeare had, in his day, written tolerable verse; but, happily, the manager could now boast of two excellent fiddlers. There was, moreover, a report of a certain wise bay pony that, between the acts, was to tell by cards the fortunes of any of the audience: but, we presume, Sir William, like a skilful and prosperous general, took the town without the necessity of bringing up his horse; and thus the cavalry was reserved for future managers and a more enlightened era.

We have said John Downes was intent on one of his multifarious duties; in such labour, however, he was zealously assisted by the inquiring Peggy; who, with her mother, had in an evil hour taken lodgings in the tenement, henceforth to become classical by the in-

dwelling of the prompter at "the Duke's." It was even so; in the back-room of a third floor, in not the most ostentatious part of Drury Lane, lived John Downes; and in the floor immediately above, lived Peggy Simpson; a cordial, frank-hearted girl of sixteen, with a face of sunshine, and a voice ringing like a silver bell.

Hapless Peggy! how were her days and nights perplexed and shadowed by the prompter! From only a little week after her sojourn in Drury Lane may be dated her new life — her second eventful existence. On three occasions, and each following with fatal precipitancy, John Downes had given Peggy and her mother free entrance to the playhouse in Lincoln's-inn. From that time Peggy became haunted; she no longer lived in a dull, tangible world — in a land of figures and counters; but inhabited a sphere, pieced out and glorified by the imagination: all things, touched by the new faculty born in the theatre, took new and higher semblances; her daily household actions had a foreign grace: she would ask the hour of the day in unconscious blank verse, and ascend the attic stairs as though she felt she swept them with a train of velvet and miniver!

What was worse, the actors conspired to heighten the malady of Peggy; for in the pursuit of their profession they would continually infest the lodgings of the prompter. Yes; in the primitive days of our story, even the first tragedian would sometimes call, and on foot too, on John Downes. Now, had Peggy never

visited the theatre, she would have seen in its artists common men and women; but, having beheld them in their artificial glories, to separate the truth from the fiction was impossible. Though she looked on the daw in its nakedness, she could not forget the radiant feathers of the poet. Thus, when Mr. Betterton mounted the staircase, Peggy would peep from over the banister with a face of awe and wondering; his most homespun syllables fell upon her sense like the notes of fate: there was an impressive regality in his very footsteps. Mrs. Saunderson, though the most amiable and quiet of gentlewomen, was still a shrew queen, vociferating death — and Mr. John Nokes, though he should only ask—"Is Mr. Downes at home?" would, to the ears of Peggy, utter a comedy of the most convulsing humour. But to these intoxicating illusions succeeded a weariness of spirit, a keener sense of the drudgery entailed upon our heroine; who, ere she dwelt within the circle of the magician, was content with the hire of a sempstress, whenever good fortune made the golden offer. It was, however, certain that, since her removal into Drury Lane, there had been fewer calls upon her needle; whilst it cannot be denied that her impatience of the employment became on each occasion more acute. She had seen princes give away kingdoms—lords and gentlemen throw bags of gold to chambermaids and valets; and, her head swimming with such generous deeds, she could not, as before, work with tranquillity twelve long hours for

—sixpence. It is true, like a good and loving girl, she laboured for the precarious subsistence of a mother; but, oft, remembering the bountiful trick of fortune in the case of an old woman in the last play, her heart would sink at the poor pittance—the reward of a day's sewing. In truth, it was hard for Peggy to toil with material needle and thread for at most ten meals a week, whilst in imagination she was now the matron of Ithaca—and now seated at an Egyptian banquet, beaming burning love on Antony! However, to proceed with the interrogations of our pretty scribe—for all this time she has copied and talked, talked and copied, with the old prompter.

"And is it true that the king, and the duke, and all the court, will be at the house?"

"His excellent majesty, and his royal highness, and the beautiful madam—but, Peggy, surely it is time for dinner?"

Peggy put down her pen, and, the prompter having promised her a seat in the gallery on the second night of the new play, she was proceeding to her own room, though we fear not to dine; when the voice of Nokes sounded from below. Peggy was fixed upon the stairs; and, as the Aristophanes of Lincoln's Inn (for John Nokes, with a wise preference, not yet obsolete, thought no words so good as his own,) mounted to the third floor, the girl could not deny herself a furtive peep at the wit of "the Duke's." As she glanced down upon the wonder, the paragon of mimes looked up; their

eyes met; in an instant Peggy, with a face of scarlet, had flown like a young partridge to her room, and Nokes, with dropt jaw, staring eye-balls, and hands dangling at his sides, gasped at the door of the prompter. Nokes, with all his genius, never acted so well; simply, because then he did not act.

"Why, why, John — what do you want, John?" asked Downes, opening the door upon the astonished player.

"Come about my part," replied Nokes, his eyes still raised towards the banister.

"Your part! No, that can't serve, John! Ha! ha! When did you ever come for a part?"

"No matter for that. 'Tisn't my fault if I can talk better than Mr. Dryden, with all his brains, can write; but, as the king is coming, and as my friend the duke will be present, I—I—I say, Jack," and Nokes enforced the query by plunging his elbow into the stomach of the prompter — "what little pigeon's that in the garret?"

"Phoo! a child — a — there's your part, John;" and Downes gave Nokes the superfluity.

"Oh, this is the stuff I'm to swallow, eh? this is—" and, glancing at the page, Nokes drew his lips into a point, then with both eyes looked down upon his nose; raised them again to the manuscript, and, rocking himself twice or thrice backwards and forwards, exclaimed — "John Downes, where didst get thy new writing-master? Thy whole alphabet used to straggle upon

the paper like sticks in a hedge ; and now, the words slip and glide along like little snakes. As I'm a chaste actor and a gentleman"—and here Nokes, with affected gravity, lifted the page to his nose—"the paper's odorous of female fingers. Come, who is she Jack? Oh, there's rank in every flourish: at least, a maid-of-honour in every hair-turn."

John Downes was a grave man; his *Roscius Anglicanus*, a work to be cut in leaves of brass, sufficiently attests his serious temper;* hence, the banter of John Nokes was the thinnest of thin air against the determination of the prompter, who spoke no word of Peggy. Nokes talked and jested; but Downes continued dull and dumb. The actor, however, determined on his inquiry, though he extracted no syllable from the prompter, succeeded in carrying him off to dine with him at the Roebuck, a house at the time much honoured by the visits of Sir William's troop.

"Miserable talk this," cried Nokes, turning over the leaves of his part. "Ha!—well," and, the dinner being despatched, he swallowed bumper after bumper of Bristol milk—"as usual, I must take the poor devil author under my wing!"

"You forget, John," replied Downes, with a somewhat reverential air—"you forget the piece is written by the manager?"

* By the way, we have no wish that the reader should seek to consult this somewhat rare tract, lest he might discover certain unimportant anachronisms committed in our history.

"So I do; and that's strange—seeing the fuss that's made about it. The whole stage is like a toy-shop. Sir William Davenant—bless his modesty!—brings forth like an empress. There's flags hoisted—ribbons flying—and straw laid before the theatre. Now, when poor Shadwell's near his time——"

"Nay, John, I can't hear this. At 'the Duke's,' Sir William is no more than any other poet; Mr. Shadwell, or even Mr. Otway—has, at least, from me——"

"False, Jack, false!" And Nokes continued to swallow his favourite drink. "False! You know when the manager's about to hatch, rehearsals are solemn as funerals: you know that Sir Billy struts and strides, as though his nose were still as high as Cæsar's; and as for you—you watch him, like a queen's midwife, hoping and praying for a prince royal."

"And does n't Sir William always succeed? Ar' n't his pieces always acted?" asked Downes in a triumphant tone.

"Does n't he always write his own play-bills?" answered Nokes; who, with every glass, was becoming more bitter and captious. "Give Settle the same chance, and do you think he'll ever fail?"

"Come, John; you know there's spite in all this—You know that, because Sir William insists on keeping you to his words——"

"That's the worst of the tyranny; for, if they were the words of anybody else, the slavery might be tolerable."

"See what Sir William has done for us!" cried Downes, with all the inherent loyalty of a prompter. "See to what a height he has raised the whole profession!"

"A part of it," assented Nokes — "the women, now, who are to hang from the clouds in the next piece."

"I'm of your way of thinking, Mr. Downes," observed a new-comer, a thin, pale young man, with weak eyes and a thread of a voice — "Sir William knows the town; and the town has had a surfeit of dullness. No doubt, Betterton would like to play Hamlet six days in the week: now, for my part, I can't see so very much in Hamlet: I speak my mind, and I think it a heavy thing."

"What part do you act in it?" asked Nokes, his eyes twinkling disdain.

"Rosencrantz," replied the other, with the air of an injured man.

"Ha!" rejoined Nokes; "which satisfactorily accounts for your opinion." And Nokes, with renewed vehemence, applied himself to his potations; maintaining a dogged silence, whilst the prompter and the small actor discussed the merits of the forthcoming novelty. The tyro player dwelt with eloquence on the new "clothing" of the piece, and the ingenious "flying machines;" but when he came to the "perspective scenes," expressly painted for the spectacle, his rapture knew no bounds; he was in full voice,

when the muddled Nokes coarsely silenced the enthusiast.

"Hold your shouting! you babe in a wood! Perspective scenes! Mark my word, Jack! these vermillion fellows, with their harlequin-jacket skies — and their seas of ochre — and their peaks of Teneriffe — and their palaces of the great Cham — mark what I say — they'll turn the brains of the town through its eyes. They'll destroy our glorious art! Player and poet, both will be lost! Rare old Ben — and dear sweet William — Jack Nokes — and Tom Betterton — we shall all" — and though the eyes of Nokes were almost set, they for a moment flashed with the prophet, as, striking the table with his clenched fist, he exclaimed, his voice deepening, till it ended in a lachrymose groan — "we shall all be painted out — painted out — painted out!" And again Nokes drank.

"But, my dear John," began the prompter, in a soothing voice —

"Poor Jack Downes!" interrupted Nokes, in a tone of commiseration, "you are painted out, too. In a little time, and you'll cease to hold the book to men and women; no, you'll have to prompt nothing but earthquakes and give the word to nobody but dragons and flying-fish. Yes; I am told that henceforth the prompter is to shoe the horses; for I do hear we're to have cattle on the boards. I am told" — here, what with emotion and many cups, Nokes sank into hopeless maudlin — "I am told that in this very piece — the

Lord forgive Sir William ! what we must come to — I am told that they're going to put a pony over the head of — of — of dear Mrs. Saunderson ! ”

The bare conception of such indignity was too much for the professional sensibility of Nokes. There is a point in sorrow and indignation where language stops. At this point Nokes had evidently arrived, for he sat silent ; and, in a short time, snored. Fortunately, the sleeper did not act that day, and was thus left in profound repose by the prompter. It being nearly three o'clock, Downes betook himself to the theatre, attended by the young actor ; who, ere he quitted the sleeping comedian, finished his liquor for him, and then ventured a few remarks on his merits. “ He was certainly a clever man ; but seriously, and quite in confidence, did not Mr. Downes think him considerably over-paid ? ”

Refreshed by two hours' sleep, Nokes gradually returned to the full consciousness of a low comedian. His mental powers were, however, considerably quickened by a conversation proceeding from a party huddled in a distant corner of the room. The speakers, ignorant of the presence of any intruder — for Nokes had lain on a bench behind a table, consecrated to the actors of “ the Duke's,” and separated by a wooden screen from common eyes — talked freely of their conspiracy. Yes, it was but too evident to Nokes that a plot, fraught with incalculable mischief, was in course of concoction by the party. With pricked ears and repressed breath, he sat motionless and listened.

"Are you sure the king will be there?" asked one.

"The king and all his court," was the reply.

"Then," said the voice of a third, "we'll all go armed; and, when I give the word, let fly among 'em!"

The wig of Nokes seemed self-lifted from his head; his tongue became a stone in his mouth, and, lest the chattering of his teeth should betray him, he thrust his nether lip between them. Could he quit the room unseen, the assassins might be secured; were he discovered in the attempt, they, doubtless, had daggers, and would not pause to use them. Was ever one of "the Duke's" company in such a dilemma!

"We'll show that Englishmen know their rights," cried a conspirator.

"And will have 'em," said a determined second.

"Or else know the reason why," concluded the third.

Nokes, becoming assured that he was in no dream, nerved himself into the courage of taking a peep; he rose, and, noiseless as though his whole frame was changed into wool, mounted the bench, and, taking a brief look over the screen, saw the threatening triumvirate. The most marked and earnest of the party was a youth of about eighteen; his closely-cropt head, his keen eye, his firmly-pressed mouth, and dilated nostril, though his nose was the reverse of Roman, marked him the Cassius of the scene: to these we may add, an air of licence—a manner, popularly known as vagabond. The second, and the most re-

finest of the three, seemed some two years older than his emphatic coadjutor; his dress was more succinct and neat; his hair, evidently not neglected by its master, was in close curl about a handsome, open face — alas! far too well-favoured to fester in Palace Yard — and his eye beamed with the frank spirit of youth.

"What!" cried he — "if my father does make for the court, sha'n't I show myself above the prejudice?"

"To be sure," cried the youth on the right of the speaker; "what's custom to a man's country?"

The author of this patriotic sentiment, being seated with his back towards Nokes, defied the vigilance of the actor, who could make no other note upon him, save that his doublet was patched in three places, whilst at least half-a-dozen holes called for similar attention. Nokes again sank upon his seat and called his scattered ideas to close council. At length, he was decided; heedless of personal danger — counting his life, in such a cause, as nought — he rose, determined to rush upon the rebels and secure them, when he found them — gone. More, the landlord, knew nothing of them — they had paid their reckoning, and there his cares began and ended. Nokes, weighed down with the fatal secret, quitted the house for the theatre: he told the treason to the prompter, whose only remark was, that some people had strange dreams: he gave dark hints of the brooding evil to the manager, who heard them with an incredulous face, uttering a delicate warning against strong drink.

Leaving Nokes in his perplexity, we beg leave to take the reader behind the scenes of "the Duke's," on the first day of the long-promised glory — the play, with new dancers — new scenery — new machines — new music! The theatre swarmed with the "best people" of the town. The king and the duke, with all the flower of the court, were in the house; and Sir William, suffused and dilated with the *mens divinator*, looked and walked expecting triumph — when an event occurred, which menaced manager and author with shame and defeat. A beautiful young actress — (wild horses shall not tear her name from us,) — charged with a most important character in the play, was not to be found; after a distracted search, it seemed certain that she had either committed suicide or an elopement; there were, however, some vague hopes of her life, as, on the previous day, she had been seen in full health, smiling and talking in St. James's Park. Quick or dead, she had left the author of the new play without a princess, and where, or how, he was suddenly to provide himself, quite passed his wit. Sir William was aghast with disappointment, when Mrs. Davies ran laughing to the bard, and told him not to despair, for that a new actress, perfect in the part, had fallen upon them from the clouds. "A pretty creature, who had brought rouge and patches to Mrs. Gibbs, vowed she could act the princess to the life!" Sir William, vexed at what he deemed unnecessary humour at his affliction, was swinging away from the fair speaker,

when he was fixed by Mrs. Gibbs herself, dragging rather than leading to the author a pretty, blushing girl, before introduced to the reader as — Peggy Simpson. On that eventful day, Peggy, with the consent of her mother, had taken the place of a young friend, suddenly fallen sick, and had brought the aforesaid stage illustrations to Mrs. Gibbs. As Sir William glanced at Peggy, his face on the instant cleared up; indeed, her look and demeanour were almost enough to mollify even that wild beast, a dramatist, in the ferocity of a first night. Peggy hung down her head, and the tears started to her eyes; she could have wished the stage to yawn and swallow her from the ordeal which her vivacity had provoked. "How came it that she knew the part?" was a question asked by more than Sir William.

"She had helped Mr. Downes to copy the characters, and, that of the princess being the prettiest, she had, without knowing it, got it by heart!" Mr. Downes, coming up at the time, though astounded to meet Peggy, for he had known nothing of her friendly mission, corroborated her story as to the help of her pen; and, though somewhat confused at the accusing looks and significant gestures of Nokes and other of the gentlemen actors, ventured a favourable opinion of the girl's intelligence. "At all events, 'tis worth the trial," said Sir William, and, followed by Betterton, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Gibbs, and a dozen others, he took Peggy into his room to hear her speak the part.

This she did with so much grace and sweetness, that Sir William gave her into the hands of Mrs. Davies, who bore Peggy away in triumph to the tireing-room, where, in due time, she was habited right royally. As she looked in the glass, Peggy fairly believed in some enchantment; the world had changed about her, and she was no longer Peggy Simpson. Yes; there rose a wish which proved her identity: she wished that her mother could see her — wished that — that another person was there to behold his princess!

The indulgence of the audience being duly prayed for, Peggy appeared before her judges. Her very soul seemed to flutter at her lips, when the applause burst upon her; the beating of her heart was truly painful; a raging thirst came suddenly upon her; she was now burning with fever, and now shaking with ague: objects whirled and danced around — she could distinguish no one face or form from among the crowd; but stood amazed, transfixed, blinded, by the din that rose about her. The author glared at the little princess with un pitying eyes; and some two or three of the actresses smiled, like statues, at her confusion. "I told you so," was said by more than one — "I told you so." Indeed the condition of Peggy threatened to bear out the worst possible prophecy; for the applause had ceased for some seconds, and she still stood mute, trembling, and weeping; she endeavoured to speak; her lips moved, but no sound was audible. Then came another round of applause, when Peggy,

by a powerful effort — her gentle face and fragile figure glowed and towered with the clamour — found her voice, her self-possession; and from that moment she commenced the part, which, scene after scene, she rendered more interesting and intelligent. When the play was ended, a thousand hands and voices declared her triumph.

"Tut! Mr. Betterton, it can't be. What! a raw school-girl become in three hours a finished actress!" Thus spoke a fair member of "the Duke's" — an unbeliever, who had not seen the new princess. "What can she know of the business of the stage?"

"Nothing. She knew not when to cross, or when to turn; nay, she suffered twenty admirable opportunities to escape, without resorting to her pocket-handkerchief; and when she should have kept a regal, measured pace, she more than once tripped like a milk-maid. Yet, after all, she knew more than the words; it was evident that she had steeped her spirit in the essence of the character; that she had for hours and days before *lived* the princess — and thus, though the girl was sadly out in the mechanism of acting, she showed a deep, intuitive sense of poetry and passion." So judged Mr. Betterton; and we bow to his opinion. It was, moreover, very certain that Peggy had made other admirers, for no sooner was she off the stage than she was beset by a crowd of high gentlemen, young and old, who, by the liberal kindness of the manager, had the happy privilege of staring at

the actresses behind the scenes. She was fairly hemmed about by a host of flatterers, each offering incense to the little seamstress, who shrunk, timid as a leveret, from the approach. One young gentleman was singularly pressing in his admiration; he was a tall, slim youth, with one eternal smile at his mouth meaning nothing; his upper lip bore, though yet in its infancy, a very promising moustache; and he spoke in a manner partaking both of a yawn and a lisp. He bowed his face close to the face of Peggy, and, turning a flower betwixt his thumb and finger — an exotic for which he had that day given forty shillings — proceeded with his sudden suit. "Nay, I vow, I protest by all the gods" — he was protesting on, when, with a thought, the object of his vows was carried off! It was Manager Betterton himself, who had withdrawn Peggy from the dangerous accents of the young speaker. "Child," said the careful functionary — "it is time to go home; I will see you there."

Unobserved, as Betterton thought, he quitted the playhouse with his beautiful charge: he had placed her in a chair, and was walking trustily by its side, when, turning into Drury Lane, he was overtaken by three youths, who, with loud voices, and we fear with an oath or two, cried "Stand!" It was a foggy November evening, and, the links being seized and extinguished by the intruders, the chairmen shouted, Peggy began to scream, Betterton raved, and addressed himself to do battle with the assailants, who, it was plain, were

determined upon bearing off the girl. The fight began, and was about to conclude in favour of the thieves, when a sudden reinforcement turned the fortune of the day; two of Betterton's troops had ignominiously taken to their heels; he, their valorous captain, was upon his back, his sword—for he had left the theatre in his stage dress—torn from his hand, and the principal of the ruffians grasping his throat; when suddenly lights blazed round the corner, and who should come up—but Nokes, who had resolved to watch Betterton, speedily followed by the young hair-lipped gentleman, breathing vengeance against the manager. The desperadoes were defeated and secured; but oh! unlooked-for, happy event! Nokes leapt, in a paroxysm of loyalty and gladness, when he recognized in the three prisoners the leash of traitors at the Roebuck! With flaring eyes, and a voice cracking with earnestness, Nokes ran over the roll of their probable villanies, and concluded by screaming to all good men and true, to hold fast the knaves, "as Cromwellites—as murderers—as traitors to the king and to the state!" Here Peggy, who had sat half-dead with fright, shrieked, and, bursting from the chair, ran to the handsomest of the three prisoners, and—to the horror and consternation of many of the beholders—fell upon his neck, crying, sobbing—"Oh, Stephen! Stephen! what have you done?"

It cannot be denied that the looks of the prisoners were most suspicious. They stood overwhelmed with

shame and amazement. That Peggy, the princess, should show such unequivocal interest for the chief traitor, only served to deepen the mystery. Nokes, though his heart began to soften, felt he had a stern duty to perform — he also had a vague feeling, should he have brought a great plot to light, of the possibility of a baronetcy. Thus, persisting in his charge, the culprits were forthwith taken to the roundhouse, which — the rumour reaching the theatre — was speedily filled with many of its noble visitors. The charge of Nokes being heard — and he gave his evidence with most provoking perspicacity — the prisoners were called upon to tell who and what they were.

The first who answered was Stephen Skein, son of John Skein, doublet-maker to his gracious majesty. He had visited the theatre that day; but with no evil designs against monarchy or the stability of the state. He recollected being at the Roebuck; recollected a conversation there; was not bound to criminate himself; would reserve what more he had to say for his trial.

Jeremy Midge, the second speaker, was apprentice to the father of John Skein, and bosom friend of his young master; he had been to the play — remembered the Roebuck — had some talk there: — would say no more at present.

Peter Bang, the last of the accused, was for taking a very high tone; he was a free-born Englishman, and hated the French; he, however, would say no more at present; for his living, he got it as he could;

there were many people who, for all their fine clothes, were in no better condition.

It was true that the conspirators, intent on mischief, had visited "the Duke's;" it was not less certain that Peggy was the cause of the failure of the plot; for Stephen was so astounded, so struck out of himself, by the appearance of his sweetheart—for, in spite of the threats and frowns of his wealthy father, he still vowed to marry Peggy—that the high object of his patriotism dissolved in mist. His companions were little less surprised and interested; and thus, when Peggy quitted the scene, they immediately left the gallery, and sought at the stage-door a solution of the mystery. It was thence they tracked Betterton and his charge, and hence the fray and fatal recognition.

The examination of the prisoners being ended, and not the slightest proof of their murderous designs found upon them—the pocket of Stephen containing nothing more dangerous than three well-worn letters written by Peggy—it required all the vehement loyalty of Nokes to keep a serious air upon the case. As, however, Peggy's correspondence had been found upon the head offender, she was called upon to answer for herself. "What was her surname?—who were her parents?—where did they dwell?" These questions she readily answered, stating that her father had been a soldier, and was killed at the battle of Worcester fighting on the king's side. The simplicity of her replies was, however, lost upon the querist, who, no

doubt to wring a confession from the lover Stephen, threatened to commit Peggy as an accomplice — as, indeed, a person treasonous to the state. The threat produced the wished effect: no sooner was it uttered, than the young doublet-maker avowed his readiness to confess; let Mr. Nokes again interrogate, and he, Stephen, would reply! All ears were open for the terrible disclosure — and Peggy, pale as a corse, the tears streaming down her face, clung to the arm of Betterton, though her eyes were riveted upon Stephen. Nokes, with new dignity, proceeded with the tragedy.

"Did not the prisoner at the Roebuck say that when the king and court were at 'the Duke's,' he and his accomplices would go armed; and then, at a given signal, let fly among 'em?"

Stephen, with erect head and firm voice, replied — "I did!" As he spoke, every face in the roundhouse looked astonishment and horror; the features of the apprentice grew deathly white, and even the cheeks of the high-souled Peter Bang waxed somewhat leaden. "Miserable young man!" exclaimed one of the twenty courtiers who had come from the theatre — "what could have tempted you to so wicked a deed?"

"The love of my country!" replied the undaunted Stephen.

"Old England for ever!" cried, or rather with some effort squeaked, the apprentice.

"We are Englishmen, and we'll die for the rights of Englishmen," fulminated the resolute Bang.

The nobleman was proceeding — "And with what weapons?" — when an officer, carrying a bag which he had found where the prisoners had sat in the gallery, entered the roundhouse! Now there was evidence complete; doubtless, the bag contained some missiles of diabolical invention — some devilish mischief which, if properly directed, would murder an army.

"Prisoner" — the voice of the speaker faltered with a false pity for the youth — "is this your bag?"

"The bag is mine!"

Instantly its contents were shaken over the table, when there fell in all directions a shower of — of — The voice of every beholder shouted — "Peas!" Then ensued a moment's pause — and then the roof rang with laughter. Poor Nokes, distrusting his sense of sight and hearing, placed one of the deadly shots between his teeth, and then exclaimed — "A corn-chandler's plot! — peas, by Jupiter!"

Still, the offenders, by their own confession, stood charged with an attempt to violate the sacredness of majesty; this, however, they vigorously denied. No; they swore they had no designs against the state — they had no wish to overturn the government; all they burned and yearned for was patriotically to trip up the French dancers. It was when "Monsieur L'Abbé, Monsieur Ruel, Maria Gallia," and others of whose names fame has proved forgetful — it was when they first appeared, that, in the nervous English of the conspirators, they were — "to let fly among

'em!" * Patriotism, like love, takes a thousand ingenious ways to develop itself; indeed, the history of thousands of statesmen shows it:—Caius Cassius was for Roman blood—Stephen Skein merely required a sprained French ankle: for the apprentice, he joined in the plot for the sake of good company; many a conspirator hath had no profounder reason for his meddling. For Peter Bang, his patriotism was, we grieve to say, alloyed by private feeling: it was true, like all youths of the seventeenth century, he of course had from his cradle a hatred of his natural enemies, the French; but his antipathy against the Gallic artists was heightened by early associations: he was wont a year or two before to carry to the theatre the bundle of an English dancer, of one, who, in the days of pure taste, was held the "only jig-maker!"

We now approach the end of our little history. Stephen and his companions, after a suitable warning, were discharged; and Peggy, though dazzled by her success and tempted by a hundred syren voices, married the son of the rich old doublet-maker, the dignified tradesman being reconciled to the match by a

* We have culled this historical anecdote from a huge mass of neglected records. There is no doubt, however, that we have been anticipated in our knowledge of the peculiar nature of the conspiracy; and that the patriots of 1738, who, when a company of French dancers appeared at the Haymarket, strewed the boards with a storm of peas were fully aware of the abortive plot at "the Duke's!" Hitherto, history has been silent upon it, but the idea is too brilliant to have visited more than one brain; the Haymarket conspirators were only poor copyists. (See *Victor's History of London and Dublin Theatres*.)

message, ay, from the court ; for it was discovered by Betterton that it was Peggy's father who had served in Mohun's regiment, and who had, moreover, lost his life, defending a nobleman, assailed by three of the enemy. Mohun lost no time in informing his lordship of the condition of Peggy and her mother — the girl was immediately portioned — old Skein, as we have shown, was softened by his lordship — and, in a few days, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Gibbs, Mohun, Betterton, Nokes, yes, and Downes the prompter, danced at the wedding of the late "Actress at 'the Duke's!'"

TO ROMANCE.

BY C. J. DAVIDS, ESQ.

Spirit, that throw'st thy fairy fingers o'er
The wizard harp that tells of other days,
(Wrapping our senses in a wildering maze)
Not in wild tales of legendary lore,
Sung by the Bard or Runic Scald of yore,
Alone thou reignest ; nor in minstrel-lays,
Telling of ladies' love, or deadly frays,
And Christian lances gilt with Paynim gore.
I've heard thee speak in every fitful breeze
That kiss'd the flower-bells, or stirr'd the trees.
When stars were young, and new-born earth and skies
Resounded first with Nature's melodies,
Thy voice, symphonious with their choral chime,
Sang at the mystic birth of infant Time !

red by
served
, lost
ree of
s lord-
her —
as we
l, in a
erton,
ed at
s!"

skies

THE DANCE OF THE PEASANTS,

IN THE WINTER'S TALE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Good is as hundreds, evil as one;
Round about goeth the golden sun.

LEIGH HUNT'S CAPT. SWORD AND CAPT. PEN.

Sleepest thou, Sufferer? — Sleep denies
The balm of her visions to weeping eyes.
Yet, worn with pain, and faint with fears,
Oh! sweet, sweet Sorrower — even in tears
 The heart may behold
 Glad visions unfold,
And Edens of Love to illumine our years.

Glance for a moment around the gloom,
Silent and deep, of this curtained room.
The sphere of our grief, is it wider than this?
Now gaze on the landscape, the light that we miss.
 Nought seemeth to grieve,
 This rich summer-eve!
Oh! bliss should be our's when looking on bliss!

The circle of Life, how large! — Alas,
For him who perceives but a single class;
Who views this beautiful world with eyes
Untaught to admire and sympathize,
 By lessons of love
 Beneath and above —
Flowers on the earth and stars in the skies!

A single flower, a single star,
Breathing beside us, beaming afar,
Has a thousand gazers; while thousands moan,
As human happiness dies unknown.

I cannot repine,
If joy may be mine
By making the joy of others mine own.

Delights are ever about and around,
Cunningly hidden, yet easily found;
Pleasures refined, yet sweet to the crowd;
Common, yet precious as pure to the proud: —

Sympathies fine,
Ennobling, divine —
Courting us mutely, or carolling loud.

A fond illusion, a shadow, may bless
The soul with the balm of forgetfulness.
Gaze, mourner, again from this dim nook of night;
The landscape — behold, it is beamingly bright

With the forms and features
Of Phantasy's creatures;
Yet living, and real, and breathing delight!

Call them not phantasies, false as fair;
Humanities only are revelling there.
The spell of the Poet hath given them birth;
Yet Poetry is but the voice of our Earth,

Relating to Time,
In a music sublime,
Our vanity, glory, affliction, and mirth.

Can Poetry brighten the mid-day blue,
Or give to the grass a greener hue?
'Twere as futile to gild the lustre Love flings
Upon life — or the halo which Charity brings —
Or the bright footprint
Of Peace — or the tint
Of Hope's untamed, untiring wings.

Oh! then not false, this forest scene,
Where these, Life's Genii, gladden the green;
Where Labour leaps up and laughs in play,
And Age and Youth hold holiday;
Where fond eyes glisten,
And hushed hearts listen; —
While gazing, are *we* less happy than they?

The world is to them, with its sun and shade,
For hours together — that grassy glade;
To them is Death but a deep love-trance,
And the progress of Life but the maze of a dance;
And Heaven rejoices
While human voices
Breathe truth in the tones of sweet romance.

They feel that of eves like this are born
The golden pleasures of many a morn;
For, trials and toils for a time forgot,
Bright memories spring from the fairy spot.
Oh! well know they
How a single day
Of leisure may lighten a dreary lot.

For they are the Poor! — the peasant-roots
Of the social tree, and of all its fruits;
And they prize the flow'rs that are dropp'd by the throng,
And smile on their weeds, and pass lightly along:

The joys which they court
Of game or of sport,
Are stimulants generous, subtle, and strong.

And she,* who sitteth, but not alone —
That maiden-queen on her simple throne —
There, with a natural beauty crowned,
Shedding a brightness over the ground —

Amidst the praise
Of many lays,
Distinguishing *one* love-murmuring sound;

When stranger lips shall say how she
May match in blood with sovereignty,
Will she, who, among this peasant race,
Sees fondness and truth in every face,

Be more a queen
In soul or mien,
Than here in her sylvan dwelling-place?

But she, with a heart untrained to cool
Its warm emotions by courtly rule,
Will smile on the Peasant's dance and lay,
And cheer him to prolong his play;

Yon shepherd-boy,
Who pipes for joy,
May pipe perchance an hour a day.

* Perdita.

Her's will it be to fling the door
Of Gladness open to all the poor ;
To seek the peasant's pathway bare,
And plant a rose or two here and there ;
Her loving hand
Shall strew the land
With the simple pleasures that all may share.

Her's, too, to teach how treasure is lost
By gaining treasure at others' cost ;
How Luxury pines, when pine the Poor ;
Like him who destroyed his garden-store
Of blossoms and trees,
That his neighbour's bees
Might gather their honey there no more.

Oh ! beautiful vision, thanks to thee,
For showing how happy the humble may be ;
How little is wanting to gild the gloom
Of Industry toiling its way to the tomb !
For a spirit is there
In that greenwood fair,
The limb to sustain and the mind to illume.

Comfort thee, Mourner ! commonest things
Often contain most delicate springs ;
The loveliest forms are not the rarest,
Costliest joys are seldom fairest ;
The garden shines
More than the mines ; —
To hope is to have — yet thou despair'st !

Who cannot count, the dreariest here,
A hundred smiles for every tear ?
The pleasures of others lessen our pain,
And memory multiplies all again.
Nature is kind ! —
Shall we be blind,
When even her dreams are not woven in vain !

SONG.

WRITTEN AT SEA, ON BOARD THE WILLIAM JOLLIFFE,
NOVEMBER 18, 1829.

BY DR. BOWRING.

Down the Elbe and o'er the sea,
Thus we bear us joyfully
To the land of Liberty,
Land that we adore.
Land of great and glorious name,
Land of heroes, land of fame,
Ne'er may sorrow, ne'er may shame,
Break upon thy shore !

Shall we love thee less when we,
Steering o'er thy native sea,
Long, too long, estranged from thee,
Greet thy cliffs again ?
When to thee our footsteps turn,
Thou with brighter flame shalt burn,
Breathing forth from Memory's urn,
Empress of the Main !

THE BUSY FRIENDS.

A SPANISH STORY, FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY MRS. R. LEE.

IN the city of Madrid lived a beautiful lady, named Donna Ximena de Xelvas, from whose lips the following history was taken. She had resided in her father's castle, in Arragon, till she had attained the age of ten years, and was surrounded by romantic hills and forests, winding rivers, enamelled meads, and all those natural charms which impress the mind of a child, and which, in seclusion, in the busy scenes of a capital, in sickness and sorrow, and, in other lands, are never forgotten. Leaving the straight walks and terraces of the majestic, yet gloomy, gardens belonging to the castle, Ximena wandered about these delightful spots with her companions, wild and thoughtless as the leverets which sprang from under her feet, and beautiful as the blossoms with which she decorated the raven tresses of silken hair, that had never yet felt the scissors. . . . When taken at the above-mentioned age to be immured in a convent, she deplored the rank which burdened her with such an education, and, straining her eyes to take a last look from the carriage-window, of scenes to which she was about to bid a long adieu, the tears fell so fast as almost to defeat her purpose.

But, dear as these inanimate forms were, what were they in comparison with her numerous pets, consisting of deer, rabbits, birds!—and even these faded from her heart, when she thought of the separation from those beloved playfellows, who had enjoyed all things with her. Who was it that walked by the side of the cumbrous coach, as it rolled slowly down the great avenue?—who was it that waited at the last gate again to bid farewell?—and who was it, hours after, that stood on the steep side of the narrow mountain pass, which marked the frontiers of Arragon, and threw a handful of flowers into her lap, through the open window of the carriage? Who could it be but her favourite, Don Alvarez, the youngest brother of the Marquis de Santolino, whose estates lay contiguous to her father's? He was a few years older than herself, but they had been like brother and sister; and when Ximena beheld him once more waving his hands, as the vehicle wound round the defile, she burst into a convulsive paroxysm of grief, which awakened her companions, the old nurse, and a priest from her future abode. When they saw her passionately kissing the flowers in her hand, they thought that it was some childish freak, and again composed themselves to sleep. But a southern sun sheds a precocious influence over the mind, and so warms it with its ardent rays, that it would be well, perhaps, if education could always deaden the fire that burns within.

Ximena entered Madrid late one evening, and, after being dragged through its dark narrow streets, she was stopped before a huge portal. A deep-toned bell summoned the porter, and the equipage, again moving forward, finally halted under a gloomy lamp, which but faintly lighted the dark cloisters. Through these the half-frightened girl was hurried, and she clung to her nurse, as the only object which did not excite her apprehension. She was agreeably surprised, then, when two smiling nuns ushered her into a cheerful parlour, and led her to the aged and once benevolent Abbess. With her, superstition and seclusion had long quenched the kind and liberal feelings which contact with our fellow-creatures increases in an amiable disposition; and she was little indulgent to the giddiness of youth, or the frailties of human nature. She, however, received Ximena kindly, and introduced her to several girls of about her own age, like her, placed in the convent for education. Her nurse attended her to her room, where, exhausted, she fell asleep, and only awoke when the matin-bell summoned the sisterhood to prayers.

In the course of the first day, she received a visit from her father, who had for eight years been her only surviving parent. Immersed in the intrigues of a despotic court, the Count had entrusted his child to her mother's nurse and confessor, and had not seen her since her sojourn at the before-mentioned castle. She had of course no recollection of his person, and

he had taken no pains to give her a favourable idea of his disposition ; her few requests to him had generally met with a stern refusal, and she had been taught to believe that from his decision there was no appeal. It was, therefore, with some fear that she met him in the parlour — a feeling that was not removed by his salutation. He coldly kissed her forehead, and surveyed her with an air of curiosity rather than affection. “There is much promise,” said he, whisperingly to the Abbess, and then, turning to Ximena, he charged her to be obedient and industrious during the period allotted for her stay in that place, and finished the interview with a solemn injunction for her to learn every accomplishment, never to leave the Convent, never to receive visits from any one who was not sent by himself, and never to be allowed to form any intimacies with those around her. The return of every year brought back her father, with the same freezing kiss, the same scrutiny, and the same injunctions.

Monotonous was, therefore, the life of this animated child ; the punishments and squabbles of the sisters, the convent *fêtes*, a daily walk among the dark trees of the garden, a certain portion of instruction, and the repetition of long prayers, formed the routine, and no event of importance broke in upon it, excepting the death of her nurse. When she was gone, she had not a single friend, for no sooner was a partiality to any of her companions perceived, than the parties were

separated, and the sole light of her tedious existence was the hope of liberty. The Ximena of Madrid was a totally different being from the Ximena of Arragon; the dreams of her childhood became fainter every year; the image of Alvarez, and of the joyous creatures connected with him, was almost obliterated; and the flowers which she yet preserved seemed to be all that was left her of former times. Elastic as childhood may be, life has often withered away in these abodes; yet, to our heroine, the knowledge that something better was to be found beyond the walls of her prison, and the certain assurance that she should be released when convenient to her father, kept her in health; and to obtain that release there were few things to which she would not have submitted.

At the expiration of six years, the Count appeared before Ximena with unusual vivacity and kindness, and told her that in one month she was to be the wife of Don Pedro de Xelvas. This event was to be accompanied by liberty, and she was transported to ecstasy; her emotion was mistaken by the Abbess for grief at the idea of leaving those around her, but her father deigned not to console or explain, and left her, saying that she would on the morrow be introduced to a female relation, who would assist her in the requisite preparations. Ximena asked neither the age, character, nor fortune, of her intended husband; she was to be free, she thought, and that contained her every earthly desire.

The day came for signing the contract, and she was led, thickly veiled, into the convent parlour, where, before a numerous assembly, she subscribed to the deed; but, dazzled, agitated, and confused, by the unwonted presence of so many strangers, she raised not her eyes, nor beheld her destined husband till she met him at the altar of the convent chapel. Her father led her to swear love and obedience to an unknown being, well convinced that he had done his duty, by uniting his only child to a general, whose services were recognized by his sovereign, and who enjoyed that consideration at court, which might further the ambitious views that he himself secretly entertained.

We will not follow Ximena through all the details of her married life: suffice it to say that, although her husband was much advanced in years, and not prepossessing either in manners or appearance, she was fortunate. Don Pedro was sensible, well informed, and kind-hearted, and, finding that he had a docile creature to deal with, he took especial pains to further her studies, to fortify her intellect by good reading, and to rid her naturally pious mind of many of the incumbrances with which Convent worship had loaded it; he encouraged her to retain her accomplishments, while he matured her reason, but he carried the discipline of the field into domestic life. His servants and his wife were obliged to obey his least sign, and presumed not to question the wisdom of his commands. He was not absolutely jealous, but he saw that Ximena

was singularly beautiful, and gifted with a ready wit and much vivacity; and, with his usual good sense, he determined to retire from one of the most profligate courts in Europe, before his innocent wife became entangled in its intrigues. In vain did the Count oppose a plan which frustrated all his hopes of benefiting by the interest of his son-in-law; Don Pedro was firm, and, after a few months, removed his whole household to an estate far distant from the metropolis. In due time, a little Don Pedro de Xelvas was born, and for five years the tranquillity of Ximena was unbroken, except by the death of her father, who fell a victim to the extreme irritability caused by ungratified ambition. She had never had an opportunity of loving him, and therefore felt not much sorrow at his death; the title and estate passed into a distant branch of the family, and Ximena and Arragon seemed to be separated for ever.

At the expiration of the above-mentioned period, a much more serious calamity occurred, which changed the destiny of our heroine, and called forth the latent energies of her character. It was the loss of Don Pedro, who left her sole directress of her son's education, and guardian of his property. He bequeathed to herself a noble fortune, added to her own; and, to evince his perfect confidence in her character, he did not leave a single injunction for her future conduct, or express a single wish concerning his son's career. Young, beautiful, accomplished, rich, and free, could

there be any one apparently more blest than Ximena ; but, so it is in this imperfect state of existence, even her happiness increased the difficulties of her position. Scarcely were the earthly remains of her excellent friend and adviser consigned to the dust, when an officious female neighbour intruded on her sorrow, to warn her against the visits of an intimate acquaintance of her late husband's ; thus creating a distrust and fear towards one, from whom she might otherwise have derived comfort. It astonished and annoyed her, but the hounds had noble game in view, and away they went, full cry ; one day warning her of approaching presumption, at another advising her to accept what had never been proffered, and distressing her with details she cared not to know. But weightier affairs pressed on her mind, and, the first year of her widowhood being passed, she was called into another sphere.

Although there is generally much good feeling towards a forlorn, unprotected woman, yet there will be found some ready to take advantage of her isolated situation. Distant relations of Don Pedro's laid claim to a large portion of her son's property, and, as they intrigued in the most artful manner, and were people of great influence at court, Ximena determined to remove to Madrid, not only to carry on her law-suit with greater facility, but to counteract the artifices of her antagonists, as far as lay in her power. Other reasons contributed to make this change desirable, for there she could procure the best masters for her child, and she

hoped to be free from the eternal tongues of match-makers. It is not by a dignity which is not understood that we can always repress the idle and the ignorant, and when the interference assumes the semblance of friendship, the task of repelling busy tongues becomes still more difficult. In a metropolis, thought Ximena, people are too much occupied to think for others; the succession of society, the mingling with it on a large scale, and the facility of finding amusement, all check the progress of impertinence and surmise; and there surely no one meddles with his neighbour's affairs. How far she was right we shall see.

Her former acquaintances flocked around her; her beauty and acquirements, her unusual virtue, her devotion and attachment to her child, her fortune, rendered her the object of universal admiration and but too frequently of envy. It was extremely difficult not, even by the most innocent action, to give cause for censure; and the utmost circumspection and temper were required to baffle the attacks of scandal. However, people would talk of her in some way or other, and her country persecution seemed to have travelled with her to Madrid.

Leaving the law-suit to her own management, her friends kindly set about managing her individual affairs, the most important of which, they thought, was a second marriage; but, as she never encouraged any conversation on the subject, they were soon left to their own conjectures. It is really extraordinary to

see the pains and trouble (of which close watching is not the least part) taken by those who are otherwise idle, in such concerns; and it is even painful to see talent, energy, and activity, so wasted, which, directed to better objects, would be beneficial to mankind. No single man was seen to enter the house of the lovely widow, to converse with her in company, or to salute her in her carriage, but he was transformed into the favoured lover; that these trifles would "come to something" was predicted, and then every merit and disadvantage was discussed; people even pointed out whom the bride would or would not visit among her new connexions.

"Well, Donna Ximena," said one day a lady, whom the world would perhaps have called a friend, "I did flatter myself that you and I had few secrets from each other, and I am deeply hurt at hearing of such an important event from strangers."

"What can you mean?" asked Ximena.

"Mean! why, that you and Don Philip have been engaged for these two months, and that, as soon as his mourning for his late wife is over, you are to be married."

In vain did Ximena protest against the veracity of the report, founded upon a mutual esteem; and nothing but the death of Don Philip released her from the suspicion.

Another year passed, and the pride of Madrid still remained single, and when the busy-bodies found out

that she really had refused some excellent proposals, the wonder increased. "I am determined to fathom this mystery," said an indefatigable personage, "sooner or later;" and, a clue being unconsciously given by Ximena herself, she had the satisfaction of starting a new idea, which was for a time adopted. Ximena observed that she was most impatiently awaiting the arrival of a general from Spanish America, who, she hoped, would be able to further her dearest interests; she meant that his influence might operate in favour of her son, but her acquaintances settled it another way. All were in expectation, and the first intimation of the general's landing caused a great sensation: he came to the metropolis; he was constantly at Ximena's; he doated on her son, and exerted himself for his benefit; he even made no secret of his great admiration for the mother — and yet the general returned unmarried to his command on the other side of the Atlantic.

Amid the perplexity which this occasioned, a certain Donna Anna asserted that a cousin of Don Pedro's, who indeed laid claim to some of the property, had become so smitten with his opponent's mother, that he was determined to end the dispute by marrying her. Long had he combated his passion on account of the son, and other legal claimants; but, after the last visit which Ximena paid to his house, he could not resist any longer, and, added the reporter, "I have it on the best authority, the man's own sister."

"I do not mean to question the truth of your assertion, lady," said a gentleman in the corner, "but I confess I should like to know who that handsome young man is who goes so frequently to Donna Ximena's house, and whom I meet so often on his way thither, during my early walks."

The gentleman did not say that this had occurred only twice, and that the bag under his arm evidently bespoke the profession of the stranger to be that of a notary; it was new game, and the party separated with a determination to try who should find it out first. They met again in a short time, and were lamenting their dearth of information, till a quiet elderly lady, who had just entered, gave a faint smile.

"Why did you smile, Donna Felicia?" was asked.

"At nothing at all," she replied.

"You must have a reason. You do know who this Cavalier is that goes to see Donna Ximena every day."

"No, I know nothing, and if I did, do you think I would betray my friend's secrets?"

"Oh! then there are secrets," observed a very stiff person, who had been apparently absorbed in her work, "and it is your duty to account for the impropriety of Donna Ximena's receiving frequent visits from a young man."

"I shall do no such thing," returned Donna Felicia, "for I know all to be right in that quarter."

"Then you must know her to be engaged," said the male tattler.

Donna Felicia remained silent, but her head held on one side, her aquiline nose curling almost on to her upper lip, gave her an air of consciousness, which only excited more questions.

"Is it Don Alonzo? Don Hippolito? Don Ferdinand?" were the questions successively asked. Donna Felicia was immoveable.

"I have it," said a young lady; "her most intimate friend has a brother."

"Ridiculous!" said another; "he is but eighteen, and Ximena is twenty-three and more."

"Look at Donna Felicia," said the juvenile Paulina; "see how her mouth is drawn down, and how she shakes her foot; besides, Don Carlos used always to dance with me, but at the five last balls he has not asked me once, and dances with the widow."

All again appealed to Donna Felicia, but the prudent lady gravely put away her embroidery, drew herself up to her full height, and, with excessive solemnity, said: "I beg, ladies, you will ask me no further. I could not tell an untruth, and, as I would not for the world be guilty of betraying the confidence reposed in me — I wish you good evening."

In a short time, the young officer disappeared with his regiment, and this report gave way to others. Ximena was at first irritated and disgusted by all these tales, which were sure to be conveyed to her ears by some officious person, and a restraint very foreign to her nature for a while pervaded her man-

ners ; but when she perceived that even this did not protect her, and as she gradually became more accustomed to them, she found her best antidote was to derive amusement from her busy friends. She would frequently give sly hints, and be much entertained at recognizing them in the dress put on them by the world, though, indeed, it sometimes obscured them so much as almost to baffle her penetration. At one time she was congratulated on the immediate prospect of matrimony, and even permission was asked to be present at the ceremony; at which she would curtesy with expressions of gratitude, and promise that the speaker should be one of the wedding party. At others she would be taxed with only appearing to sanction the courtship of a friend, in order to blind her acquaintance, and she would reply "that it was best to be discreet." It would be difficult to trace all that was said and thought by the various classes of tale-bearers and inventors, but we may safely point out a few of the species, with which the world is infested. Some are openly malicious, and these, perhaps, are least dangerous, for they only gain credit with strangers, and a knowledge of their object dispels the impression they convey. Others cover their attacks by an appearance of candour. A third set will be blunderers, who, entirely with the idea of rendering a service, contradict that which is really true, but of which they do not approve, and embellish what they consider to be advantageous, without reason in either case. A fourth, who are really good-natured,

take care to report nothing evil, and while they are retailing as much as they can to the credit of their friend, look so happy, that it is impossible not to think them in full possession of that friend's confidence. But the worst of all are some of those who never tell, and these are generally celebrated for truth as well as secrecy. In fact, they never do tell; but their leading questions, their stopping short just at the moment when the listener thinks all is to be discovered, saying "I must not go further;" the placid and contemptuous smiles, the shrugging of the shoulders, the low bendings of the head, as if to conceal the countenance, the gentle laugh and cough at the critical moment, are their resources: and yet they keep the word they have given to the unwary, that the secret shall not be betrayed by them.

It is also curious to watch how a report gains from mouth to mouth. Donna Seraphina looked as if she knew something — Donna Seraphina as good as told me — Donna Seraphina told a friend of mine — Donna Seraphina told me, and gave me all the particulars — such is the frequent progress of the atom, till it becomes a large mass of positive falsehood, and this frequently without intention, for each flatters himself or herself that they say the truth.

But it is time for us to settle the fate of Donna Ximena, with an assurance to our readers that we really place the affair in its proper light. The cause of her son was ended in his favour, and, on the morning

chosen by her large circle of acquaintances to call and congratulate her on the joyful circumstance, she and the principal part of her household had disappeared.

"Donna Ximena not in Madrid! Where is she gone?" said the first visiter.

"To Santolino, in Arragon," replied the old porter — and thus did it happen. Long did she remain in her indifference: the anxiety she felt for the pecuniary affairs of her son, and still more the care of his education, occupied her mind too much for her to listen to a lover. Frequently, however, when least expected, the sudden touching of a secret chord causes a vibration through the heart, and prepares it for a total change of sentiment.

"How sweet are these flowers!" she exclaimed one evening, as she stood on the balcony of a friend, which overlooked a beautiful garden. "The flowers of Arragon were once much sweeter, lady," returned a low voice near her. The sound, the words, reminded her of some indefinite recollection, some dream long past away, and she turned to look at the person who had uttered them. He, however, had vanished, and nought was near excepting the lady she was visiting.

The emotion which they had awakened did not vanish with him, and, returning home, she sought her long neglected relics, her heart swelling with the thoughts of other days. "It could only be Alvarez," said she to herself; and she soon obtained news of him by means

of her confessor. By him she was informed, that, having been intended for the church, Alvarez had solicited to be sent to the schools of Paris and Rome for education; at the former, however, he had found a more congenial employment, and had entered the army, in which he had much distinguished himself; that a small property left him by a relation had induced him to quit it, and travel over all the accessible parts of Europe; and that he was just returned from Madrid, a stranger to his kindred, and still stranger in his appearance and manner.

Long did Ximena seek him in the gay circles of fashion; but he seemed to elude her search, till one evening, at a masqued ball, an Arragonese peasant addressed her in the provincial accents of her native district. The voice, the form, were, however, not to be disguised, though both were matured since she had known them; an explanation quickly followed, and the next morning found Alvarez at Ximena's, at an hour when general visitors were excluded. His adventures were told; but he hesitated to declare that, having caught a glimpse of her when she first married, during a stolen visit to Madrid, her image had pursued him every where.

Her ample fortune kept him at a distance, and caused his backwardness in discovering himself to her at first. However, Ximena knew the value of his character, and soon found out that she had never been forgotten; proudly then did she secure the treasure.

They were privately married ; and, early on the morning of her departure to revisit the home of her childhood, she had sent for Donna Inez, who belonged to some one of the above-mentioned species, and spoke as follows: "There are few people for whose opinion I care ; you, my dear Donna Inez, know who these few are, and I commission you to tell them of my change of name and state ; but, I charge you, let it go no further, and do not make me the nine days' wonder of Madrid."

Donna Ximena knew that, with this injunction, the publicity she desired would be accomplished : and truly Donna Inez slept not till she had worn out her horses and her fat coachman, exhausted the footman by opening the doors, rolled out the wheels of her carriage, and half killed herself in her zeal to be the first to circulate the important intelligence.

REFLECTIONS

WRITTEN ON THE MARRIAGE DAY OF A YOUNG LADY, WHOSE MOTHER
DIED DURING HER CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. GORE.

And not one filial thought of *her* ! —
Not one among these streaming tears
For the forgotten cherisher
Of all thy helpless infant years ! —

A rosebud, blooming where the rose
Faded in fragrant grace but now,
Unto its parent blossom shows
No greater heedlessness than thou !

Yet, though bright hours be thine to-day,
Though passion's vows thy feelings move,
Though soft endearments soothe—away !—
No love is like a Mother's love !—
Of all who round thy bridal press
With gratulating accents, none —
None tremble for thy happiness,
Or pray for it, as she had done !

Loved as thou art, and fair, and young,
So loved, so young, so fair, was she,
When, stealing from the world, she hung
Enraptured o'er thine infancy.
While Pleasure's minions thronged around,
By all their flatteries unbeguiled,
The plaudits of the world were drown'd
In the soft wailing of her child.

Oh ! how she watched each growing charm,
Each wakening glance, each dawning thought,
While, cradled in her circling arm,
Her dreams thy future fortunes wrought !
What kisses on thy brow were press'd,
What clinging, clasping, tenderness,

Until thy little lip confess'd
Impatience of that long caress !

And, when the hour of sickness came,
To warn us of a fatal blow,
Till, as we marked her wasting frame,
Our smiles grew faint, our voices low ;
We had not guess'd what auguries
Might in the sufferer's bosom be,
But for the wistful, tearful eyes
With which she used to gaze on thee !

Her pangs, her anguish, seemed unfelt :
She breathed no moan, no selfish prayer,
And did but shudder when she dwelt
On all the motherless must bear !
And when, as ebb'd life's failing tide,
A darkening shade was round her cast,
Her trembling hands, still seeking, tried
To hold, to grasp, thee to the last !

Such — such — was she thou couldst forget
E'en on a sacred day like this ! —
Go ! — bend in supplication yet
To Him with whom she dwells in bliss ;
Go ! kneel beside the lowly sod
Where rests the proselyte of Heav'n,
And ask forgiveness of thy God ! —
Thy gentle Mother *has* forgiven !

DE COURTENAYE.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

Constaney lives in realms above;
And life is thorny, and youth is vain.
COLERIDGE.

“What clouds thy brow, Sir Leoline, at this our marriage
feast? —

Can aught of ill have vexed it here, oh ever-honour'd guest?
Thou, of the high and dauntless heart, whose snowy gon-
falone *

The meteor of the battle-field in many a fight hath shone!

“Awake from such a mood of gloom, thou gallant Cour-
tenaye,

For brilliant eyes are flashing scorn at thy sad disarray,
And, gazing on thy face, inquire—‘Can this be he whom
Song

Hath named the gayest of the gay, where Youth and
Beauty throng?’

“The liquid ruby of the bowl is sparkling by thee now —
Its Lethe power can chase cold Care from thy beclouded
brow,

* The small flag at the end of the lance.

When many a bright-eyed bonnibelle * with rapturous
smile would greet
Sir Leoline de Courtenaye a suitor at her feet !”

“Even at thy bridal board, Sir Childe, the goblet I pass by,
Nor upon smiling Beauty’s charms I turn my saddened eye;
I may not teach this heart to sue, however fair the shrine—
Her whom I love my coldness left in other lands to pine.

“Twere vain to say how fair she was who won me to her
bower—
The glorious sun hath never shone on a more peerless
flower ;
She is, or was, the pride of France — its first and loveliest
may : †
Fair are the dames I see around—she was as fair as they.

“I wooed and won her, then forsook, and hurried me away,
Deeming her all too lowly born to wed with Courtenaye.
But ever in my sight is still her meek, upbraiding glance,
For, day and night, my conscience sees that fair, lorn
flower of France !

“With hooded falcon on my hand, I tried if Sport could win
My memory from the bitter thoughts which pierced my
heart within ;
My tiercelet ‡ struck the quarry down—but still Remem-
brance fell
Upon the face, so sadly sweet, of her who loved too well.

* *Bonne et belle.*

† Maiden. Burns has :

“And all to pluck a posy for my own dear May !”

‡ Tiercelet, or Tiercelin, a species of hawk.

“I drained the wine-cup till my brain grew dizzy from its
power,

Yet, even then, my thoughts were with that fair, forsaken
flower;

I plunged into the tide of war, I won the fight—but still,
Amid the victor’s pride, my heart was with that bonnibelle.

“I left my country, friends, and home, to claim her for
my own;

I hurried o’er the sea once more, and came to proud Bayonne;
I sought her in her wonted bower—alas! I sought in vain:
These tearless eyes may never see my bosom-love again!

“Could she but know how in this heart Remorse is
sternly set,

And changeless Love, which still deplores, but never can
forget,

Then might *her* gentle bosom all my headstrong faults
forgive,

And I for aye might clasp to *mine* my own dear Gene-
vieve!”

When the fair dames had heard this tale, full many a
bright eye wept.—

But lo! from out that brilliant crowd a veiled damsel stept,
Down the long hall she slowly paced, and paused by Leoline,
Raising, before his wondering eyes, a cross — Salvation’s
sign.

And there upon that Cross she placed a severed ring of
gold,

Withdrew the veil from her fair cheek, and said—“Sir
Knight, behold!

Long since upon this Cross thy faith was vowed in far
Bayonne —

This golden ring, thou said'st, would bind me ever as
thine own.

“Take back thy ring, thou recreant Knight! I free thee
from thy vow!

Thou brokest thy faith, I break its pledge, yet—I forgive
thee now.

Seek out some high-born dame as mate — oh, do not her
deceive!

But Memory's self must die ere thou forgettest Genevieve!

“Clad as a Page, I followed thee through many a storm
and breeze,

As winged thy barque her arrowy flight—an eagle of the
seas!

Through many a fight I followed thee — no other fault is
mine,

But that I have too dearly loved thee, faithless Leoline!”

He bent a lowly knee to earth; he took her hand in his;
She sank upon his breast; he gave one deep, impassioned
kiss:

Then, with a warrior's lordly look, he placed her by his side.

“Sir Childe, I pray you look upon my Genevieve, my bride!”

And then uprose the gallant Knights, and pledged them
in the bowl,

And many a lay of fadeless faith did the old minstrels troll.
And never, never more did Care the happy bosoms grieve
Of Leoline de Courtenaye and Lady Genevieve.

far
as
hee
give
her
ve!
orm
the
It is
e!"
is;
ned
de.
e!"
em
oll.
eve



S. Prost. del.

Pub. by Agnew, Sons & Co. London. 1856.

J. Carter sculp.

PORCH OF CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

PORCH OF CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

BY J. B. PAPWORTH, ESQ.

THE importance of such records as can be produced by the pen of the antiquary and the pencil of the painter has often caused us to lament that the two characters are not more frequently united. The painter, as in the instance before us, may perform his part: he is inspired by the grandeur or the exquisite effect of the various works of Art that meet his eye, and duly delineates them; but, satisfied with that labour, he marks in the corner of his picture "The Porch of Chartres Cathedral," and passes, like the bee, to another excellence, for the purpose of adding another sweet to his valuable hive, without pausing to inquire the date of its creation, or the circumstances of its history.*

Chartres is situated in France, in the department of the Eure and Loire, being the site of the ancient Antricum, on the left bank of the Eure, a tributary stream to the Seine. The city is built around the eminence on which stands the Cathedral; a vast and imposing edifice in the Gothic style of architecture, having, how-

* The Institute of British Architects in London have issued invitations for such local information from the antiquaries of Europe, &c.

ever, many peculiar features, not a little puzzling to the antiquary, who would establish the date of its erection. Although in this Cathedral there is so great an appearance of unity of design, it is evident, from an examination of its parts, that, like most of our own, it was not finished without occasional interruptions of its progress, perhaps from the middle of the eleventh to the end of the twelfth century. Long prior to this time, Chartres is recorded to have been celebrated for its piety and devotion, which were encouraged by the ecclesiastics to the utmost of their power; and it is not a matter of surprise that, with a command of wealth and labour, the Church should endeavour to create a temple worthy of the object of its dedication, and suited to inspire the minds of the religious with feelings of devotional wonder—a temple seeming, in greatness and execution, to be beyond the power of human intellect to devise or human means to accomplish.

Every one knows, for every one feels, the influential power of a cathedral-organ towards inspiring solemn and devotional thoughts: its vastness of melody, and deep tones vibrating in the heart and prostrating selfish feeling, may find a corresponding power in the influence arising from the grandeur and solemnity of cathedral architecture. The music of the choir, how distinguished from the pastoral pipe and flageolet! The cathedral, and its gorgeous appendages, and painted glass, how different from the peasant's hut and the common dwellings of the people! Churchmen, in those times, aware

of the effect of such vast transitions, and perhaps a little influenced by ecclesiastic rivalry, spared nothing to effect the accomplishment of their zealous intention, and thence in all ages and countries the Arts have received a fostering care which no patronage has equalled.

The annexed plate exhibits a perspective view of the Porch of the Cathedral of Chartres, looking through to the rather confined place, or square. It is elaborately ornamented by a multitude of figures, and by circular pillars, canopies, and tracery. The arch in the centre is pointed, and the flat springing of it, without support, and yet seemingly requiring it, is perhaps without example in any other Gothic edifice of its time. Other parts of this porch were certainly never finished, and, perhaps it may not be an erroneous conclusion that arches of tracery were purposed to be added, but that these accompaniments were delayed, probably, from the same circumstances which caused the other omissions. In fact, there is so much of ornament in this porch, and so elaborate is the tracery of many portions, both within and without the whole building, and which in all such edifices are the last of the work, that it is reasonable to suppose the flatnesses were to have disappeared in the forms of superadded screens.

One of the towers of this Cathedral is a great favourite of the natives, and an object of admiration to strangers. It was originally built of wood, but was burned down and re-erected as at present, in the beginning of the

sixteenth century: it is upwards of four hundred feet high, and is exceedingly elaborate in its design, and exquisitely finished in its workmanship. Mr. Woods, in his "Letters of an Architect from France," has added considerably to antiquarian lore by his notices of this and other cathedrals of the empire. He relates, as a tradition, that "the most famous relic here was the shift of the Virgin, which was stolen from a Jew widow by some pious patricians of Constantinople. It was taken from them by an emperor, whose piety was, I suppose, of the same sort, and presented to Charlemagne, who brought it to Aix. It was removed thence by Charles the Bald, and given to the Cathedral at Chartres. This relic has, of course, performed abundance of miracles."

The following anecdote proves the difficulty of erasing from the mind long-received and accredited notions; even though the solution is simple and always at hand: how impossible it must therefore be to combat with success an unintelligent mind in speculative matters, particularly when that mind is rendered next to impenetrable by long-formed prejudices and ill-teaching! "There is a labyrinth in the pavement, which, measured along its folds, is said to be a league; a countryman applied to me to know if this were true. I told him it was impossible, and showed him that the number of turns, multiplied by the length of the middle one, gave only one thousand three hundred and twenty feet; but he was determined to believe as his fathers had believed before him."

THE LAMENT OF THE EXILE.

IN the first encounter in the English civil war, in 1642, the royalist cavalry surprised the parliamentary troops under the walls of Worcester. Colonel Sandys, at the head of one of the parliamentary regiments, was killed while gallantly rallying his men. On the part of the Cavaliers, the encounter proved fatal, also, to the son and heir of Sir Arthur Ashley, who had been betrothed to Emmeline, the daughter of Colonel Sandys. Heart-broken by the double calamity, Emmeline, in the height of youth and beauty, retired to the convent of the Carmelites in Provence, where she died.

The world of care is sunk in sleep,
The world of toil is calm and still,
Yet Love its lonely watch can keep,
Yet Love can wake its bitter thrill.

Bright rose my morn of hope and youth,
The earth was opening paradise,
All lips were smiles, all hearts were truth—
Be still my tears, be hushed my sighs!

Then, England, then I deem'd thy clime
More blest than ever land had been;
But war and woe, and shame and crime,
Have clouded all the golden scene.

I saw thy gallant chivalry
In pride and pomp their banners wave;
How little thought I then to see
Those banners flung upon their grave!

Thrice happy they, no warning voice
Proclaim'd their glorious land undone.
Rejoice, ye ransom'd shades, rejoice,
Ye saw not England's setting sun!

The hours have past, the hopes have fled,
That once on wings of roses flew :
With breaking heart and drooping head
I bid the world a wild adieu.

Even as I kneel before the shrine,
Amid the solemn-chanted prayer,
I feel old thoughts around me twine—
The sting, the sting of home, is there !

Deep pangs I may not, cannot, check
Rush on my heart, and fill my eye ;
I see my whole wide world a wreck,
And feel it were not hard to die.

The pomp of worship round me glows,
The thousand tapers round me beam,
From thousand lips the anthem flows —
All, all to me are one deep dream !

My wounded spirit flies afar,
To hover by one grassy tomb,
To weep the agonies of war,
And long to share the warrior's doom.

The moon has left me to the night :
In thought beside that grave I stand ;
Was this the welcome of delight,
To hail me to my native land ?

Within that tomb a father lies,
Another lies his dust beside—
Be still my heart, be dry mine eyes !—
There calm, and soon, shall sleep his bride !

SONNETS.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Joy to thee, Nightingale! — Now the sweet bud
Expands to the full blossom; now the year
Is Paradise unto the eye and ear,
O'er care and pain triumphant; like a flood,
To sing unheard, unnoticed, all too good,
With soft pause and full utterance be thou near;
And high and low thy diapason, clear,
Pour, till with one rich strain rings wide this wood.
In the warm air cease not: thy voice is heard
With fitting raptures, and with payment due,
By cultured souls and gentle, noble bird:
Prove thy old fabulous griefs once more untrue;
By thy most happy nature gladly stirred
Newly to celebrate thy nuptials new.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail to thee, Cuckoo! from whatever land—
Vernal delights and welcomings are our's,
And May's, with all the poetry of flowers:
Thine is a tent by vagrant breezes fanned,
Far in old forests green: on every hand,

Blithe gipsy of the summer ! happy hours
Await thee ; odorous haunts and verdant bowers,
For thee, old guest, voluptuously expand.
Shout from the woodlands far adown the dale—
Clear-voiced and double, speed the feeling wide
That Joy and Health are in the freshening gale :
Free roamer of the country ! without guide,
And without bound, tell thou thy liberal tale
To Man town-pent, and win him to thy side !

THE LORD OF BALLOCH.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

The eagle has left his eiry stern,
On shaggy Nevis dark and dern ;
He sailed high over the Laggan loch,
And down by the braes of Badenoch ;
Then eastward, eastward, sped his way,
Far over the lovely links of Spey ;
Till the Lord of Balloch turned his eye
To the haughty journeyer of the sky ;
And he said to his henchman, Gil-na-omb,
“ What brings yon eagle so far from home ? ”

Then Gillian watched his lord's dark eye,
And his voice it faltered in reply,
While he said — “ My lord, who needs to care
For the way of the eagle in the air ? ”

Perhaps he is watching Lochdorbin's men,
Or the track of the Gordons of the glen;
For he spies, from his stories of the wind,
That the dead are often left behind;
Or haply he knows in our forest bounds
Of some noble stag dead of his wounds."

"Go saddle my steed without delay!
I have marked yon eagle, day by day,
Still hovering over yon lonely dell;
There's a dread on my soul which I dare not tell.
Gillian — no mystery may I brook —
I like not your suspicious look;
And have noted your absence from my hand,
More than I approve or understand;
Say — have you heard no word at all
Of some one missed from her father's hall?"

"No, my good lord — no, not one word,
As I shall be sworn upon my sword!
And why should the eagle's yelling din
Awake suspicions your heart within?"

That lord he mounted his gallant steed,
But at his henchman he shook his head,
And gave him a look, as bounding away,
That filled his heart with black dismay;
So he fled to hide in the bosky burn,
For he durst not wait his lord's return.

The Lord of Balloch away is gone,
With beating heart, to the wild alone;
For in the dead of night he had dreamed
Of that dell o'er which the eagle screamed,
And there with the eyes of his soul had seen
A vision of terror and of teen;
And something whispered his mind oppressed
Of a deed that could never be redressed;
For there are spirits all scenes that scan,
And whisper them to the soul of man.

The eagle he sailed upon the cloud,
And he spread his wings and screamed aloud;
He durst not alight in the lonely dell,
But his rage made all the echoes yell;
For he saw the blood below his feet,
And he saw it red, and he knew it sweet;
Yet, though death was lovely to his eye,
The silken tartans sailed too nigh.

The Lord of Balloch rode on and on,
With a heavy gloom his heart upon;
Till his steed began to show demur,
For he snorted and refused the spur;
And, or for coaxing or for blow,
Further one step he would not go;
He reared aloft and he shook with fear,
And his snortings were terrible to hear.
The gallant steed is left behind,
And the chief proceeds with troubled mind.

But short way had that good lord gone,
Ere his heart was turned into a stone ;
It was not for nought that the steed rebelled,
It was not for nought that the eagle yelled,
It was not for nought that the spirits of night
Presented that lord with a grievous sight,
A sight of misery and despair—
But I dare not tell what he found there.
For the hearts of the old would withhold belief,
And the hearts of the young would bleed with grief,
Till the very fountains of life ran dry ;
Sweet sleep would forsake the virgin's eye ;
And man, whose love she had learned to prize,
Would appear a monster in disguise,
A thing of cursed, unhallowed birth,
Unfit to reign on his Maker's earth ;
The very flowers of the wildered dell
Would blush were I that tale to tell ;
It may not be heard, it may not be sung,
It may not be lisped by a human tongue.

Ah, the clan of Lochdorbin for ever may rue
That the dream of that lord should prove so true ;
For twenty serfs of that cursed dome,
And at their head base Gil-na-omb,
Were hung by the neck around that dell,
To bleach in the snows and rains that fell :
A lesson to men of each degree
How sacred the virgin's form should be.

As for Lochdorbin's brutal chief,
He was pinioned like a common thief,
And cast into a dungeon deep,
Below the Balloch castle-keep;
To pine to death, there not the first,
Who had died of hunger and of thirst.
On his own flesh he strove to dine,
And to drink his blood instead of wine;
Then groaned his sickened soul away,
Cursing the Lord of Balloch's sway.

He is gone, extinct, and well away,
His castle a ruin unto this day;
That strength unequalled in the North,
Which has puzzled the sages of the earth;*
And neither shepherd nor hind can tell
The name of the chief that there did dwell;
But the abhorrence of his crime
Will never abate till the end of time.
Now all that remains of that cruel beast,
Who laid the Buchan and Bogie waste,
Are some shreds of bones 'neath the Balloch keep,
Still kicked about in that donjon deep,
Or haply some films of dust unshrined,
Whirled on the eddies of the wind.
So perish all, without remede,
That dare such vile and cruel deed!

* This magnificent and amazing castle is in the parish of Cromdale, on the Spey.

WORKS OF ART

PUBLISHED BY OR TO BE HAD OF

ACKERMANN AND CO., 96, STRAND,

BOOK AND PRINTSELLERS AND SUPERFINE WATER-COLOUR MANUFACTURERS TO THEIR MAJESTIES.

FLOWERS OF LOVELINESS. Edited by the Countess of Blessington, and illustrated with 12 beautifully executed engravings and title page, by the first Artists, after the original drawings made expressly for this work. By E. T. Parris. Imperial, 4to. elegantly bound. Price £1 11s. 6d.

THE FORGET ME NOT; a Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present, for 1823 to 1836. Embellished with numerous beautiful Engravings and dedication page. Price 12s. each Vol.

THE JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT for 1830 to 1836. Embellished with numerous Engravings, and a Vignette. Price 8s. each Vol.

THE GEOGNOSY OF ST. HELENA; with numerous coloured plates, and descriptive Letterpress. By F. Seale, Hon. E. I. Company's Civil Service. Price £2 2s.

PRINCIPLES OF EFFECT AND COLOUR; as applicable to Landscape Painting, illustrated by examples for the Amateur and Professional Student in Art. By G. F. Phillips. Price £1 1s.

THE ARTIST; or Young Ladies' Instructor in Ornamental Painting, Drawing, Fancy Work, &c. By B. F. Gaudet, with plates. Price 12s.

DESIGNS FOR GOTHIC FURNITURE. By A. Pugin. Part I. contains 25 Plates for Cabinet Makers, &c. Part II. contains 27 Plates for Iron and Brass Founders. Price £1 1s. each. Part III. containing 27 Plates for Silversmiths, &c. will shortly be ready.

THE CIVIL ENGINEER AND MECHANIST; being a Practical Treatise of Civil Engineering, Engineer Building, Machinery, Mill Work, Engine Work, Iron Founding, &c. &c. Designed for the use of Engineers, Iron Masters, Manufacturers, and Operative Mechanics, &c. By C. J. Blunt and R. M. Stephenson, Civil Engineers, Architects, &c. The Working Plans and General Views of these important subjects are laid down in Original Drawings of great practical accuracy and careful execution. In Parts, with descriptive Letterpress. Price, each, £1 1s. Parts I. to IV. have appeared.

THE GALLERY OF MODERN BRITISH ARTISTS; consisting of a series of Engravings after the most Eminent Artists of the day. In monthly parts, each containing Three Engravings. Price, each Part, 1s.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE JOHN MYTTON, ESQ. of Halston, Shropshire; with notices of his Hunting, Shooting, Driving, Racing, and extravagant Exploits. By Nimrod. Illustrated with Twelve Coloured Plates. By Alken. Price £1 1s.

EL INSTRUCTOR; a Monthly Magazine in the Spanish Language, with numerous illustrations. Price, per Number, 1s.

AUTOGRAPHS of the Kings and Queens and Eminent Men of Great Britain; from the Fourteenth Century to the present period, being Facsimiles taken from Original Documents. By J. Netherclift. Price 12s.

FACSIMILES OF FIFTY SKETCHES made in Flanders and Germany. By Samuel Prout. Folio, half-bound. Price £6 6s. on India paper; or £5 5s. on tinted grey, touched with white.

WORKS OF ART.

THE ALHAMBRA; consisting of Twenty-five Plates. By J. F. Lewis. Folio, half-bound. Price £5 5s. on India paper; or £4 4s. tinted paper.

INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR VIEWS OF OLD BUILDINGS. By S. Prout. In Eight Parts. Price 7s. 6d. each, containing six plates on India paper. Imperial, 4to. four numbers to each; the whole complete, half-bound. Price £3 3s.

THE SPORTSMAN'S KENNEL. A series of Twelve Heads of the principal British Sporting Dogs, drawn on stone. By Thomas Fairland, after E. Landseer, A. Cooper, and C. Hancock. Folio, bound in cloth. Price, on India paper, £2 2s.; or beautifully coloured, £3 3s.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE. By John Martin. In Ten Parts, each containing two Mezzotint engravings. Price, per Part, £1 1s.

DESIGNS FOR RURAL RESIDENCES. Consisting of Cottages, Decorated Cottages, Small Villas, and other Ornamental Buildings, with observations on Landscape Gardening. By J. B. Papworth, Architect. Second Edition. Price £1 11s. 6d.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING. Illustrated with Twenty-eight Coloured Designs for Garden Buildings, useful and decorative. By J. B. Papworth. Second Edition. Price £1 11s. 6d.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE; being a series of Designs for Mansions, Villas, Rectory and Parsonage Houses, Cottages, Lodges, &c. &c. in the Grecian, Italian, and Old English styles of Architecture, with specifications and accurate estimates appended to each Design. By Francis Goodwin, Architect. Two Vols. Price, each, £3 5s. coloured; £2 12s. 6d. plain; supplement to ditto, £1 1s.

TWELVE COLOURED VIEWS on the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, in Two Parts; each containing six Plates, and Letterpress. Price 12s. each Part. Also, complete in One Vol. half-bound, with Travelling Trains and Intersection Bridge. Price £2 2s.

PRINTS.

The Measurement given refers to the Subjects exclusive of either blank Margin or Inscription.

THE PORCH OF CHARTRES CATHEDRAL. Drawn by S. Prout. Engraved in Mezzotint by J. Egan. 30 inches by 22. Prints, £1 11s. 6d.; proofs, £2 12s. 6d.; before letters, £3 3s.

THE SPANISH CONTRABANDISTA. Drawn by J. F. Lewis. Engraved in Mezzotint by C. Turner, A.R.A. 26 inches by 21. Prints, £2 2s.; proofs, £4 4s.; before letters, £5 5s.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA. A series of six coloured views. From drawings by Lieut. Col. Cockburn. 26 inches by 17½. Price, £5 5s. the set; or separate plates, £1 1s. each.

VIEWS OF QUEBEC. Consisting of six coloured views. From drawings by Lieut. Col. Cockburn. Forming a companion-series to the above. Same size and price.

THE WANTON COURSER. (From Homer's Iliad.) Painted by S. Gilpin, R.A. Engraved in Mezzotint by S. W. Reynolds. 30 inches by 20. Prints, £1 11s. 6d.; proofs, £2 12s. 6d.; before letters, £3 3s.

VENICE. Painted by S. Prout. Engraved in Line by H. Le Keux. 22½ inches by 15. Prints, £1 11s. 6d.; proofs, £3 3s.; India, £4 4s.; before letters, £6 6s.

THE INQUISITION. Painted by F. Grenier. Engraved in Mezzotint by J. Egan. 26½ inches by 20½. Prints, £1 11s. 6d.; proofs, £2 12s. 6d. and £3 3s.

GUILT AND INNOCENCE. Painted by H. Herbert. Engraved in Mezzotint by J. Egan. 18½ inches by 14½. Prints, 15s.; proofs, £1 1s.; before letters, £1 11s. 6d.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST. Painted and engraved in Mezzotint by J. Martin. 28½ inches by 18½. Prints, £2 12s. 6d.; proofs, £5 5s.

THE FALL OF BABYLON. Painted and engraved by J. Martin. Companion to the above. Same size and price.

NEW PRINTS.

THE DELUGE. Painted and engraved by J. Martin. 28 inches by 18½. Prints, £3 3s.; proofs, £6 6s.

JOSHUA COMMANDING THE SUN TO STAND STILL. Painted and engraved by J. Martin. 27 inches by 17. Prints, £3 13s. 6d.; proofs, £7 7s.

THE FALL OF NINEVEH. Painted and engraved by J. Martin. 32 inches by 21. Prints, £5 5s.; proofs, £10 10s.

THE CRUCIFIXION. Painted and engraved by J. Martin. 28½ inches by 18½. Prints, £2 12s. 6d.; proofs, £5 5s.

PANDEMONIUM AND SATAN IN COUNCIL. Painted and engraved by J. Martin. A pair. 28 inches by 19. Prints, £1 11s. 6d.; proofs, £2 12s. 6d. each.

JACK IN OFFICE. Painted by E. Landseer, R.A. Engraved in Line by Gibbon. 16½ inches by 12½. Prints, 15s.; proofs, £1 10s.

THE FAIR FORESTER. Painted by H. Wyatt. Engraved in Line by T. Doo. 13 inches by 10½. Prints, £1 1s.; proofs, £2 2s.

GIRL AND FLOWERS. Painted by Sir. T. Lawrence. Engraved in Line by George J. Doo. 12½ inches by 10. Prints, £1 1s.; proofs, £2 2s.

HIGH AND LOW LIFE. Painted by E. Landseer, R.A. Drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. A pair. 15 inches by 12. Prints, on India paper, 9s.; proofs, 15s.; in colours, 18s. each.

A WHOLE LENGTH PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCESS VICTORIA. Painted by G. Hayter. Engraved in Mezzotint by J. Bromley. 21 inches by 15. Prints, £1 11s. 6d.; proofs, £3 3s.

A WHOLE LENGTH PORTRAIT OF EARL GREY. Painted by F. Say. Engraved in Mezzotint by W. Say. 26 inches by 16½. Prints, £1 11s. 6d.; proofs, £2 12s. 6d.

THE ROMAN GIRL. From a portrait of Vittoria D'Albano. Painted by Horace Vernet. Engraved in Mezzotint by H. Cousins. 15½ inches by 9. Prints, 12s.; proofs, £1 1s.

COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. Painted by E. T. Parris. Engraved in Mezzotint by W. Giller. 12 inches by 9. Prints, 12s.

THE HON. MRS. NORTON. Painted by J. Hayter. Engraved in Mezzotint by W. O. Geller. 9½ inches by 8. Prints, 7s. 6d.; proofs, 12s.; before letters, 15s.

HINDA. (Portrait of an Indian lady.) Painted by G. Beechey. Engraved in Mezzotint by G. H. Phillips. 21½ inches by 17½. Prints, 15s.; proofs, £1 5s.; in colours, £1 11s. 6d.

PORTRAIT OF MADEMOISELLE GRISI. On stone after M. Negelin. 17 inches by 13. Prints, 10s. 6d.

PORTRAIT OF MADEMOISELLE TAGLIONI. (As La Bayadere.) On stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. After A. E. Chalon, R.A. 20½ inches by 13. Prints, 10s. 6d.; proofs, 15s.; before letters, £1 1s.

MADEMOISELLE TAGLIONI. Designed and drawn on stone by B. Mulrenin. 16 inches by 9. Prints, 5s.; coloured, 10s. 6d.

THE WRECKERS OFF FORT ROUGE. (Calais in the distance.) Painted by C. Stanfield. Engraved in Mezzotint by J. P. Quilly. 26½ inches by 19½. Prints, £1 1s.; proofs, £2 2s.

THE SHIPWRECK OFF ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT. Drawn by Bentley. Engraved by J. Egan. Companion to the above. Same size and price.

THE BATTLE OF ZUTPHEN. Painted by A. Cooper, R.A. Engraved in Mezzotint by H. Quilly. 19 inches by 14½. Prints, 12s.

FIRST AFFECTIONS. Painted by E. T. Parris. Engraved in Mezzotint by S. Lupton. 18½ inches by 13. Prints, £1 1s.; proofs, £2 2s.

BLIGHTED HOPE. Painted by E. T. Parris. Engraved in Mezzotint by J. Bromley. 18½ inches by 13. Prints, £1 1s.; proofs, £2 2s.

THE HAPPY DREAM. (After the Ball.) Painted by J. Stewart. Engraved in Mezzotint by W. Nicholas. 16½ inches by 13½. Prints, 10s. 6d.; proofs, £1 1s.; coloured, £1 5s.

SOLICITING A VOTE. Painted by Buss. Engraved in Mezzotint by T. Lupton. 18½ inches by 24. Prints, 12s.; proofs, £1 1s.; before letters, £1 11s. 6d.

THE TIGHT SHOE. Painted by H. Richter. Engraved in Mezzotint by H. Richter and T. P. Quilly. 18½ inches by 12½. Prints, 12s.; proofs, £1 1s.; before letters, £1 11s. 6d.

NEW PRINTS.

WAITING FOR THE TIMES AFTER AN ADJOURNED DEBATE. Painted by R. B. Haydon. Engraved in Mezzotint by T. Lupton. 11 inches by 10½. Prints, 7s. 6d.; proofs, 12s.

READING THE SCRIPTURES. Painted by R. B. Haydon. Engraved in Mezzotint by J. E. Coombs. 12 inches by 10. Prints, 7s. 6d.; proofs, 12s.

THE RIVAL SUITORS. Painted by Fragonard. Engraved in Mezzotint by S. Angel. 12 inches by 10. Prints, 7s. 6d.; proofs, 12s.

YOUNG WIFE AND YOUNG HUSBAND. Painted by S. J. E. Jones. Engraved in Mezzotint by J. Egan. A pair. Prints, 10s. 6d.; proofs, 15s. each.

THE WIDOWER AND THE WIDOW'S TREASURES. Painted by A. Penley. Engraved in Mezzotint by J. Egan. A pair. 17 inches by 14. Prints, 12s.; proofs, £1 1s. each.

REAPERS IN A STORM. Painted by Beaume. Engraved in Mezzotint by Maile. 26 inches by 19½. Prints, £1 4s.

PORTRAITS OF THE WINNERS of the Derby and Great St. Leger Stakes. Beautifully coloured, from the originals. By J. Kerneley and C. Hancock. 16½ inches by 12½. Price 15s. each. The following Horses have already appeared: Rowton, Priam, Velocipede, Cadland, Spaniel, Riddlesworth, Chatterer, St. Giles, Sultan, Dangerous, and Mundig. (To be continued.)

THE QUORN HUNT. In a series of eight beautifully coloured plates, illustrating Nimrod's celebrated article on English Fox-hunting in the Quarterly Review. From drawings by H. Alken. Engraved by F. C. Lewis. 20½ inches by 12½. Price £4 14s. 6d. the set.

THE FOX CHASE. Illustrating the old song of "A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky." After C. Turner. Four coloured plates. 19 inches by 14½. Price £2 2s. the set.

SPORTING IN THE SCOTTISH ISLES. A series of four coloured plates. By W. Heath. Representing Grouse Shooting, Otter Hunting, Salmon-fishing, and Deer Hunting. 12½ inches by 8½. Price £1 the set.

THE LAST GRAND STEEPLE-CHACE over Leicestershire. In a series of eight beautifully coloured plates, with portraits of the Riders and Horses, and Remarks by Nimrod. 18 inches by 14. Price £3 3s. the set.

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG SORT. Two coloured prints. By Alken. 17½ inches by 11½.

SOUTH SEA WHALE FISHERIES. Two coloured prints. By Garnerey. 20 inches by 13½.

SPORTING ANECDOTES. By H. Alken. Eleven coloured plates. 13 inches by 8½. Price 3s. 6d. each. To be continued.

INCIDENTS IN TRAVELLING. In four parts, each containing four coloured plates, on tinted paper. By C. B. Newhouse. Price 15s. each part.

THE GRAPHIC MIRROR. For sketching from Nature, reducing, &c., with accuracy and despatch. The difficulties known to exist in the Camera Lucida are obviated in this instrument, as it shows the point of the pencil and image of the object equally clear and distinct, and is easily adjusted. Price 25s. in a case; or in a Mahogany box, 26s. 6d.

Ackermann and Co.'s New and Improved **SKETCH BOOK**, used by Artists and Amateurs. This Sketch Book consists of a body of paper, compressed so as to form a solid substance to all appearance, containing pieces of drawing-paper, each of which, when drawn upon, can be separated by the introduction of a pen-knife at the space left in the front of the book, and, passing the knife round the edges of the paper, care being taken to cut only one at a time.

ACKERMANN AND CO'S PREPARED
GENUINE CUMBERLAND BLACK-LEAD PENCILS.
Of different degrees of hardness and depth of shade.

ACKERMANN AND CO'S SUPERFINE OIL AND WATER-COLOURS
AND DRAWING MATERIALS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

E. Painted
10. Prints,
engraved in
12s.
ezzo tint by
ones, En-
5s. each.
ted by A.
14. Prints,
ezzo tint by
er Stakes,
cock, 16s.
appeared:
ter, St.
t. illus-
terly Re-
aches by
nd and a
4. Price
d plates,
-fishing,
series of
ses, and
ken.
rnerrey.
tes. 13
coloured
e, with
ida are
of the
se; or
ss and
o as to
paper,
n of a
round

URS



